

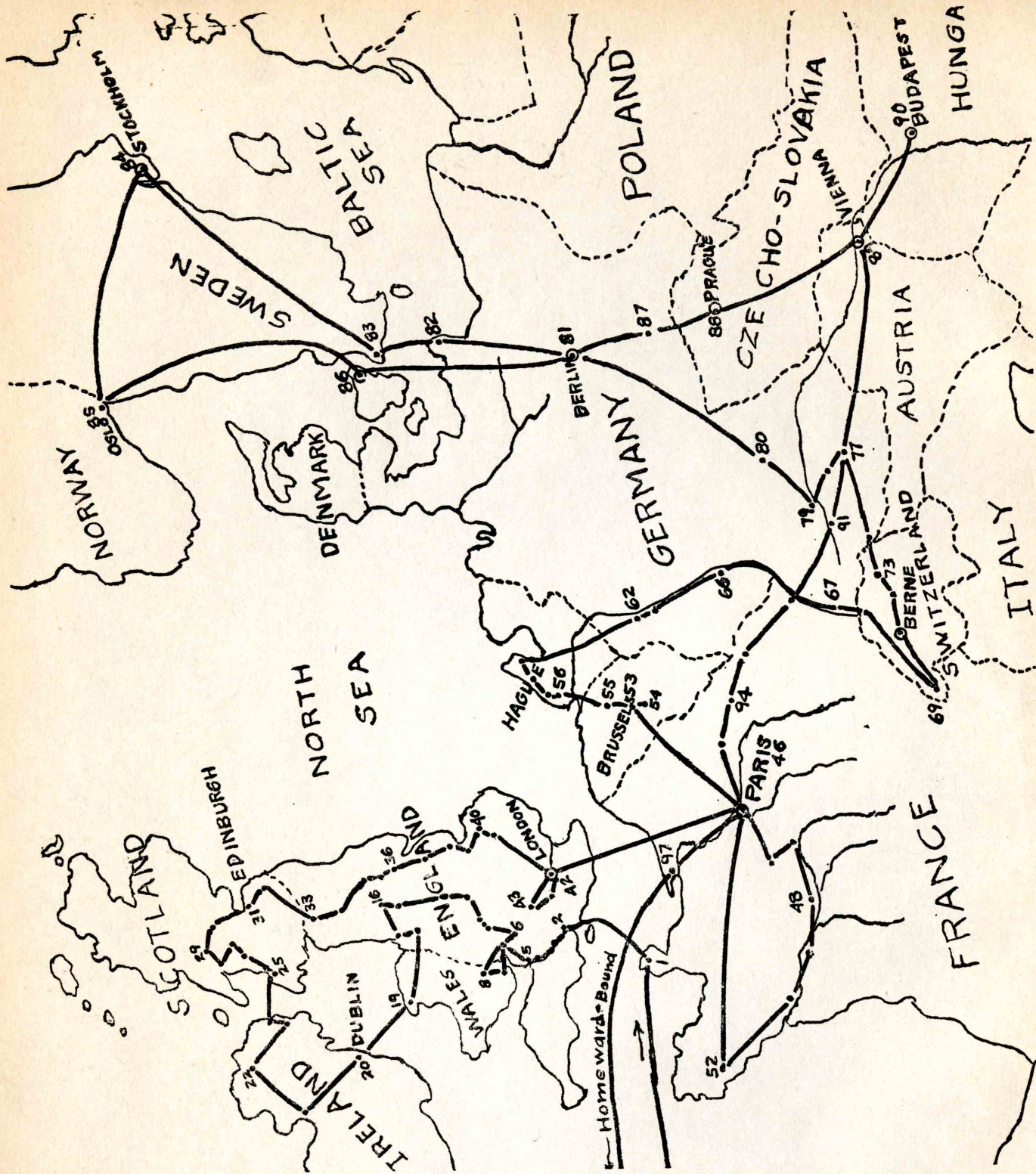
A Journey In Europe

By SAMUEL E. BOYS

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Itinerary of A Journey In Europe

- 1—Cherbourg, France
- 2—Southampton, England
- 3—Salisbury; 4—Bath
- 5—Bristol and Castle Combe
- 6—Gloucester
- 7—Chepstow and Wye River
- 8—Ross; 9—Painswick
- 10—Cirencester
- 11—Chipping Campden
- 12—Stratford-upon-Avon
- 13—Warwick; 14—Birmingham
- 15—Manchester; 16—Rochdale
- 17—Liverpool; 18—Chester
- 19—Holyhead, Wales
- 20—Dublin, Ireland
- 21—Donegal Bay
- 22—Londonderry
- 23—Belfast; 24—Larne
- 25—Stranraer, Scotland
- 26—Ayr; 27—Glasgow
- 28—Loch Lomond; 29—Trossacks
- 30—Stirling; 31—Edinburgh
- 32—Melrose and Abbotsford
- 33—Carlisle; 34—Windermere
- 35—Ripon and Fountains Abbey
- 36—York; and 37—Lincoln
- 38—Boston
- 39—Petersborough; and 40—Ely
- 41—Cambridge; 42—London
- 43—Oxford
- 44—Windsor; and 45—Eton
- 46—Paris; 47—Chartre
- 48—Orleans; 49—Tours
- 50—Nantes; 51—Angers
- 52—Quimper; 53—Brussels
- 54—Waterloo, Belgium
- 55—Antwerp
- 56—59—Rotterdam, Delft, Hague, Amsterdam, Holland
- 60—Vollendam; 61—Marken
- 62—Cologne, Germany; 63—Bonn
- 64—67—Up Rhine, Heidelberg, Freiburg
- 68—Basel, Switzerland
- 69—Geneva
- 70—Montreux on Lake Geneva
- 71—Lausanne; 72—Bern
- 73—Lake Thun, Interlaken to Lucerne
- 74—Zurich; 75—Landau, Ger.
- 76—Munich; 78—Augsburg
- 79—Dinkelsbühl; 80—Nuremberg
- 81—Berlin; 82—Sassnitz
- 83—Malmo, Sweden
- 84—Stockholm
- 85—Oslo, Norway
- 86—Copenhagen, Denmark
- 87—Dresden, Germany
- 88—Prague, Czechoslovakia
- 89—Vienna, Austria
- 90—Budapest, Hungary
- 91—Ulm, Germany
- 92—Strasbourg; 93—Metz;
- 94—Verdun, France; 95—Reims
- 96—Chateau Thierry
- 97—Le Havre



TO
THE PILOT "FORCE"
who so loyally and splendidly carried on during
the "Journey In Europe", this booklet
is gratefully dedicated.

Saml E. Bays
Florence R. Bays

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INTRODUCTION

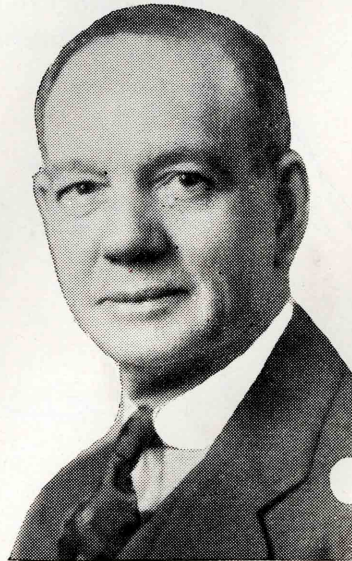
The stories in this booklet were written for publication in The Daily Pilot, Plymouth, Indiana, and were intended for the special interest of Pilot readers, most of whom are in Marshall county. However, the interest in these stories was such, both here and outside of Indiana, that I have put them into booklet form. It should be understood that they were written while on the journey in Europe and are reprinted here as they appeared in The Pilot, with some revisions and corrections.

I wish to acknowledge the help given me by Mrs. Boys in the preparation of these stories. Her continuous diary of the trip was always a ready source for facts, and her extensive reading about things we were to see was often an aid. I always read the stories to her before mailing them home, to secure her criticisms and suggestions. Thus these stories are really the result of the observations of two people instead of one.

Samuel E. Boys

Plymouth, Indiana, February, 1936.

"My Traveling Pal and I."



Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Boys, who made the "Journey In Europe."

A Journey In Europe

Getting Ready

(Pilot, May 29, 1935)

We are off on another jaunt, my traveling pal and I, this time to Europe. We have not seen all of "America first," but we have seen some of it, and we felt that if we were ever going to Europe—a dream of many years—it better be before we had to go on crutches or in wheel chairs.

We leave this afternoon for Washington, D. C. to get another glimpse of the capital of our country before we hop off to see the capitals of the old world.

On Friday, June 7, you may think of us as getting aboard the good ship Aquitania of the Cunard White Star line, and bidding goodbye to the statue of Liberty.

This is the same ship on which Judge Albert B. Chipman came home from the war in Europe. It was in February, he says, and the sea was very rough—not to tell any more of the story.

It has been a lot of fun getting ready for this journey abroad. For more than six months we have been reading history, books on travel, appreciation of art and something about architecture.

Among the books read we found especially interesting and valuable Van Loon's "Story of Mankind;" Hayes and Moon's "History of Modern Europe;" "Here's Ireland" by Harold Speakman; "Green Fields of England," by Cameron; "France from Sea to Sea," by Riggs; Adam's "Paris"; "Paris" by Sidney Dark; a Guide Book on Paris; "Italian Holiday," by Paul Wilstach; and perhaps the best of all, Sir Philip Gibbs' "European Journey," written last year. Those who want to know about international relations after the World War should read "Can Europe Keep the Peace" by Frank H. Simonds.

Besides these were a number of books on cathedrals and castles, books about going abroad, and the study of maps all the time as we read. Yes, that's editorial "we," for I usually read while "she" darned my socks and mended my trousers.

PASSAGE AND PASSPORT.

"Just what does one have to do to get ready to go abroad," is a question about which I was always curious. One of the first things is to get your reservation on the boat you wish to take. It seems strange to have to buy your ticket from three to six months in advance and set the day you are to leave, but that is necessary, and you must pay \$25 down to reserve it.

Another thing in this connection is likewise unusual. We have our return passage engaged for next October. Our ship, the Italian Conti di Savoia, is to leave Gibraltar on Oct. 25 bound for New York. If we come home on that ship, we must be at Gibraltar that day.

Tickets for ocean passage usually are bought through some steamship agency, and we chose Raymond-Whitcomb, Inc. talking with them in their Chicago office about many of the details of the trip. Besides helping select your boat and berth, they look after the visas of your passport for all countries through which you expect to travel.

This passport is another interesting thing. One can't just get on a ship and leave the country without asking anybody anything about it. You must have a passport to go to nations across the water. They won't let you out of this country nor into another country unless your government says you may go. The thing which says this is your passport, and you can get it right here in Plymouth of Harry Ferguson, clerk of the circuit court.

So I went to Harry to get the passport. I found him the "toughest guy" to get by on the whole round. First of all I had to have photographs of myself with my wife (she's the "pal" going with me). I had to get two photos, specially made for passports. We found a place at 227 South State street in Chicago where a very intelligent lady snapped our photos in a jiffy and only charged us a dollar for four of them. They are about two by three inches in size.

Here I found that two can live as cheaply as one, for one photo and one passport are sufficient for a husband and his wife. On the photograph I had to sign my name and Harry Ferguson put the seal of his office on it also. This photo is attached to the passport.

But the hardest thing was to get somebody to make an affidavit that I was born—in America—but that is what Harry demanded before he would make a move toward sending in my application for a passport. For a young person this is easy, because we keep birth records now; but they didn't do that when I was born, so I had my Uncle Will Hull, living at Hanna, make the affidavit and it went through the Department of State at Washington all right.

The passport came after a week or so, and then this passport was sent to Raymond-Whitcomb and they secured for us the visas, or signatures, of the consuls of all the countries through which we expect to travel.

The passport costs \$10, and the visa costs a different sum for each country, some countries not requiring any fee.

THE MONEY PROBLEM.

Another problem the traveler abroad has to think about is how he will carry his money and how he will get it exchanged into the money of the different countries as he enters them. For, good as Uncle Sam's money is it won't go in other countries.

We are taking American Express travelers cheques. These, we find, are considered good without question in all nations of the earth. Isn't that a wonderful thing—that a private concern could establish such a reputation for honesty and fair dealing that any firm anywhere on earth will take its checks at face value and not hesitate a second in doing it? Some nations can not say as much.

GOING IT ALONE.

We have made up our own itinerary and are going it alone—that is, we are not going in any tourist bureau crowd on a prearranged tour. If we wish to change our trip at any point, we can do so.

As for speaking the languages, we do not anticipate much trouble. In England, Ireland and Scotland we hope to be able to speak English correctly enough to be understood, though they say there are many districts in England where an American can not understand their English.

We know enough of German and French to "get by" in those countries, though I regret very much that I will not be able to converse with the people as I would like to do. In the other countries we will have to depend on signs or people there who speak our language.

As we journey from place to place and country to country I hope to find time to write some stories about these people, who are our ancestors, the stock from which we came. It will be interesting to see what they are like and how they live.

IN NEW YORK CITY.

We were due to arrive in New York at 3:03 p. m. and were excited over the announcement in the morning papers that the French liner Normandie was to dock at 3:30. It was altogether possible that we might see the great ship coming up the Hudson. A vain hope, however, for when we got to Jersey City the train dived under the Hudson river and all was darkness until we soon pushed out into the great passenger station.

There were several things to do in New York to get ready for our departure. A call at the Cunard White Star Line office confirmed information that our boat was to leave Friday, June 7, at midnight and that embarkation would begin at 8:00 p. m. We could use U. S. or English money on the boat.

We had our agent secure visas on our passport from Yugoslavia and Spain, and arranged at the United Press Association for a letter of introduction to their manager in Paris.

FINAL PREPARATIONS.

On Friday morning, June 7, we looked after a few final things; got our passport with visas of Yugoslavia and Spain; bought a memo-camera at Macy's and nine reels of film for the trip; went to the American Express and had some money changed into English money.

The man at the counter said he did not charge me anything for exchange and I have not been able to figure out yet whether he did or not. He said he allowed me a pound for \$5.00, but the pound was quoted at \$4.94 that day. Did I pay the difference or not?

At any rate, I got a 5-pound note, which is a big piece of white paper about 6x9 inches, printed in black and signed by the Bank of England. Then there were three 1-pound notes, same color as our paper money but larger; and the remainder in half crowns, florins, shillings, six-pence, 3-pence, pennies and half pennies. The pennies are large dark copper pieces about the size of our half dollar and are worth two cents in our money. Why the smart Englishmen want to make such big pieces of money to represent such a small sum I can't imagine, unless they want to discourage its use.

As we plough through the Atlantic waves toward England we are still trying to get into our minds the relative value of these coins compared with U. S. money. We exchanged or spent our U. S. money down to the last dollar or two, for soon we would have no use for it until we returned home.

SNAP THE NORMANDIE.

The Normandie was to leave port at one o'clock and we planned to see her. At what we thought would be about the right time we took a municipal ferry to Staten Island, our course cutting across the Normandie's path.

We were too soon, but I was rewarded by getting several snapshots of New York City's skyline as seen from off the Battery, a snap of Ellis Isle, and two of the Goddess of Liberty on Bedloe Island. We took the next ferry back but still no Normandie in sight.

Leaving the ferry we went the short distance to the Battery water front and waited with the crowd gathered there. In a short time the great ship, 1029 feet long and of 79,000 tons, moved majestically down the harbor.

Then her whistle sounded—a deep rumbling roar with a strange and alarming timbre which made the very dock tremble.

If dear old Henry Hudson and dear old Robert Fulton could have seen then what was on their river—what would they have said? Or would they have been speechless with astonishment?

Then our baggage—three grips, three coats, a brief case and a hand-bag—and a taxi for the Aquitania; for we wanted to see and learn all we could about everything. We were thrilled by many emotions.

GOING ABOARD SHIP.

We were at the dock an hour before time for going aboard, but there were many interesting things to see, especially for those unaccustomed to seaports.

Two porters had taken our baggage at the taxi and when we stepped into the dock we saw our

grips moving slowly up an open, inclined escalator to the next floor. We went up in an elevator and saw our baggage piled with a lot more ready to be taken aboard. All about were dock hands and sailors in uniform handling baggage and waiting on passengers who were arriving.

The dock building is a large one, three stories high and of the freight depot type. At one end is a pleasant waiting room. A few feet from the dock lay the great liner Aquitania—"our" ship.

We walked down the long room, noting several little offices of the ship and the entrance lanes roped off for first class, tourist class and third class passengers. The gangways were covered. There were special gangways for visitors, as hundreds of these always crowd into a great ship just before she leaves port, saying their last goodbyes to friends and loved ones.

The loading of baggage soon began. There were stacks of it piled upon the dock floor, trunks of all sizes, boxes and bundles. Little electric trucks, each run by one man, hauled the baggage to an inclined escalator reaching from the dock to the ship, where it was dumped on by two men and soon was on board and down into the hold.

Toward the bow of the ship larger packages and boxes were being swung across from dock to ship in large rope carriers, being lifted and let down directly into the hold. Large rope nets were swung beneath from ship to dock to catch anything which might fall.

The crowd of passengers and visitors increased; the time for going aboard—8:00 o'clock Eastern Daylight saving time—was here at last. We were actually going to embark for Europe. We lined up at the passage way for the tourist class, got our passport and ticket ready to show to the ship's officers before we reached the gangplank.

In front of the ticket and passport inspector's railing and desk was a line of 15 of the ship's crew in trim uniforms of dark blue, white shirts and black bow ties, most of them young men. It seemed like "running the gauntlet," but was soon over and we were up the gangway and on board.

Our first interest was to find our rooms and get our mail, then to see all we could of the ship while it was open to visitors. Our stateroom was open and brilliantly lighted and our baggage was in it.

After hunting about the ship, up and down stairways, and asking several times we found the postoffice in the purser's office. There was a big package of letters and telegrams and two bundles of *The Pilot*. We devoured them eagerly and wrote our parting messages so we could put them in the mail before the boat left at midnight, for we could not send nor receive mail again until our ship arrived at Cherbourg, France, more than five days away. Probably we will not get any more mail from "the States" until we arrive in London nearly a month from now.

As we were reading our mail a sweet and beautiful corsage bouquet was delivered to Mrs.

Boys from Mrs. Owen Barber of Plymouth, and a luscious basket of fruit to me from Hoosier Republicans Inc. at Indianapolis. We were very happy because of all these letters, telegrams and remembrances.

GOODBYE TO AMERICA.

The gong was sounding through the ship. It was 11:30 and all visitors must get off. The crowd surged across the gangplanks and filled all that side of the long dock next to the ship. There were calls back and forth, joshing, laughter, general excitement, and a few sad faces.

The ship's photographer took a flashlight picture and the whole crowd shouted. Another flash and another shout. Later we saw these photographs on board.

Then came a blast of the ship's whistle which meant that everybody who was not going out to sea must be off. Another shout from the great crowd greeted this final signal. The gangplanks were up, the ship was free, she began to move, the deep-toned whistle roared a long blast which continued until the boat was out in the river; the crowd on ship and dock burst out anew in a mighty cheer; handkerchiefs, hats and hands waved final farewells. The superb liner, Aquitania, which had been crossing the Atlantic for 20 years, was off on another voyage.

Since we had no friends on the dock, we waved our farewells to the Goddess of Liberty, who, torch in hand, loomed dimly in the night.

We stood on deck watching the ring of lights on shore until the ship had passed out through the Narrows into the open sea. It was 1:30 before we could decide to turn in for the night.

ON BOARD SHIP.

From New York to Southampton, England, it is 3,192 miles. From Gibraltar to New York it is 3,181 miles. The route Columbus took to find the West Indies is probably a little longer.

The Aquitania makes the run to Southampton in 5½ or 6 days. The new French liner Normandie made the trip to New York in 4 days, 11 hours and 42 minutes. It took Columbus in the Santa Mar'a, 60 days in 1492 to cross from Palos, Spain, to the West Indies.

We can not realize today the many difficulties Columbus had to overcome. Here is something which will help to appreciate one of them:

The Santa Maria was a ship of only 100 tons burden.

The Deutchland, one of the big modern ships, is 26,000 tons.

The Aquitania is 46,000 tons.

The Normandie is 79,000 tons.

Compare those with the Santa Maria.

The Aquitania is a long, narrow ship. The sea monster Normandie is 1029 feet long, but the Aquitania comes close to it, being 901 feet long.

AVOID ICEBERGS.

The sea was smooth and only the vibration of the engines marred a perfectly quiet ship as we pushed toward Europe. Fog caused the whistle to blow every few seconds during much of the first night and at intervals the next day.

Looking at the ship's chart we noted that her course lay just north of and parallel to the 40th degree of latitude—that imaginary line which runs from New York straight across the Atlantic to the middle of Spain. It was said this course directly east was taken to avoid the possibility of icebergs, the danger from which still exists at this time of year.

After sailing due east for 1300 miles our ship turned northeast in the Gulf stream and in one day reached the 45th degree of latitude and will reach the 50th at Southampton. We are making about 535 miles a day, or from 23 to 25 miles per hour.

This is the fourth day out, but only one ship—a freighter—has been sighted. A young Englishman who crosses every year told me a ship is very rarely seen. Occasionally one sees a whale, or school of porpoises or flying fish.

WHAT PEOPLE DO ON BOARD.

You will wonder what people do to pass the time aboard a great ship. Lots of things.

In general the ship provides many ways to entertain passengers. There is a theatre holding about 300 people; a gymnasium with much equipment; a swimming pool; tennis courts where players throw and catch a rubber ring over the net instead of knocking a ball; shuffle board; holo and several other games which both men and women can play. There is a pleasant library and writing rooms, a smoking room where dances are given each night and sometimes in the afternoon.

Then there is the dining room which attracts three times a day, with food as delicious and service as fine and courteous as one can find anywhere. One of the first things we did after going aboard was to see the dining room steward and have him assign us to a table.

One of the seven at our table is a Scotchman who makes frequent visits to the United States and sells English navy blue suits to American sailors. Another is an American mining engineer on his way to the gold fields of South Africa. Two young ladies are school teachers from Virginia and Massachusetts spending the summer in the British Isles.

An orchestra plays at dinner every night at 7:30. The first dinner, on Saturday night was a gala occasion and reminded me of a Kiwanis ladies night, with its gay headgear, rattles, balloons and other fun makers.

The daily "bahth" is an item of luxury and pleasure. One of the first things a passenger does is to arrange with his bath steward for the time

when he will take his bath each day. If it weren't arranged this way, there would be an unpleasant mixup at the bathrooms.

I chose 7:30 a. m. and promptly at that minute my bath steward knocks at our cabin door. When I answer he says in that pleasing English tone and manner, "Your bahth is ready, sir," with the shortening of the "sir" as though it were spelled "s'r."

I roll out, knowing that if I do not take my "bahth" then, I will have no "bahth" that day. A great tub of warm salt water is ready for me. On a board across the tub sits a large foot tub nearly full of warm fresh water, so I can rinse off the salt water if I wish. There is a large, heavy towel on the floor for me to stand on, there is a large, heavy towel on a chair for me to sit on, and there is a third large, heavy towel for me to dry myself with. Each of these towels measures about $\frac{3}{4}$ yard wide and more than a yard long; and they are clean ones each morning.

At first I wondered why they were so extravagant with the water for the bath, for they give far more water than is necessary; then I remembered there was plenty of it all around us. They pump it out of the ocean as needed.

I was surprised, however, to learn that, notwithstanding the enormous amount of clean linen furnished each day to cabins, bathrooms and dining rooms, the ship has no laundry. They have a round trip supply laundered in Southampton.

Housewives will appreciate this the more when I tell them that there are about 800 passengers aboard, besides a crew of 740. That makes a town as large as Culver.

INTERESTING PEOPLE.

There are many interesting people on board. A number of them are English and the atmosphere of the ship is English, nearly all of the officers and crew being English. One hears the English accent on every hand.

There is a company of 14 young fellows on their way to South Africa to start a chain factory. Sixty people on a conducted tour to France, Germany, etc., are to leave the ship at Cherbourg for Paris and Berlin. Several of them are going to visit relatives in Sweden. I met several Londoners. One night between pictures Sir Frank Dyson, K. B. E., F. R. S. (Knight of the British Empire, Fellow of the Royal Society) made an appeal for a donation to the British and American sailors' homes. He is a large man with white hair and white mustache and of simple address.

A MASONIC LUNCHEON.

On Wednesday a call was made for a Masonic luncheon and 20 of us ate at a long table. Wm. Young of London, Past Master of the United Northern Counties, (Scotland) presided. E. Williams of North Vancouver, B. C., acted as treasurer and accepted \$1.00 from each of us to go to charity. Stuart Murray of Hamilton, Island of

Bermuda, called the meeting. He is a professional golfer and is on his way to Scotland to take part in the open golf tournament this month on the celebrated St. Andrews course, north of Edinburgh. He is a tall, slender man.

This was said to be the first Masonic meeting on shipboard, and it was agreed that each Mason there should try to hold a similar meeting whenever he crossed the ocean.

DOWN IN THE SHIP.

One day we took time from writing letters and stories and playing shuffleboard, to make a trip down into the bowels of the ship. It was warm down there among the machinery, but interesting.

On the way down I looked into the ship's printshop, where are printed each day a newspaper called "Ocean Times," the menu cards for each meal, programs and the like.

In the bottom of the ship is carried the fresh water supply for the trip—New York water, which also serves as ballast. On each side are the oil tanks where are stored 8,000 tons of fuel oil for the engines. We saw the monster driving rods, some of them 320 feet long, which carry the power to the propellers at the stern.

A speedometer in the engine room shows the speed of the ship just as the speedometer on an auto shows the speed of the car.

LAND IS NEAR.

An anxious ship passenger asked an officer: "How far are we from land?" And the officer replied: "Only three miles."

"Which direction?" asked the passenger.

"Straight down," replied the officer.

The Atlantic probably isn't that deep here, but we begin to feel the thrill of approaching land. This is Thursday and tomorrow morning at four o'clock we are to be at Cherbourg, France. We leave there at 7:00 and land at 12:30 noon at Southampton. We have lost an hour each day because of traveling east.

NO SEASICKNESS.

I have been afraid to say much about seasickness until now for fear "the worst is yet to come"—and it may come yet. So far, however, only a very few have been seasick; neither of us.

We fell in with a fine couple from Wisconsin whose son is a doctor. He had given considerable attention to the subject of seasickness on behalf of his parents. People do not get seasick these days as they used to, was one of his conclusions. The fact that Americans have become accustomed to the shaking and vibration of automobiles prepares them for the vibration of the ship, caused by the engines and to the pitching and rolling caused by the waves.

Our ship has had smooth seas almost all the way. However, a passenger cannot get away from the disagreeable vibration and the occasional

roll of the ship. It is right there day after day and the only way one can escape it is to so occupy the mind that he doesn't think of it.

Columbus got plenty of rolling in his ships but he was free from any engine vibration. We may not be so anxious to see land as Columbus was, but we will be very glad when we step off the gangplank upon the dock at Southampton.

"VENI, VIDI,—."

Salisbury, England, June 14—This was a "perfect day" for us: We ended our first ocean voyage without seasickness; we saw the French naval and commercial port of Cherbourg and the great English port of Southampton; we saw for the first time the green fields of England as we went by bus 25 miles to this place; we saw the great Salisbury Cathedral and by good fortune the entrancing gardens of the Arch Deacon. Then, by another good fortune, we stopped for the night at a house built in the 13th century.

LAST NIGHT ON SHIP.

The last night on board ship was full of excitement. Several hundred were to get off at Cherbourg in the early morning, and the rest of us would end our voyage at Southampton at noon.

The interest in landing began late in the afternoon when we sighted "The Bishop" lighthouse, out from Land's End. Soon there appeared also the Scilly Islands, just east.

There was a farewell dinner that night when the whole company were decorated with fantastic headgear and provided with balloons and other fun-makers.

Later in the evening a crowd gathered in the smoke room. There was group singing of popular songs, drinking, smoking, lunching on cakes and tea, then dancing. Most people seemed too excited to go to bed, but we went about midnight, for I wanted to get up and see Cherbourg as we came into the harbor.

It was five o'clock when I woke, and the ship was lying at anchor out in the harbor, with a French boat alongside taking off the heavy baggage. When it became lighter I took some pictures of the naval buildings on shore and one of the small forts on the breakwater. (But don't tell the French).

The great German liner Europa, steamed into the harbor and I snapped her as she was pulled to the dock. The Aquitania's passengers were taken off on a French boat about 6:30. It was said the reason why the English boat did not dock was that Great Britain would not agree to the French dock charge, which they thought too high.

Cherbourg seems scattered along the shore in about two-thirds of a circle, the remaining one-third being crossed by the breakwater, leaving two openings and completely protecting the harbor from storms.

Soon we were on our way to Southampton. As we approached, boats and ships of all kinds

began to increase in number. The Isle of Wight hove into sight and soon its green shores became distinct. Airplanes from the British naval base at Portsmouth zoomed out to meet us (no doubt realizing that distinguished personages were aboard). Several small war-craft steamed swiftly past us. I snapped some of the beautiful places on the Isle of Wight, including the castle in which Queen Victoria died; some of the warships and other interesting scenes.

PASSING THE CUSTOMS.

The Aquitania was at the dock; British officers were aboard to examine our passports and ask us why we were coming to England and how long we were going to stay. It was soon over for us, but we had waited two hours for it.

Then we went happily down the gangplank and onto the dock to find our baggage. Baggage taken from a ship is piled in a long windrow according to name of the owner. A great crowd was hurrying to and fro hunting their baggage and passing inspection of the customs officers.

We went to where a big letter B hung above the baggage and soon found ours. I went to enquire for mail at the dock post office. No mail, but I found a porter who helped us get started on our journey over England.

On the boat we had packed into our largest suitcase all the things we could get along without for the next three weeks. I took this and expressed it to London via the Southern Railroad to be cared for until we should call for it.

First, however, we had to pass the customs. Our porter secured ready attention and I showed my letter from the State Department. The inspector asked if we had any tobacco and a few other things, then marked our bags with chalk and away we went with a piece of paper which was to pass us out of the gate into free and "merrie England."

We carried our grips, now lightened by almost one-half in weight, a few blocks to the tramway (street car) and took this to a bus station. As we went up the street we were surprised at the few cars and at the numerous bicycles on the streets. There were two bicycles to one car, and most of the cars were small.

Southampton is a city a little larger than South Bend. The streets were very clean and neat but most of them narrow. The trams are narrow, double decked conveyances considerably shorter than our street cars. The fare is two pence (4c).

ON THE ROAD TO SALISBURY.

Soon we were riding through very pleasant green fields and little villages. The bus and all the cars kept to the left side of the road and the drivers' wheels were on the righthand side of the cars.

We were surprised at the great number of bicyclers and pedestrians on the highway. They were using the road the same as cars and buses.

Women were pushing baby carts, girls, boys and men were riding bicycles. We noted how very careful all bus and auto drivers were of these pedestrians and cyclists.

The roads are narrow and winding but well paved with a tar and crushed rock composition similar to that used by us. There was no concrete. The pavement was not more than 16 feet wide and there were no berms. The right-of-way was seldom wider than the pavement and sometimes the hedge fence at the roadside touched the side of the bus. Through some little villages care had to be exercised not to knock off the corner of a house, so close were they to the road.

On every hand stretched beautiful green pastures, sprinkled with trees, singly or in clumps. Hedge fences, mostly of the hawthorne bush, separated the pastures. Contented cattle and fat sheep lying down or grazing, made a picture of serene beauty. Green pastures, green trees, fences of green hedges, green grass to the very edge of the pavement. There were few plowed fields and the oats and wheat were still very green. We saw no corn fields. Several pastures were badly covered with thistles which looked like the Canadian thistle.

We soon discovered the cause of all the greenness. It rained when we were in Southampton, then the sun came out. On the journey soft clouds which dropped gentle showers divided the time with bright sunshine. It was raining gently when we arrived in Salisbury.

THE SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

Salisbury, England, June 14—We walked a few blocks through narrow streets, with sidewalks barely wide enough for two persons, to the home of Mrs. Wellington, 45 High street, a place which our book recommended. It was in the business part of the city, the house coming out flush with the sidewalk.

A white stone step on the sidewalk led to the threshold of a large wooden door, painted dark green, and having a big black knocker, but no glass. I knocked, and we were ushered into a very old house—they soon told us it was built in the thirteenth century. The conveniences and comforts were not to be compared with those of the tourist homes in Plymouth—but we were seeing England. Mrs. Boys was soon raving over some fine Wedgewood dishes she noticed in the dining room.

It was 4:30 in the afternoon and our landlady told us there would be Evensong service at 5:15, so we hurried to see the cathedral before the service. It was raining and cold. We put on our raincoats, but soon wished we had put on our topcoats under the raincoats.

Passing under the ancient stone arch over the street which is the entrance to the "close" (walled area) of the cathedral, we soon stood at the edge of a wide expanse of green lawn in the center of which stood the great Salisbury Cathedral.

I had achieved only a mild interest in cathedrals. They would be worth seeing, of course, as a matter of history and because most people who travel in Europe make it a point to see the cathedrals, but I was more interested in the people of today, how they lived and what they thought. I was not prepared for the sight which confronted us.

Before us was one of the oldest and most noted cathedrals of England and of all Europe. I was astounded by the vast size of it, by the great height of it, by the marvelous symmetry and beauty of it. I stood speechless in wonder and delight, forgetting the rain and the cold.

The cathedral has a glorious setting—one which no other of the great cathedrals has—for it rises in all the grace and simplicity of its wondrous beauty from the greensward, which surrounds it in an ample and treeless expanse. The unity of its design and the perfection of its proportions impress even a novice.

Near the center of the vast church the square tower is surmounted by a plain, octagonal spire which rises 404 feet into the sky. The length of the cathedral is 473 feet and its width across the transept is 203½ feet. The area covered by the cathedral buildings, including the cloisters, is nearly 2 2-3 acres. It was begun in 1220 and completed in 1258.

As I looked at this wonderful structure I thought: "And this marvelous thing was designed and built 700 years ago. It still stands and is used, revealing to us the skill, the genius, and the religious inspirations of our forefathers. Do we today have that combination of religious zeal and skill which would enable us to equal them?"

As the rain continued we hastened to the cathedral for protection and also to see the interior. At the door were two girls who had also taken shelter from the rain. They said they were hiking on their vacation. Each carried a pack on her back, wore plain khaki colored dress, stout walking shoes but no stockings. They said they had been out a week and were making about 12 miles a day.

Within the vast church we noted the tombs and tablets of bishops and other celebrities of past centuries; the graceful and very high arched ceiling of the nave; the medieval stained glass windows; the great central columns, each surrounded by slender granite or marble pillars, the exquisite wood carving of the choir.

Evensong came on and 14 white robed choir boys from the church school adjacent came marching in, followed by seven men singers and six ministers. We joined in the service, noting that there were only about 30 people in the great nave, which would hold a thousand, and on whose rough stone floor thousands upon thousands had stood and knelt as they worshiped during the ages gone by.

We sat on stout chairs with heavy wicker seats. The clear and sweet voices of the choir rose throughout the cathedral in beautiful and inspiring harmony, without the echo one would expect. The

majestic spire without led one's eyes and thoughts toward heaven; within the great height of the ceiling of the nave with its symmetrical columns and arches continued to draw the spirit upward. When the time for prayer came I was impelled to take the rubber knee cushion from the back of the chair in front of me, kneel in devotion and offer my adorations to the architect whose genius 700 years ago, designed this cathedral; to the workmen whose consummate skill cut and laid the stone and statuary; and to the Great Architect of the Universe who made man only "a little lower than the angels."

IN THE GARDEN.

We left the cathedral, cold but thrilled by our experience, and started for our room. On the way we met a distinguished looking old gentleman wearing cap and gown. My pal deigned to question him about the cathedral. He was the Venerable Arch Deacon of Sarum, the precenter of Salisbury cathedral, which place he had held longer than anybody else since the cathedral was built. His name is Carpenter and he is 82 years old, a kindly man full of humor. After talking about the cathedral a few moments he said:

"I have a very beautiful garden which some of your people have enjoyed—but it isn't a good time to see it; maybe tomorrow you can see it." Then as the rain stopped and we talked further about the cathedral he said: "Well, if you want to risk it, maybe we could see the garden now."

Would we risk it! It was only about a block to the Arch Deacon's house, back of which the garden lay. We went through an opening in an ancient stone wall and beheld a most entrancingly beautiful garden—closely cropped green grass, gravel walks, flowers of many kinds from the walk to the edge of the space, where potatoes were growing. The green grass walk led for several rods back through an archway in a fence. Behind the fence was a grassy plot at the edge of which flowed the clear and swift Avon river.

As we walked the lady said to the Arch Deacon: "You must be able to preach some wonderful sermons, inspired by such a beautiful garden as this."

And he with a tinge both of humor and deep thought replied: "I wonder!"

As we walked he said: "England has many things to be proud of, but we also have some serious problems. There, for example, are the two million unemployed. What can we do for them?"

"Your condition is then, much better than ours," I commented, "for we have ten or eleven million unemployed—a far greater percentage of population."

We had come to the place where we met him, so we thanked him heartily for his special kindness and bid him goodbye.

THE ROMAN BATHS.

Bath, England, June 15.—This town got its name because the Romans established some notable

baths here in 54 A. D. For 350 years these old Romans in England used these baths in Bath—and then came historic tragedy. Romans in England were called home to defend Rome against the barbarians and had to leave their wonderful warm water baths.

Upon the heels of the departure of the Romans came the barbarous, ruthless and dirty Saxons who had no need for baths. They destroyed the Roman baths at Bath and built the city on top of them. For some 1300 years the existence of these Roman baths was unknown.

Then in 1755 they were discovered—twenty feet under the city. The municipality excavated and preserved the remains, and are continuing their explorations. Twenty feet under the street they now show visitors what bathers those old Romans were.

Away back in 54 A. D. the Romans had discovered at Bath a flowing hot spring and were quick to take advantage of it to advance their national sport and pastime of bathing. They constructed a marvelous system of baths and conducted this hot water into them by leaden pipes which are still there and which are still used to carry the hot water to the same reservoirs.

There is one bath, nearest to the spring which is circular and is supposed to be for the use of the women, as it is only four feet deep. Another one a few feet away is 80 feet long by 40 feet wide and 6 feet deep. There are diving stones on the edge of this tank which are worn off several inches and show where the bare feet of thousands of Roman boys pushed themselves off for plunges into the bath.

These bath tanks are lined with lead which still holds water as it did 1900 years ago. This lead was taken from mines about 30 miles from Bath and beaten into heavy sheets which were welded together to make the bathing tanks.

The water comes out of the spring at a temperature of 120 degrees, flowing at the rate of a half million gallons a day. Neither the quantity nor the temperature of this flowing well varies from season to season or year to year. Today this spring and others like it are the foundation of Bath's prosperity, for they make it a great health resort. The English are just now using what the Romans found and used 1900 years ago.

ROMAN HEATING SYSTEM.

More wonderful than the baths was the Roman heating system for their sweat baths, which they had along with their other baths. They devised a central heating plant and let the heat radiate through chambers under the floor of the baths and made the floor of tiles so the heat would be rapidly conducted into the rooms above.

"This same system is being used in the fine new theatre now being built in Liverpool," said our guide.

It cost us only 25c to see these historic Roman baths. To us they were the most important thing

in Bath, although there is a beautiful cathedral dating back to mediaeval times.

THE CITY OF CABOT.

We got a lunch of lamb chops, "chips" (fried potatoes) and coffee for 25c each and took the bus for Bristol. It was a rainy day but we enjoyed the beautiful country and quaint villages. All the way from Southampton to Bristol the country is like a park—beautiful green pastures, trees, hedges.

We have not seen a frame house in city or country; they are all of stone or brick or stucco. Many of them are roofed with thatch, which is wheat straw expertly laid a foot or more deep. It looks very artistic and is becoming fashionable, the more so as thatchers are becoming scarce.

Bristol is quite a city. At the entrance to the town was a sign: "This is the city from which Cabot sailed to discover America." I guess the truth is that Cabot, and the Norseman before him, did discover America before Columbus came. They didn't get historic fame for doing it because they didn't do anything about it after they found it. They let Columbus carry off all the glory.

We saw the river out of which Cabot sailed, but there was no further attraction here. We happened to learn of a little mediaeval village not far away called Castle Combe, and there we went.

IN THE COTSWOLD HILLS.

There are three mediaeval villages in the beautiful Cotswold Hills which it has been our great delight to visit—Castle Combe, Painswick and Chipping Campden. Most of the houses in all these little towns were built from 400 to 600 years ago.

The bus conductor "put us down" at a little place with the artistic name of Ford, a mile and a half from Castle Combe. A man was handling milk cans and I asked him whether I could get some one to take our grips to Castle Combe. He pointed to a lad helping him and said the boy and his friend were going to cycle over there in an hour or so and could take them. I gave the boy a shilling (25c) which made his eyes sparkle and entrusted the baggage with him. The man directed us to Castle Combe and we started off afoot, carrying brief case and coats.

My pal began to worry for fear we would never see our grips or shilling again. I replied that I felt sure we would never see the shilling again but that we would see our grips in good time.

It was a delightful walk uphill and down to Castle Combe. We met a few others walking, several on bicycles and an occasional car. The road was narrow but paved, the edges being lined with hawthorne hedge fences low enough to allow us to look over into green pastures at cattle and sheep. At one place we saw fully two dozen rabbits playing on a hillside meadow.

As we entered the town I noted a little bridge of three arches over the clear running creek. I

wondered at its perfection of arch and its symmetrical beauty. The next day I learned that this very bridge was built by the Romans when they occupied this spot with a camp some 1700 years ago.

Castle Combe is a beautiful village, beautifully situated at the head of the deep valley through which flows Wavering creek. A castle had been built here on a hill above the village back in the 11th century, and there is a grand manor house down in the valley, surrounded by a park. In the village lived the serfs who cared for the baron's estate of several thousand acres.

This estate is still intact and is owned by a woman 26 years old who has been divorced. She does not live here. The tenants pay a cash rental for house or farm, the land rent being about \$5 per acre per year. Since the war, taxes on such estates have been very heavy and some of them have been sold.

We had been directed to the old Rectory Farms and found it readily on the main street. All the houses are built of the famous Cotswold gray stone, even having stone shingles, now moss covered. Many of the roofs are sunken and crooked. The houses are nearly all in solid rows on each side of the narrow street and stand close to the sidewalk, which is not more than two to three feet wide. People walk in the street much of the time. Pretty flower gardens are back of the houses.

We entered the house, built some 600 years ago, and were shown to a room—up a narrow and steep stairway, through a narrow hallway. I had to stoop to keep from bumping my head on the low door frame. The room had a gable window on each side, one of them looking out upon the street and the other upon the garden and high wooded hill which rises abruptly from the edge of the village. A pitcher, bowl and jar provided our toilet equipment. The bed did not have a Beauty Rest mattress but it served its purpose fairly well. The old-fashioned feather cover on top was a comfort, for the weather was still cool.

The people here are a kindly and courteous folk. They are nearly all descendants of the serfs and peasants who served the nobles of this estate hundreds of years ago. Our landlady was born here and told me not a new house had been built here for over 200 years.

Part of the street runs along the creek, and I noted at intervals there were steps down the walled banks to the water. Here is where the housewives get their water for washing and other cleaning.

The houses here, as in all the English villages and towns we have seen, are built in solid blocks along the streets. Usually the houses are flush with the sidewalk. The fronts are plain, but every house has its flower garden in the back yard, many of them very beautiful. Wherever there is a foot or two between the house and the sidewalk,

the space is invariably filled with flowers. This mild and moist climate is conducive to the growth of grass, shrubs and flowers.

IT'S "LUGGAGE" IN ENGLAND.

I went to the little store where the boy said he would leave our grips. A jolly woman with a well defined mustache came out of her adjoining home to see what I wanted. "A boy is bringing our grips over from Ford and will leave them here," I said. She looked blank.

"A boy will leave our bags here for us," I repeated.

"Oh, I guess you mean your luggage," she said. "I thought you meant something for the men who are doing some building near here."

"Yes, our luggage, of course," I said. "I knew I should have said luggage but I didn't think." The "luggage" came in due time, and thereafter I always spoke of our luggage instead of our grips.

We walked through the ancient and narrow streets and through a cow pasture to see some of the ruins of the old castle, built in the 11th century, but could see little. What parts were visible indicated that it was a vast establishment in its day, with great walls and iron gates.

Through another gateway we saw the manor house—a mansion surrounded by a beautiful, well-kept park of many acres.

It was Sunday and we attended church—England's established Episcopal church. The church is an old one and part of the noble's original establishment. All about the church yard are tombs of ancients, and within, under the stone floor are many more. If we don't stop this cathedral going, we shall be pretty fair Episcopalians before we leave this snug British isle, although it was the Catholics who built these great and lesser cathedrals.

I took several pictures in this mediaeval village. We were charmed by its artistic attractions and the great beauty of its setting. The houses are very artistic without but not very comfortable within.

OBSERVATIONS.

Gloucester, June 17.—During our short stay in England we have noted several things:

Although it has rained most of the days, we have not heard any thunder nor seen any lightning.

The highways are not marred by signs as in the United States. In only one or two places, at the edge of towns, have we seen any advertisements to cut off or spoil the beauty of the country. The English have beauty almost above everything else.

There are no screens on stores or houses. So few flies are here that no attention is paid to them.

No toothpicks are to be had at any eating place—and no water unless you ask for it.

No good coffee is to be had, for the English don't know how to make it. They drink tea six times a day—in bed before they get up; for breakfast,

at 11 o'clock, for lunch, at 4 o'clock and at dinner. We got good coffee once—at a department store restaurant here. We got the nearest to coffee when we let them serve "white coffee"—coffee with hot milk instead of cream. If we want coffee as per Uncle Sam we must order "black coffee" and cream, which usually they do not have.

The English are great meat eaters and we see many fine markets. However, all the meat and fish and fowl are laid out uncovered in the windows and about the stores, ready to receive any dirt or germs or attentions of what few flies there are.

Baked goods are handled in the same way. Loaves of bread are not covered as with us; cakes, pies, tarts and other pastry are similarly exposed.

We saw the milk man delivering milk. He had a three-wheeled vehicle which he pedaled along like a bicycle. In a box on the front were two or three cans of milk. When he stopped to deliver milk, he went to the front door, inside of which the housewife had set her pitcher. This he carried to his milk supply, opened a can and dipped out the pitcher of milk, then took it back to the front door, setting it inside. We saw one milk man, however, who was using milk bottles.

Looking through the stores at prices on goods of many kinds we concluded that dry goods and clothing here cost about the same as in America. Groceries, fruits and food are considerably higher here. They get their best supply of potatoes from the isle of Jersey off the coast of France. I noted some potatoes in a store priced at 7c a pound. That would be about \$4 a bushel and these were all very small—the run of the hill—ranging from the size of an egg down to that of a walnut.

"Sunkist" oranges range about 25 per cent higher. Butter and cheese cost about the same as in America.

We can get a better meal in Plymouth—or Chicago—or New York City for 50 cents than we can any place we have been for 75c to \$1.00. There are no cafeterias here, and it is difficult for us to get the food we want and need. Seldom do we find a menu containing a stated meal at a stated price. A charge is made for every little item.

There are no shine parlors. I have tried in vain to find a place where I could get my shoes shined; was told that I might get it done at some hotel, but they would expect me to buy something else.

I needed a haircut and asked for a barber. There are no "barbers" here, I was told; they are hairdressers. I got some sort of a haircut for 8 pence (12c). After the "hairdresser" finished his clipping and use of razor he hooked up a rotary brush with a belt and brushed my head with a rapid rotation. Whether this was a kind of shampoo or a method of cleaning out all the cut hairs I did not ask, but was painfully aware that this same uncleaned brush had no doubt been used on every head before mine.

MANY PEDESTRIANS.

Sunday is a real day of rest from business here. Bus schedules are out or fewer trips made. Many cafes and all bars are closed. People are out of doors enjoying the country.

Many pedestrians troop along the roads, girls and boys, women and men. The women walk with a strong and manly stride. It is probably their much walking which makes their feet seem larger than those of American women. (I didn't measure any of them to prove this).

Cyclists troop along all highways. Often you may see a man and woman riding on a tandem, and there are many motorcycles. The little Austin cars are most frequent, then those a little larger. It is more seldom that one sees large cars such as run on American roads.

Taxis seem scarce. At Bath we had to walk two blocks or more and then found one. In another town of 12,000 I had to go to a garage and make special arrangements for one.

The English people we have met are very, very kind and courteous. All the bus conductors are specially obliging, but there are no bus stations such as the Northern Indiana Motor Bus Co. has. Here they pick you up on the street and "put you down" on the street. There is a central "Travel Bureau" for both rail and bus travel which gives information but they sell no tickets. Fares are posted on large cards wherever buses stop, and you pay fare on the bus.

THE COTSWOLD HILLS AND WYE VALLEY.

Chipping Campden, England, June 20—Coming out of Bristol one day our bus encountered a great temperance parade. The main business street was occupied by marchers for many blocks and the populace massed on the sidewalks and pavement. Police stopped all vehicles which would interfere.

There seemed to be an intense interest. Some 15 bands and many floats of the Band of Hope were in the parade of men, women, boys and girls. Finally our coach detoured around the crowd.

One of the most pleasant days we have had was a tour of the Wye Valley in southwestern England next to the Wales border. The tour was along the Severn river to Chepstow, an ancient town where William the Conqueror's followers built a castle soon after he came conquering from France in 1094.

This was our first view of a castle, although this one is now partly in ruins. It covers several acres of ground and the stone walls are so high it would seem impossible to scale them. A family lives in it as keeper and collects a fee for admission.

At the bottom of one of the towers we saw what was once a dungeon. We were told that here Henry Marten was held prisoner for 20 years because he was one who signed the death warrant of King Charles I, whom Cromwell beheaded.

Up the Wye Valley is one of the most charming trips in all England. The beautiful Wye

river runs through a deep valley, the hills rising on both sides covered by trees and green pastures.

Tintern Abbey is one of the sights here. The ancient church and all its surroundings are now unused but the walls remaining are praised by artists and architects as among the most beautiful and perfect to be found. I snapped two pictures of it.

IN PAINSWICK.

The Cotswold Hills are where the Cotswold sheep were raised in great numbers and where they came from to the United States. These hills are noted also for the gray stone so suitable for building.

Wool merchants in the Cotswolds got very rich and they used their money to build fine stone houses for themselves and finer cathedrals where they worshipped and were buried.

Painswick was an important center for these wool merchants and in this little town of about 2,000 people are to be seen some of the most beautiful and typical gray stone houses in the Cotswold region. We had heard of it and one short view decided us to spend two days there.

By chance we found a very comfortable room with Miss Anne Launder in Gladstone House.

All prices for rooms we have had so far, whether in hotel or homes, are for "bed and breakfast." They always expect to serve breakfast, and they never wish to serve it before 8:00 o'clock—8:30 or 9:00 suits them much better. You can't get up here at six o'clock, eat breakfast at 6:30 and rush off at 7:00, in the American way.

And we are learning to fall in with this custom. I fear we may bring home slothful habits.

For breakfast we are served with some fruit, porridge (oatmeal) or other cereal, bacon and eggs or ham and eggs, bread and butter and tea, or coffee if requested. The bread is cut in very thin slices and thickly spread with butter. There will be a dozen slices on a plate, half brown and half white bread, laid on the plate overlapping like shingles on a roof. An uncut loaf and bread knife are also at hand.

English bread is better than American loaves, being more solid and tasty. Their buns or rolls, however, are not as good as our hard rolls.

Painswick is a very quaint and beautiful village. It is attracting artists, writers and retired business men because of its delightful situation.

The streets are quite narrow, in some places too narrow for cars to pass. The sidewalks are also narrow, sometimes wide enough for only one person.

All the houses are built of the beautiful gray Cotswold stone, many of the oldest ones having stone shingles. Their gables front on the street, the most typical houses having three large gables. The houses are in solid rows, it being difficult to note at times where one ends and another begins.

Each house has its little garden, pretty with flowers, shrubs and vegetables. High stone walls

surround each of these gardens, and all the fields and parks are surrounded by stone walls.

How proud and jealous Painswick citizens are of their gray stone buildings is shown by the fact that public sentiment, reflected through a local society, will not allow any other material to be used in making repairs or in new construction.

Years ago when Painswick was a great wool market the railways wanted to build up the valley and through the town, but the people did not want the beauty of their valley and village marred, so they refused to let the railway through. Result: the road was built to Stroud, three miles away and now Stroud is a city of 30,000.

We walked about the streets of Painswick, never tiring of its charm. From almost any place we could look across the narrow valley and see sheep and cattle grazing on green hillsides.

There is an ancient church here with many yew trees in the yard. These are evergreen trees and are kept trimmed in surprising shapes.

CHIPPING CAMPDEN.

Another of the wealthy wool centers of the Cotswolds is Chipping Campden. We spent only about two hours here, looking at the ancient church, snapping typical houses with thatched roofs or 600-year-old histories.

Chipping Campden, unlike Painswick, has one very wide street. In this is a very old market building where the wool and other products were sold. In this wide street a fair is held the last Wednesday of each month, when the finest sheep, cattle and hogs are brought in for exhibition.

On the way here we stopped at Tewkesbury, where the Abbey church is one of the finest Norman churches in England. Its windows are marvels of beauty. Hanging in the Lady Chapel is Raphael's original "Madonna of the Walk," before which we knelt in appreciation of seeing a Raphael for the first time.

Then we eagerly rushed to Shakespeare's town, Stratford-upon-Avon.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN.

"* * * when I was at home I was in a better place; but travelers must be content." Act II, Scene 4, *As You Like It*.

Stratford-upon-Avon, England, June 21.—Now I am going to write like Shakespeare did. He wrote with pencil on paper and I am writing the same way. The only difference you will note between us is in the words used.

We arrived here about seven in the evening and stopped to eat before going to our lodging. Near us were two young ladies, one of whom proved to be an American girl attending Oxford University. They told us that a series of Shakespearean plays were being given at the new Shakespeare Memorial theatre.

We hurried to our "home" and back to the theatre, a large red brick structure on the banks of the beautiful Avon river (they pronounce that

with long a). We were half an hour late and heard that all seats were "booked" long before, but we rushed up the first entrance which happened to be the gallery.

"I have nothing but one and three," said the lady at the window with an inflection which indicated all seats were gone. We started to leave, then I asked her, "What do you mean by 'one and three'?" thinking she meant the first and third row seats.

"One shilling and thripence—the charge for the ticket," she said. So we paid our "one and three" (about 30c) each and went in. Even though we were high up, the acoustic properties of the theatre are so good that we heard nicely and greatly enjoyed "As You Like It." I snatched the lines at the head of this story as being very appropriate for us.

At the interim at 9:00 o'clock the crowd went out on a high balcony overlooking the Avon with its boats and swans and bridges, a pretty little park and far out over the city and country.

Darkness does not come here until about 10:30 and when the theatre was out at 10:45 the city lights were just beginning to be lighted. At 3:30 o'clock in the morning daylight steals across the island.

The next night we saw "The Tempest," a fantastic play. On Saturday afternoon Henry IV was given, in which Shakespeare produced his noted character of Falstaff. It is in this play that Falstaff, pointing to one dead soldier says, "There lies honor;" and to another and declares: "Discretion is the better part of valor."

That night we saw "All's Well That Ends Well," and that well ended our theatre going.

At each performance from eight to ten coach loads of school children were brought in from distant towns.

Stratford-upon-Avon is a town of about 12,000 population. It has "gone Shakespeare" with a vengeance. Every place which is old enough or with which Shakespeare had anything to do uses the name for business and to attract tourists.

We saw Shakespeare's home—the room in which he was born in 1564. It is quite a large, two story and attic building in the Tudor style—houses made of "wattle and daub," or sticks and plaster. Heavy black beams run across the upper part, the spaces between them being filled with plaster. The second story projects a foot or two over the first story, and sometimes the third story projects out over the second.

Inside the Shakespeare house are very large fireplaces, the same old flagstone floors and many of the other things used by the family. A Shakespeare Trust now owns the property and, although the remainder of the street is built up solidly, buildings have been removed from each side of the Shakespeare house to save it from fire hazard.

ANNE HATHAWAY COTTAGE.

We walked the mile to the little village of Shottery, where lived Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's sweetheart and wife. Going there and back we trod the same path across the meadow and through the towns as that used by Shakespeare himself when he went to call on Anne.

The Hathaway cottage is roofed with thatch and is well preserved. It is a large house with many of the utensils and furniture used by the family in Anne's time. Her father was a freeholder and possessed this house with 95 acres of land. A pretty and formal garden adjoins the house.

In his later life Shakespeare came back from London to his home town and bought a house, part of which we saw, with many mementoes of Shakespeare. Nearby is the grammar school where Shakespeare went to school and where, according to his own words he learned "little Latin and less Greek." The building is still used as a school—and a sorry school building it looks, compared with the magnificent American school buildings.

Shakespeare is buried inside the chancel of Holy Trinity church. He was probably not a church member but bought the right to be buried there, as he seemed to be fearful that someone might steal his bones. At the age of 52 he was laid here, and at his grave thousands do homage every year, coming from all nations on earth, for he is recognized everywhere as the greatest poet of all time.

It seems strange that so little is known of the life of so great a man as Shakespeare. It is known that the last of his family is dead and that the bright light of his genius has burned out.

Perhaps it is just as well. The most brilliant wit and humor, the philosophy of such great depth and the joy he has given the world in his plays is quite sufficient for one family. He leaves with us the best the human race has produced in literature.

Every Friday in Stratford-upon-Avon is market day. We walked down the center of very wide Bridge street and noted the market. Here were displayed vegetables, fruits, poultry, fish and meats, dishes, dry goods, clothing and many other wares. People came with their pliable baskets and carried home what they bought.

On Saturday afternoon there were boat races on the Avon which lasted from 2:30 to about 6:00 o'clock.

WARWICK CASTLE.

Warwick, England, June 22, 1935.—A few miles north of Stratford-upon-Avon is Warwick Castle, said to be the finest of its kind in England except Windsor Castle, which is one of the homes of King George V and Queen Mary.

Warwick Castle is a large and magnificent establishment, covering many acres surrounded by high stone walls. It stands on a high bluff above the Avon river.

We paid our 50c each admission and walked through the great stone arch gateway of the castle whose Earls have controlled more of English his-

tory than any other English notables. Up a deep cut and walled road we went for several rods, exclaiming at the size and strength of these outer fortifications. Then came the castle proper, approached across a green bordered by large shrubbery.

Two mighty stone towers rose above the arch through which entrance was gained. The wall leading from the towers was so high I do not believe I could throw a stone over it. We walked through and stood astonished by the grandeur of it all.

Perhaps three or four acres of ground were enclosed by the walls of the castle. Almost the entire portion was covered by green lawn, which was being mowed. Near the center of the lawn was a woman and a toddling baby coming toward the walk where we were.

A little later we learned that this was the little Lord Brooke, son of the Earl and Countess of Warwick. The Earl is 23 years old and his wife 21, they said, and all the relatives were very happy when the son was born.

The history of Warwick Castle runs back to 915 when it is said to have been founded by Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred. It was partially destroyed several times and finally James I, after 1603, gave it to Sir Fulke Greville, who spent \$100,000 (an immense sum in those days) in repairing and adorning it. The castle has been in the hands of the Grevilles ever since. Little Lord Brooke is the last Greville to come on earth.

Shakespeare in his plays has immortalized Warwick Castle. One of the Warwick family in giving an account of its history acknowledged this debt to the great playwright, but refers to this fact by saying that "a distinguished writer of low birth has made Warwick Castle immortal," not even mentioning Shakespeare's name. Such a statement may sound well to English ears, but it seems strangely unjust to Americans, to say the least.

We were permitted to see inside the castle, the part not occupied by the Earl's family. There is a beautiful little chapel where in the years before the war a complete retinue of church officials held services for the family every morning. This chapel is no longer used, the reason being that the cost is too great for the income of the Earl.

There were great banquet halls where once the greatest of England ate and drank and danced. Furniture of the finest in its age was seen in every room. The armory walls and ceiling were covered by the coats of armor and fighting arms used during the past 1,000 years. There are priceless original paintings by Velasquez, Gainsborough, Holbein and other great painters. Among these are pictures of Henry VIII and his wife Ann Bolyn, who made so much trouble for Henry and the Catholic church, too.

We saw the "ghost" room where one of the Earls of Warwick was murdered by a servant; the tower in whose dungeon an English king had been one of many prisoners.

Coming out of the castle proper we went to the Italian Garden—a beautiful formal garden made for the delight of the Earl's household. In a sun parlor near by is a large Grecian vase made of marble 1,000 years ago.

We may not believe in dukes and earls and other nobles, but we had to confess that the Earls of Warwick had acted their part in a very grand way. I got some nice pictures of the castle.

Going back into the city we saw a cafe flying the U. S. flag along with the British. It looked very beautiful to us—and, of course, we went in there and had lunch.

INDUSTRIAL ENGLAND.

From Warwick we took a fast and elegant coach (not a bus) northward through the greatest industrial section of England—Birmingham, Altricham, Manchester and an almost continuous string of smaller cities between. It reminded us much of going from Gary into Chicago, except that the country is greener.

Birmingham and Manchester are mighty manufacturing cities, each of nearly a million and a half people. The highways were wider and there was more traffic. For several miles into and out of Birmingham there are four-lane paved highways.

There was much building going on in all these bigger cities. We saw great rows of brick houses being erected in many places. There was an air of general prosperity which I have not seen in any recent travels in my own country.

And then we came to Rochdale, wherein I found an entrancing story.

"THE PIONEERS."

Rochdale, England, June 24, 1935.—Toad Lane runs up the hill from the river Roche, which gives the name to this town. In the early days a stream ran along one side of Toad Lane and in this stream numerous frogs clattered their croakings every day. Hence the sober and sensible business men of that day called the street Toad Lane.

When I asked a policeman how large a place Rochdale was, he laughed and said, "Oh, just a little village."

"How many people?" I asked. "It's a very small place—about 90,000," he replied.

This "little village" and its Toad Lane have become historic in the economic development of the British Empire, the influence extending to many nations. Business should build a monument to the frog and Toad Lane.

It was here in Rochdale and on Toad Lane back in 1844 that a cooperative society was formed which began and established the retail business principle of selling only for cash.

That selling for "cash only" has become one of the foundation stones—perhaps the chief cornerstone—of many of the greatest retail businesses today.

In addition to the "selling for cash" principle the "Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society Ltd." was the "first Co-operative Society established on the principles of a fixed rate of interest on shares and the division of the surplus on the basis of members' purchases."

This co-operative idea has spread throughout England, Ireland and Wales, and to the continent of Europe, as well as to the United States. The Farm Bureau Cooperative is copied from the Rochdale society.

In nearly every city and town where we have been we have seen one or more of these co-operative stores, though, of course, most of the business is done by privately owned stores as in the United States.

In Rochdale, however, the biggest and best stores are conducted by the "Pioneers" as they are familiarly called.

I walked up Toad Lane to the main office of the society in a three-story stone building and presented my card. They were very courteous and gave me what information I wished, citing me to their office in Manchester for further matter.

"People come from all over the world to visit us," said the gentleman with whom I talked. He asked me to sign my name in a register, and as I did so I noted the name of a lady from Columbus, Ohio, who had been there a few days before.

Then he sent a young man named H. Schofield to show me the building in which the society started business. I took a picture of it as he stood in the doorway. It is two stories high and about 22x50 feet in size.

Inside were the old rough counters and shelves, the rough stone floor and low ceiling. Original account books were there showing purchases and sales.

The first year's sales of the society amounted to about \$3,500, the members numbered 74, and their capital was \$905.

In 1934 the sales were \$3,282,820; the members 44,475, and the capital \$2,842,520.

They told me that the members were nearly all workingmen in the city in the beginning and have continued to be largely so. Then I asked Mr. Schofield how business was.

"Not at all good now," he said. "This is a cotton textile town and business in cotton goods is poor."

"Do the mills still buy most of their cotton from the United States, or elsewhere," I asked.

"They are buying more and more from Egypt and India," he said; then talked for several minutes on the fundamental conditions in the cotton textile industry.

"Our cotton mills should realize the situation in the cotton industry," he said. "People are not buying cotton goods as they used to. They are buying silk and rayon. Why should our mills keep on trying to make and sell cotton goods when the women of today don't want cotton? They should

realize the new conditions, and remodel their mills for rayon and silk. And many of them are doing this."

Then he dilated upon the climate of the district. "This talk about our cotton mills going to India is all nonsense," he declared. "We have the only climate on earth adapted to the making of cotton and silk goods. It is just damp enough to make the machines and the cloth work exactly right. In other climates they must introduce moisture into the air to make the yarn and the machines work right. Here we have the exact climate needed. That is why such a great textile manufacturing business was built up here and why it will continue here."

I took several pictures of the Pioneers' stores, and one of the city square, where the Roche river has been covered and the whole area used for public streets, monuments and stores.

From Rochdale we took our first train ride, going to Liverpool. We had read about the English compartment cars and wondered what they would be like.

When the express pulled in we looked for a place to get on and someone to direct us. From a plethora of service on the boat, in hotels and elsewhere we had come to a great railway where there was nobody to aid or show us a thing.

Some men were unloading baggage and I yelled at one of them, asking where to get on. He said anywhere, but I couldn't see any place to get on. Then Mrs. Boys grabbed the handle of a door on the side of the car and it opened. (I had heard that all the doors were locked).

Finally we jammed in that door and had no more than done so when the train started.

Then we hunted for a compartment. The aisle ran along the side of the car and each compartment had two long seats facing each other, each holding four or five persons. After looking back and forth for a while we stopped in a compartment occupied by a woman and her three children.

This woman said her husband was a railroad man; that the shops had been closed at Hull so they were moving to Manchester. The railways are having a hard time, she said.

No conductor came through to take up our tickets and nobody announced any station stop. When we got off at Liverpool a gateman took our tickets as we went out. We guessed it was Liverpool, so we got off.

THE WORLD'S GRAIN MARKET.

Liverpool, England, June 25, 1935.—What I wished to see in Liverpool was the building—the very spot—where the price of wheat is made for the world.

It is only a block or two from the railway station to the notable Exchange building. We went into a large room labeled the "News Room" and were at once met by a uniformed guard. "This is the room where the news of stock and grain prices is sent for the benefit of members,"

he said. "What you want to see is the Corn Exchange," and then stepped outside with us into the great square made by the Exchange building and gave very careful directions to the Corn Exchange building.

We were soon there and walked into the doorway of the room where grains of all kinds from all over the world are bought and sold. It is a plain and simple room with a bare floor and no furniture except some along the walls.

On the floor and near the center of the room was what appeared to be a large wooden ring mounted on posts which brought the ring just above the waistline.

This ring was about ten feet in diameter. Around it, standing and leaning upon it, were 15 or 20 men. This is the very spot where the world price of wheat is made.

Very evidently visitors are not allowed in this great world mart, for we were at once approached by a man who seemed somewhat excited that we should presume to come there. I told him what I wanted and gave him my card. "Just wait a minute," he said, and soon returned with another man who said he was chairman of the control committee of the exchange (or something like that).

This gentleman was very courteous, invited us in and explained several matters to us. "I came in to find out how your Liverpool Exchange fixes the price of our American wheat," I said.

He laughed and said it was true that the world price is fixed in Liverpool. "One reason for that is because we quote prices on grains of all nations—Canada, United States, Argentine, Australia, Russia," he said.

On the board I saw the Chicago price of wheat quoted at 79½c that day. He remarked that the Chicago price on wheat had fallen from \$1.04 in April to 79½c in June—"much too great a drop. It ought to be due for a rise."

Then there was quoted on the board "Platte Wheat," which is wheat from the Platte river valley in Argentine.

He took us through the "pit" room into an adjoining and larger room which was covered by low tables in which were displayed samples of grains. This room was full of men, who at once sensed the presence of visitors. At one corner was a representative of a firm which had discovered a new combination of wheats that made a finer and better quality of bread than had ever been made. He had several loaves on display, each being cut in two so the quality and texture of the loaf could be seen.

Our friend left us for a minute and returned with another man whom he introduced as Mr. Broomall, a member of the world famed statistical firm of that name. His father had established the service many years before. Mr. Broomall was a rather small and slender man, of modest demeanor, and perhaps 50 years old.

It happened that I knew of his firm and that it was frequently quoted by all the big American

papers, as, well as in books, in the discussion of price trends, so I was able to let them both know that I realized the importance of the man we were meeting. However, I felt like a greenhorn before a world-famed expert.

Nevertheless, I asked Mr. Broomall what he thought of the American experiment of limiting the production of wheat to control the price.

"That's the only way it can be controlled," he said, (or something to that effect) and then the other gentleman broke in with:

"But it's impossible to control the output. There are too many nations of wheat farmers, you simply can't control it."

I asked if the British government controlled the operations of the Corn Exchange in any way, as our government was doing more and more. He said, "No, there is no control whatever."

After some further talk we thanked them for their great kindness and left. Business that day seemed very dull, indeed; nothing doing at all, so far as I could tell—and the talk of the gentlemen I met gave me the same impression.

LUNCH IN LIVERPOOL.

We went a few blocks from the Exchange and found a nice cafe where we got a good luncheon for a shilling each (25c). At a table near ours sat three men supping tea and playing dominoes between sups. Soon two more men came in, ordered a salad apiece and joined in the game.

It was about 1:30 in the afternoon but these men, evidently clerks or small business men, sat there and played dominoes like five schoolboys without a care in the world. They were still at it when we left.

The incident reminded me of what a lady said to us a few days before:

"You Americans, you work so fast and so hard. We in England take time to live."

Then we took a tram to the ferry, the ferry to the coach, and the coach in a pleasant ride to the Roman-walled city of Chester, about 15 miles to the south. Just out of Liverpool we passed through a remarkable section called Port Sunlight.

This is a city of beautiful homes which the late Lord Leverhume, manufacturer of "Sunlight Soap," built for the employes, of whom they have about 5,000. A workman may here rent a fine modern cottage of six rooms, with a good garden plot for about \$25 a month.

IN A WALLED CITY.

Chester, England, June 27, 1935.—Last night we felt very secure for we slept within the walled and mediaeval city of Chester. Yet it was not the Roman-built walls of this city which made us feel safe. It was the safer and far more protecting walls of the great British government, which spreads its benign influence so perfectly over these snug islands.

I remarked to my traveling pal: "I feel safer in England than I did in the United States." And she promptly replied: "I do, too."

Safety and protection seem to be in the very atmosphere. We have scarcely a thought of kidnapers, or purse snatchers or holdup men. We have at all times and in all places the feeling of peace and security. And, perhaps, this is the biggest fact we have discovered since our arrival.

The English police and traffic men—the “bobbies”—help to inspire this feeling of security. All of them we have seen are tall and slender, with a stiff dignity befitting a king. They wear white gloves and white gauntlets in directing traffic; their suits are mostly of dark blue, the caps having front and back visors and shaped like African sun protectors. Each one has handy a yellowish or light tan colored rain coat and hat which he easily slips on when it rains, then as easily slips off after the shower is over.

We came to Chester because it is one of the best examples of a mediaeval city. Besides that it is a walled city—that is, the wall built around the first small town still stands. It is used today to attract visitors instead of to repel armed enemies.

Chester is the third city we have come to which was established by the Romans. I am astonished that they had such settlements in England. My small reading of history had led me to believe that Caesar did little more than look across the channel after conquering “All Gaul.”

But now I find that these great old Romans had towns and camps at Southampton, where we disembarked, at Bath, where we saw their marvelous warm baths, at Chester, named from the Latin *Castra* (a camp), and at York, northeast of here; that they built a great wall clear across the island which today marks the boundary line between England and Scotland.

We went out on this Chester wall and walked upon it all the way around the confines of the camp as established by the Romans about 50 A. D., and where they held forth for several hundred years afterward.

THE WALLS.

The distance around this wall is nearly two miles. The top is flat, flagged with stones and from six to twelve feet wide, with walls rising at the sides about three or four feet above the walk. In these side walls are holes through which soldiers could watch or shoot at the enemy.

Then, there are several towers above the walls, used as watch towers and vantage points for firing upon an enemy. We went up into the most noted of these towers, popularly known as King Charles's Tower, because King Charles I stood in this very tower on Sept. 24, 1645, and saw his army defeated in the battle of Rowton Moor two or three miles away. We stood on the same stones on which Charles I stood and looked out upon that same battlefield.

The Romans had laid out their camp four square with a north gate, an east gate, a south gate and a west gate, which is now known as the water gate, because it was near the river Dee, up

which the Romans brought their supplies. These four openings are still the only places where people may get into the inner and main part of the city, with one exception—the Grosvenor bridge, which comes in across the Dee on a level with the top of the wall.

From the city walls one may look over a wide expanse. At the west is a noted race course. From the east wall is an excellent view of Chester Cathedral, founded in 660, rebuilt in 1093, and restored several times since.

THE ROWS.

Another very unusual and interesting thing at Chester is “The Rows.” On the main streets there are two rows of stores instead of only one as in all other cities. One of these rows of stores is a few feet below the narrow sidewalk, and you take a few steps down into them. The other row of entirely separate and different stores is above the lower row. Steps lead up to a wide, inside and covered sidewalk about five or six feet above the street level.

On this higher level are all the better stores. People enjoy the walk here, for it gives protection from rain or sun as they look into shop windows or out on the street below.

This upper sidewalk is on top of the stores below. Over the sidewalk the building comes out to the street and to the same front line as the first story, and the third, fourth and sometimes fifth stories are built upward on the same line. Thus this second “Row,” with its walk and store fronts, is, in effect, cut into the building at about six feet above the street level.

MEDIAEVAL BUILDINGS.

Most of the business houses are built in the mediaeval style and the city takes pride in keeping them in that style, even though age compels a remodeling from time to time.

The fronts are in black wooden beams, set in many artistic designs, with white plaster between. The beams, gables and window frames of the older buildings are exquisitely carved, many of these houses having religious and other statues carved in wood. It is a curious and interesting sight to look down a busy street lined mostly with these ancient buildings.

As we walked about the wall I noted the price of coal on a sign board. Soft coal ranged from \$8.75 to \$11.25 per ton.

Our stay in Chester was most delightful, but we took off across North Wales for Ireland with new interest, for we had “other worlds to conquer.”

AMONG THE WELSH.

Dublin, Ireland, June 29, 1935—Our ride across Northern Wales was a delight. The country is rugged with hills and green with trees, pasture and small grain crops, the landscape dotted most of the way by small flocks of sheep and herds of cattle.

Along the north coast are many summer resorts and people were flocking to them. What interested us most were the little Welsh cottages. They are built of stone, very low and have thatched roofs. The two or three chimneys of each cottage were only a few inches above the peak of the roof, even though the roof was of straw. Every cottage was as white as snow with a fresh coat of whitewash.

We could see in at the open doors of many cottages as the motor coach went by. The floors were always on a level with the ground outside, or lower. Some of the floors were of dirt and others, which were covered, were dirty; yet many of them looked clean.

The people in the towns and those who got on the coach seemed happy and jolly. They chatted away in Welsh. The conductor, a Welshman himself, said to us: "Sounds like double Dutch, doesn't it?" We had to admit it did. Here are some Welsh names we picked up as we went along. I will give any high school student or teacher until I get back to learn how to pronounce them:

Llanrhaiadr
Bettws-Y-Coed
Ffriddoedd
Cwm Idwol
Llysfaen
Pwllcrochan
Llanrwst

We saw a castle called Gwyrch.

WITH THE IRISH.

We arrived at Holyhead in time to get lunch before our boat started across the Irish sea at 2:30 for Dublin. That was an almost tragic lunch. It was late, we were hungry and the refreshment room at the dock seemed first class. We ordered some meat pie, but when we cut into it my pal sounded a note of warning. She said it was stale. I said it tasted all right—so we ate it.

But never again shall I set my judgment up against hers when it comes to meat pie.

The voyage across the sea was pleasant, taking about four hours. We docked at Dun Laoghaire (formerly Kingstown). No, that's just simple Irish and is pronounced Dun Lary.

A little train soon had us in Dublin. When we got out at the station I beheld a row of taxis which were the greatest lot of 1926 autos I have seen. The brass on them was shining and they were newly painted—but they looked like 1926.

Besides the auto taxis there were half a dozen or more one-horse shays ready for business. After three or four failures to secure an auto taxi (all taken) I yielded to the salesmanship of a bland Irishman in a dirty khaki overcoat and we got in—it would be a new experience anyhow.

The horse was badly spavined in at least one leg, but he was able to trot occasionally. The wheels were rubber tired by having little blocks of rubber fastened to them, and we went bump-

ing along the wide, paved and clean streets, getting some of the hairs and smell of our "engine."

We arrived at Mrs. Muldoon's hotel after a time and were shown to a large room with high ceiling. Mrs. Muldoon was not at home but soon came in to welcome us with her happy and musical Irish voice. We had just decided we were not hungry and would not go out to eat. In fact, we very soon decided we were getting sick—and blamed it at once on that meat pie.

Mrs. Muldoon was very sympathetic. We got sicker. She said we must take some brandy. We asked for hot water to drink and were making some headway with the meat pie, when Mrs. Muldoon came in with two small glasses of brandy.

"Now you must drink this," she said. "It will do you good. Even if it makes you drunk, it won't matter. It will fix you up all right." By this time we were desperately sick, so we drank the brandy—a rather strong dose to get down—and Mrs. Muldoon went out.

After a few minutes she returned and asked:

"Did it come off?"

Did it come off! So that was what Mrs. Muldoon expected the brandy to do. Yes, it "came off," and brought with it the remains of the meat pie and several other things.

I can recommend brandy in such cases as being quite as effective as a doctor's stomach pump, quicker and more pleasant.

By the next morning I was able to be up though a little shaky, but my pal had an awful night and lay in bed the whole of the next day, so did not get to see much of Dublin.

THE BANK OF IRELAND.

The two most important things I found in Dublin are not mentioned in the guide books. One is the Bank of Ireland, and the other the fact that the Irish are rapidly reviving the Irish language with the intention of supplanting English and making Irish the national language.

As I walked down town I noted the wide, well paved and well cleaned streets of this capital and largest city of the Irish Free State. Dublin is a place of 450,000 population.

Near the central business section I was pleased to see a fine park of perhaps 10 acres—trees, lagoons, grass, flowers, statues.

O'Connell street, the city's main business thoroughfare, is about 200 feet wide and carries an enormous traffic. A bridge of the same name and same width crosses the wide Liffey river, which runs through the city.

I noted at once the unusual character of the building in which the Bank of Ireland was housed and went in. A guide showed me through and I learned that the building was originally built and used as the Irish House of Parliament, but was bought by the Bank of Ireland, founded in 1783. The "House of Lords" is still kept with the same elegant mahogany table and chairs used by the

lords in their legislative sessions. Two very large tapestries are hung here, one representing the "attack on Londonderry" and the other the "Battle of the Boyne."

When I asked the guide for the bank's financial statement he said they did not have any, and I could see that I was getting him into deep water, so left him. Later I went into the governing office and asked for the statement. J. F. Hennessy, assistant general manager of the bank, not only gave me the financial statement (made only once a year) but a brochure telling the history of the building and the bank. He was very kind and courteous, taking me back to the "House of Lords" and pointing out a very old and priceless chandelier. When I told him it looked much like the great chandelier in the White House at Washington, he seemed pleased.

This bank handles all the accounts for the government, he told me, besides the largest commercial business in the Free State. Its capital is over \$13,000,000 and it made a profit last year of nearly \$1,500,000. I took a picture of the building.

When I thanked Mr. Hennessy for his kindness and bade him goodbye, he said, "It has been a pleasure."

HAPPY OVER FREEDOM.

The Irish Free State is showing in many ways how happy it is to be free from England at last. The new government was set up in 1923 and now makes its own money, its own postage stamps, has its own customs duties and is making determined efforts to substitute the Irish language for the English.

I went to the American Express office to cash one of their checks and got Irish money. I went to the post office and found English stamps were not good. As we came into Ireland a customs officer checked our luggage to pass the gate, but didn't make us open our grips.

On all streets, in the post office and elsewhere the Irish names are placed above (mark you, above) the English names. More and more Irish is being required in the public schools. I talked with a guide at the Dail Eirann (government building) about this revival of the Irish language. He said "Our kiddies come home from school and we can't understand a thing they say."

I remarked: "That isn't so good either, is it?" and he had nothing to say.

Others to whom I talked about this revival of the Irish language seemed to think it was an uphill business and that the government will hardly succeed in supplanting English with Irish. At least we are going to get through Ireland before we have to use an interpreter on their ancient and musical but very difficult Irish language.

When I came out of the government building I was in the act of taking a picture of the front, when an officer at the gate said: "You are not allowed to take pictures here!"

He went on toward the building and I turned to a uniformed guard at the gate and said. "He spoke just in time, for I had no idea one was not allowed to take a picture."

"It's just the statue you must not take," he replied. "You can take the building."

He referred to a large statue in front of the building. I asked: "Why don't they want a picture taken of the statue?"

He smiled but did not reply. Later I learned that it was a statue of Queen Victoria, and that the Irish hatred of the English government is such that they intend to remove the statue.

This is an illustration of the feeling. English names for towns are being discarded and the old Irish name restored. Queenstown is now Cobh; Londonderry is Derry; Kingstown is Dun Laoghaire, and so on.

If you are planning a trip to Ireland during the next ten years, better begin to brush up on your Irish.

ACROSS IRELAND.

Londonderry, Ireland, July 1, 1935.—It was Sunday and we were ready for a coach ride across the "Emerald Isle" from Dublin to Sligo, near the west coast, then north to Londonderry.

Mrs. Muldoon called a taxi for us—a nice car which took us smoothly and noiselessly to the coach station along the Liffey river embankment.

For many miles nearly all view was shut off by high stone walls or hedges enclosing some large estates or public grounds, then we came into open and typical Irish country. All the houses were of stone, except an occasional brick, and had tile or stone or thatch roofs.

The little low stone farm cottages with low chimneys, thatched roofs and whitewashed a clear white were quite similar to the Welch houses. We saw a number of goats and more donkeys. Occasionally one of these burros was attached to a 2-wheeled cart—the family was out for a holiday.

Nowhere in Ireland did we see grass and weeds cut along the roadway, and nowhere a hedge which was trimmed. Maybe it was too early in the year for it.

As we went west the land got rougher and poorer, until it became quite hilly and rocky. However, it all produced fairly good pasture on which were sheep and cattle. There was little farming other than pasturing of stock. At one place I saw an experimental field of potatoes (Irish potatoes, of course). The land seemed rather mucky, even though the patch was on a hillside, but the potatoes looked very thrifty. The ground had been ridged up pretty high and the rows of potatoes were growing on the ridges. Everywhere I have seen potatoes growing they have been on similar sharp ridges.

PEAT AND DONEGAL BAY.

One of the interesting sights of the day was the beds and piles of peat. Peat is a common fuel in Ireland and we saw at many places where it

had been cut out in small blocks and piled up to dry. They skin off about a foot of the top soil and dig the peat below this, the veins being several feet thick. Peat seemed to occur on hillsides and hilltops as frequently as in valleys.

At Sligo they advised us to go on to Bundoran, a noted summer resort. Here hundreds of people were milling along the rocky shores, swimming, lying in the sun and enjoying the day. It seemed too cold to us for swimming, but we were told that the ocean waters along the west and north coasts of Ireland and Scotland are much warmer than the inland lakes. This is due, no doubt, to the Gulf Stream which flows northward along here.

Bundoran is a part of Ireland's famous Donegal bay. Some travelers and writers say that Donegal bay is as beautiful as the world famous bay of Naples. When we get to Naples I will try to make a comparison.

Through this section and across to Londonderry the landscape is beautiful, being rugged with hills and mountains. On this part of the trip the road wound through Barnesmore pass which reminded us of Delaware Water Gap in Pennsylvania. The hillsides were green with grass and some trees, there being only a few rocky spots.

Mrs. Boys got into conversation with a lady school teacher, who pointed out the little black-headed Irish sheep on the mountain sides. "These sheep," she said, "weigh only about 40 pounds when ready for market and their meat has an especially fine flavor. The English used to come over here and buy thousands of them, but since the Irish Free State has a separate government the English tariff has almost stopped the trade."

She told us that Irish school teachers had life jobs, provided, of course, they kept up to all requirements. Then she told us of the continually increasing demands on them to learn the Irish language. Each year they will teach more of it in the schools, until the schools will be conducted in the Irish language and English will be taught only as a subject of study.

She pointed out little groups of farm houses and told us these were built for the tenants by the land owners, with the aid of the government. This was to remedy the old plan of tenants living in poor shacks which were really not fit for habitation.

THE CUSTOMS AGAIN.

Again we came to the border and met the customs officers, for we were leaving the Irish Free State for the Northern Counties, who refused to go into the Irish Free State when they obtained their freedom from England in 1923. These four Northern Counties remained a part of England.

But the customs seem to be only a name. It was after working hours when our coach arrived. The driver went into a little house where the customs officers are supposed to be, but soon came out and drove on. There seemed to be someone inside

to whom he reported. No examination of baggage was made.

THEY HARNESSSED THE SHANNON.

Even though the Irish Free State has only 4,000,000 people it has already done a marvelous thing. It has harnessed the great, deep and swift waters of the river Shannon and is distributing electric power to every nook and corner of the Free State territory.

The Shannon flows wide and deep west past Limerick into the Atlantic ocean. The Shannon Electricity Scheme is said to be the greatest hydro-electric engineering undertaking ever attempted in the British Isles, and I regretted that we had not time to go and see it. However, I learned that this great power scheme is the product of the genius and initiative of a young Irish engineer, Dr. T. A. McLaughlin and that it aims at revolutionizing the social and industrial life of the country.

The power station began to generate current in October, 1929, and practically every town and village in the Irish Free State with a population of over 500 is now connected to the Shannon network. Small towns which never had a light in their streets are now brilliantly lighted; and houses and shops hitherto dependent on oil lamps or candles have all the benefits of electricity.

Electric power at low rates is expected to encourage the establishment of new industries and the development of existing ones.

To utilize the Shannon's waters for this power a canal eight miles long and 100 feet wide was built. At present the plant is only half completed but is capable of producing 90,000 horse power of electrical energy.

THEY OWN A CITY.

Londonderry, or Derry as the Irish prefer to call it, is another walled city. But the Romans did not build its walls; that was done by a group of London merchants.

I wanted to go to Derry not so much to see its walls as to see the town near which my mother was born in 1839. When she was eight years old she came to America with her older sister and two older brothers and settled at Philadelphia. Although I knew scarcely anything of the family history, I thought I might learn something, so my first act was to find the office where births might have been recorded.

Derry is the capital of Derry county and a bustling city of some 30,000. I started for one of the newspaper offices about 9:30. Upon arrival I found an office girl in charge with no proprietor or workmen expected until 10 o'clock. In this city of 30,000 they do not publish a daily paper, but content themselves with an issue three times a week.

When I asked the girl where the office was where they registered births and deaths, she said none were kept. I told her I had just come through the Free State and that several I talked

with said it was only a question of time when the Northern Counties would leave England and be united with the Free State.

"That will never happen," she said decidedly. "We can't ever join with the Free State." The deep-seated feeling over their religion, I saw, was a very difficult obstacle to overcome, the Northern Counties being Protestant and the Free Staters Catholic. Religious intolerance on both sides has brought much woe to poor old Ireland, but the basis may now be built for a better day.

Another lady came into the office and being asked about the register office she directed me to it. The building seemed to be a combined county office and hospital. There were several going in and out who looked like people who would be in our county infirmary.

The registrar said at once that registration of births was not kept as far back as 1839. The only way I could get any trace was through the records of her church. I told him I thought she was a Methodist, but I didn't know. He said there was an old Methodist church at Coleraine and that a number of people lived there of the Montgomery and Watts name. That was the only ray of hope and it was a dim ray.

As I came back to the hotel I saw about 100 men lined up at a public employment office. "You boys getting jobs?" I asked of one of the men who seemed the most intelligent in the line. "Just getting our morning tea," he answered. It was a public "tea house" instead of a "soup house." This was the only place I have seen idle men being fed.

I passed a large warehouse and seeing some men unloading shelled corn I went in and looked at it. "Where do you get the corn?" I asked.

"It comes from the Black Sea," one of the men answered. The grains were small and round. It was yellow corn and was to be ground into feed and meal.

ON THE CITY'S WALLS.

We walked around the city on the walls—a distance of about a mile—noting their great breadth and height and the number of bastions (enlargements for special defense, placing of cannon, etc.). Then I went to the Chamber of Commerce for information, and the secretary told me an astonishing thing about Londonderry. It was this:

Nearly all of the city of Londonderry and the land for three miles around it are owned by the Corporation of London (originally a group of merchants) and that nearly everybody in and about the city leased their buildings and lands from the corporation.

Recently, said the secretary, some of the lands were sold so that the renters became owners, but a great fuss was raised about it, as the Corporation had no right to sell the lands.

"Wouldn't it be much better if the people owned their property?" I asked. The question seemed to take him by surprise. Evidently the people had

become so accustomed to being renters that they scarcely thought of owning property.

"Maybe it would," he admitted, "but the present system has its advantages and our people are quite satisfied. Representatives of the Corporation come here once a year and hear complaints from citizens and petitions for assistance on public improvements. They gave large donations toward the building of a fine new bridge over the river Foyle and also toward rebuilding the City Hall. This is in addition to the taxes they pay to the local government."

The idea of a whole city and the country about it being owned mostly by an absentee corporation seemed so impossible and abhorrent to me that I determined to look further into the matter of land ownership in Ireland and especially in Londonderry. No wonder they added "London" to Derry.

This thing came about in a most natural manner, however. Back in the seventeenth century during the revolt of O'Neil's and O'Donnell's men against the rule of James I, one of the native chiefs burned the city of Derry and slew the inhabitants. The English government put down the rebellion and induced a group of London merchants to unite and aid in rebuilding the city and its walls. As recompense for their outlay the King granted them the land covering the site of the city and three miles beyond.

The London society rebuilt the walls, first of dirt, and later of stone, so retains its ownership to this day. I learned that much of the land not only in Ireland but in Scotland and in England is owned by earls, dukes, lords and such. That is why exceedingly large tracts in all these countries are still in forest and pasture.

IRISH LACE.

Belfast, Ireland, July 2, 1935.—On the way to this city we stopped at Coleraine to see the Methodist pastor who might have charge of the church records and give me some further information about the Montgomery family. But, owing to the Methodist policy of changing pastors every whipstitch, the preacher was gone and the parsonage closed. Thus vanished my faint hope of finding some trace of my mother's family in Ireland.

Belfast is the largest and best business city in Ireland. It seemed to us more like the United States than any place we had been. We could understand the Irish brogue better than the English, the food was more to our liking and the city is a modern one in almost every way.

We stopped at the Presbyterian Hostel which is similar to a Y. M. C. A. hotel. Across the street was a monster Presbyterian church which stretched for about a block. The Presbyterian denomination seemed very dominant in the city.

On the way there we encountered a monster parade which blocked the streets for a half mile and drew a great crowd into the square occupied by the magnificent City Hall building.

We had been recommended to Robinson & Cleaner's store here as the best place to buy Irish lace. My pal wanted to see some Irish lace anyhow—whether to buy or not would then be decided. After looking over a number of pieces and learning some of the special characteristics and history of the way Irish lace is made—all by hand, like Navajo rugs—we decided to get a few dollars worth. (Yes, I was there, too, looking at the lace with almost as much interest as any woman).

Then came the problem of tariffs, and of getting the lace home. The U. S. tariff is 90 per cent, which would be double the cost if we mailed it home. But each citizen is allowed to bring in \$100 worth of property from abroad, so we could carry it home with us and not have to pay any duty.

Again, if we carried it with us into France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, each of those countries might charge us a heavy triff so that made it impossible to carry the lace with us.

It was decided that the store would ship the lace to us at Gibraltar, which is a part of the British Empire, in care of our ship Savoia. Then we could bring it home easily and legally without the prohibitive tariff charges. That was the most interesting shopping trip I have ever experienced.

BELFAST'S SHIPBUILDING.

Belfast is celebrated as the greatest shipbuilding city in the world, so naturally that was one of the things we wanted to see here. The guide books all speak of it and the publicity pamphlets on the city mention it in proud terms. Of course, we wanted to see Belfast's shipbuilding—at least to give it the once over and take a snapshot of a great ship in course of construction.

Checking our luggage at the Railway station, we boarded a tramcar (2c each) for the shipyards; changed to another tram (2c each, no transfers in England, Ireland, or Scotland) which wound through streets along the wharves until we were let off at the offices of the greatest shipbuilding company in the world.

I presented my card and said we wished to see something of the plant. I was courteously but very firmly told that nobody was ever allowed to go through the plant. In a few further words, however, the man admitted that they were the largest shipbuilding plant in the world, so I had that bit of important information direct from the company.

After reading about this great plant in all Belfast publicity and asking 14 policemen and tram conductors how to get out to see the plant, there was never a suggestion or hint that visitors were not admitted. We learned that for ourselves at a cost of 16c and an hour's time. So when you come to Belfast do not get your heart set on seeing the greatest shipyards in the world.

Then we boarded the train for Larne, to take the boat for Scotland.

GOODBYE, IRELAND.

Glasgow, Scotland, July 3, 1935.—Great as our interest was in Ireland and much as we admired its people and what they are doing, we were compelled to admit that we were both happy when we got aboard the boat at Larne for the Bonnie land of the Scots.

There were many evidences that business was not good in Ireland. In Belfast street cars, several times, we came into contact with people who were too dirty for anyone to touch. The hundreds who crowded the streets were not very prosperous nor happy looking yet they were out going places and doing things.

At Larne the hotel porter told me there was an aluminum factory there which usually employed 2,000, but now they were using only 1,000. The men get about \$15.00 a week, he said, "and they all have large families, too," he added.

We could see for ourselves that most of the city's population lived in those solid rows of stone houses built several hundred years ago and still without a modern convenience. Such things as telephones, radios, bathrooms, vacuum cleaners, etc., etc., are unknown in these homes, to say nothing about autos.

We learned that here, too, as in other places, Lord Antrim, living in his grand castle a dozen miles from here, owns most of the houses in Larne and his business managers collect his rents each quarter. It may be my imagination, but I thought I sensed a subdued attitude and a somewhat careless laziness or lack of ambition among the Irish, all of which I thought was due to the lack of ownership, coupled with the practical prohibition of ownership on the part of all but the very higher class. Only he who owns and controls his property gets that power of spirit which such ownership gives.

Yet this same porter went on to tell me that he thought these landed lords were selling their property as fast as they could, due to high taxes and other difficulties. Maybe Ireland is coming into a better day.

IN "BOBBIE" BURNS' COUNTRY.

The green hills of Ireland had not disappeared before the green hills of Scotland rose before us. We took train at once for Ayr, the town of "Bobbie" Burns, Scotland's lyric poet whose musical lines have inspired the heart of the world, as those of Riley have the United States.

Just two miles from Ayr, in Alloway, is the little thatched stone cottage in which Burns was born. Of course we went to see that; this was our reason for coming this way. I took two good pictures of the cottage, which is much as it was when Burns lived there—a low stone cottage, whitewashed, four rooms within, a great fireplace in one, a roof of thatch.

Near the cottage is a beautiful garden in which is a monument, and also a Burns museum full of interest for all lovers of the poet.

WILD SCOTCH CATTLE.

The little village of Ayr in Burns' time has grown into a city of 30,000 now. On the way here we noted the landscape. Whereas English and Irish fields were quite small, whether for pasture or crops, the Scottish fields were very much larger.

I noted a distinct difference, too, in the cattle. The English and Irish cattle were of the Durham or Hereford type, gentle and peaceful; but the Scotch cattle were more wild, of a brindle to spotted color and some had horns which reminded me of the Texas "longhorns," though they were not so long and grew nearly straight ahead before turning up.

As we neared Glasgow we saw large hot houses and were told that here is where they grow their tomatoes—climate too cold to grow them out of doors. But they call them to-mah-toes, with a pronunciation which makes more difference than the spelling indicates. All the tomatoes we had seen on our trip thus far, including the ship, were small and rather tasteless. Here we learned the reason. It takes the good old hot sunshine to put the tang into to-mah-toes and apples.

BONNIE SCOTCH LASSIES.

At Ayr we found for the first time a large and comfortable station and waiting room for the bus lines.

Here, too, we met bonnie Scotch lassies as conductors on the buses. All of them were pretty, dressed in blue uniforms, and had the proper poise for their jobs.

I asked the man who carried our luggage from the station:

"How come they employ girls on the buses? Can't they find men to do it?"

"Ah, the company does it to save money," he replied in a tone of disgust. "They give these girls 23 shillings a week (less than \$6.00) or 4½ pence an hour, (9c). That's why they are working."

But the bus service was fine, the roads wide and good and the Scotch lassies were pretty. Not only these conductresses but everywhere we went I noted (as I had not in England or Ireland) that Scotch lassies and ladies were pretty. I don't blame Bobbie Burns for loving so many of them.

Scotland seems to be a fine country. Maybe we shall stay here longer than we intended.

IN THE SCOTT COUNTRY.

Stirling, Scotland, July 5, 1935.—We celebrated July 4 in a most magnificent way, even though "Old Glory" wasn't flying above us, for we sailed Loch (Lake) Lomond, famous in Sir Walter Scott's epic poem "Lady of the Lake"; we looked upon equally famous Ben (Mt.) Lomond and Ben Vorlich; sailed the length of beautiful Loch Katrine where nestles Ellen's Isle; rode and walked through The Trossachs—that rough and

wooded section of valley, river, lake and mountain which thrills every lover of nature.

After seeing this very beautiful and rugged country one can get double pleasure and understanding from Scott's "Lady of the Lake" as he reads:

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade."

Scott has made this part of Scotland famous. It is Scott's poems and novels which bring thousands yearly to the Loch Lomond country. This land was just as beautiful for centuries before Scott's time, but it remained for Scott to tell Scotland and all the world of this rugged beauty and so weave it with Scotch history and romance that the world would appreciate it and want to see it.

The day was rough and the lake was rough. Wind swept down from the mountains, bringing with it occasional showers. Clouds were constantly swinging across the sky, playing hide and seek with the sun which frequently broke through and spread golden patches of light across mountain, woods and waters. We put on our rain coats and kept on deck, facing the wind and rain to get the most of the entrancing spectacle.

As we made our way up the large Loch Lomond, full of wooded and rocky islands, Ben Lomond came more clearly into view, and I took two pictures of him as seen across the lake and beyond other mountains. On account of the clouds we did not get a close view even of the top of Ben Lomond.

The mountains rise steep from the very edge of the lake, although there is room for a road along the shore. For the most part they are covered with forests of evergreen and other trees, none of them large, with here and there pastures of green. It is a panorama of beauty seldom to be found in the world. No wonder Scott could write such an epic, with this as its setting.

For nearly two hours over a journey of 21 miles we looked at this ever-changing natural beauty, made grander this day by the clouds and the rain. I snapped a number of scenes of especial attractiveness. We were sorry to leave our boat at Inversnaid for an unusual trip across the mountains to Loch Katrine.

Right at the little dock, set among the trees on the mountain side, was a beautiful hotel, and right in front of the hotel was one of those old fashioned coach and four horses, with a red-coated driver on a high seat, and other high seats for passengers. We were about to travel in kingly style for several miles over these Scotch mountains.

The first coach was full before we could get on and we had to wait a few minutes for another. This gave me the opportunity to get a nice snapshot of coach and passengers before the start. The

seats are so high we climb up a ladder to get in. There is a large canvas to pull over the knees in case of rain. The driver mounts, speaks to his four rangy horses and we are off up the rather steep, paved mountain road at a heavy-pull horse walk.

An auto could have done the five miles much quicker, but how much nicer it was going by the equipage used in Scott's time, a little over a hundred years ago! We had time to see the mountains, the trees, the flowers, the little streams as we passed.

I noted one unusual thing about the water in the lake and streams—it was not a sparkling clear, flashing diamonds in the waterfalls nor a green or blue in the lake, but a brownish color which reminded me of the water in Yellow river. Why this color in the water I did not learn.

On this trip they pointed out the home of Helen McGregor, wife of the noted bandit Rob Roy.

Sheep were feeding on the mountainsides as we slowly made our way over to Stronachlachar on Loch Katrine. This lake is the very center of Scott's "Lady of the Lake" epic, for at the lower end is Ellen's Isle—the home of the legendary "Lady" in the story.

Engineers in recent years have written a new epic story about Loch Katrine, for they have impounded its waters and carry them for nearly 50 miles down to the great city of Glasgow, where more than a million people are supplied with pure water.

A nice little boat took us all too quickly over the length of Loch Katrine—7½ miles. Just before we reached the dock we encircled Ellen's Isle and I got a good picture of it.

Then a coach to the Trossachs Hotel, where three St. Louis people we met on the boat were spending the night, and where the coach stopped for 45 minutes. Here are the Trossachs—a wild gorge of over a mile. Asking the driver to pick us up, we started on down the road afoot "where winds the path," on one of the happiest hours of the trip. We reached Brigg O' Turk, two miles farther on before the bus came up with us and took us on to Stirling.

This was a Fourth of July celebration such as we never had before and never expect to have again.

SEEING THE CASTLES.

'Mid castles and palaces

Though we may roam,

Be it ever so humble

There's no place like home.

Edinburgh, Scotland, July, 6, 1935—In Stirling and Edinburgh we saw the two great castles which figured so largely in the history of Scotland. Both were centers of wars, intrigues, murders; were royal residences for hundreds of years. Today they are barracks for soldiers and govern-

ment museums for the education and pleasure of visitors.

We had arrived in Stirling in the evening after that glorious day over the lakes and mountains, and after a pleasant night's rest walked from the hotel up the rather steep and cobblestone-paved streets to Stirling Castle. As we went we noted the very old houses and stone buildings, some of them dating back nearly 1000 years. Some of the streets were narrow.

Dirty children ran about dirty doorways and narrow entrances to courts behind the solid rows of buildings. Dirty and ragged men and women went about, some of them with one-horse, two-wheeled carts loaded with goods or trash.

Stirling Castle is built upon a high bluff overlooking the surrounding country. As we approached, the first prominent thing we saw was an imposing statue of "King Robert the Bruce." Robert was one of the great early Scottish heroes. It was he who defeated the English at Bannockburn in 1314 and won Scottish freedom.

From the castle walls we looked down upon the battlefield along the Forth river where in 1296 Sir William Wallace won an earlier great victory over the English army. Looking a mile across the valley we saw on another bluff the high-towering monument to Wallace. To the north and west unroll the beautiful green fields and woods for miles to the highlands, with Ben Venue in the dim distance.

We were looking over the same field where famed King Arthur and his Round Table Knights performed their feats.

Being unable to conquer the fiercely fighting and canny Scots, England took them in as equal partners in the government, along with Wales. King James VI of Scotland became King James I of England in 1603, and since that time Scots, Englishmen and Welshmen have fought loyally together as equal partners to build one of the greatest nations on earth.

At this castle we saw what a drawbridge, a portcullis and a moat was, for there they were just as in the days of Marmion and Douglas. I took pictures of the Bruce and Wallace monuments, the castle and of that wondrously beautiful landscape seen from the high wall.

IN EDINBURGH.

Then we came to Edinburgh—a city I had long wished to see. They call it the "Stone City," and it is rightly so called. All the buildings, public and private, are of stone; its streets are paved with stone; its walks are flagged with stone; its yards and parks and public grounds are fenced with stone; we walked up to the top of Calton hill—a hill of stone—and looked down upon a sea of buildings with roofs of stone. Edinburgh Castle is built of stone on a high stone bluff overlooking the city.

In its castle and the streamless valley between the castle and the city, Edinburgh has one of the

most striking and interesting situations imaginable. The castle towers on a high rocky bluff, from which the ground falls away in steep, rocky, wooded and grass covered landscape into the valley, then rises again to Princes street, the chief avenue of the city.

Very wisely has the city preserved this valley and developed it as a park, where thousands gather, especially on Saturdays and Sundays to enjoy the outdoors and listen to free band concerts.

For about a mile on Princes street, there are buildings on only one side. The other side is a great promenade—one of the finest and most noted in the world. Some ten feet below the level of the street promenade is another and parallel walk within the park. From the street and the park we looked up at the frowning, historic and noble castle. From the ancient castle walls we looked down upon the city and that wonderful park, crowded by hundreds of people, picturesque as any imagination could make it.

We spent a most interesting day in the castle and in Holyrood Palace a mile from it and used with it by Scottish kings, queens and nobles for generations. Mary Queen of Scots is mentioned at every turn—her love and marriage escapades, murders, intrigues, her son James who finally became James VI of Scotland, and James I of England, thus uniting the two countries.

These people do dote on royalty and nobility, and no matter how disreputable their records, they seem to be held in just as great esteem and reverence. This is interesting to us Americans, especially in a country where Burns wrote those burning words,

"A man's a man for a' that."

WAR MEMORIALS.

I will not weary you with any details of this castle, but I do want to tell of a most marvelous "War Memorial" here in the castle and at the very top of the stone bluff.

Everywhere we have gone—in England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland—we have seen memorials to those who fell in the World War. That great conflict cut deep into the hearts of all Britons. Every person we talk to about it tells of one, two, three, or four in the family lost in the war.

These people express their appreciation of those sacrifices, and their sorrow, by the erection of memorials. We see them in every little village, even at crossroads, some simple, some more elaborate, but they express the feeling of the nation.

I confess I felt ashamed of my own country and my own county in this respect. Look at Marshall county—what has she done as a memorial to our lost war veterans?

This great Scottish National War Memorial in Edinburgh castle is the climax of all these many memorials. Some told us there is no other war memorial on earth as grand and as wonderful as this. That may be true, but our national war

memorial at Indianapolis may be greater when it is completed. Ours is different, larger and more impressive without. But it is the marvel of the Edinburgh memorial within, which makes it so great.

I can not describe it, but will say that it is a building, within which are volumes of records of soldiers' names; symbolic pictures, friezes and statues in marble and bronze; inscriptions from great writers, mosaic walls and ceilings—many things which compel the visitor to stand breathless in admiration of the work and expense by the living, and full of sorrow and prayer for the honored dead.

I copied one of the mottoes. It is from Thucydides, that great old Grecian, who in his day, it seemed to me, had expressed the highest and best sentiment for departed heroes:

"The whole earth is the tomb of heroic men and their story is not graven only on stone over their clay but abides everywhere, without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives."

EDUCATION IN EDINBURGH.

The thing I had wished most to see in Scotland's capital was the most disappointing—Edinburgh University. It is scattered over a large section of the city, crowded in among business houses on business streets. We went hunting for it on two days but did not succeed in finding much of it.

The Medical school fronts a wide street and runs back along a wide boulevard reserved for walking, and the Agricultural college faces a large, fine square; but the administration building is on a busy street. Inside the large gateway is a square court paved with cobble stones. I took a picture of this, as it was impossible to get a view of the front.

All the buildings are of stone and all the stone has become black with the dirt of ages. Portions of pillars and walls are cleaner than the rest, which gives these and other buildings in the city the appearance of having been partly cleaned.

But a Justice of the Peace told us that education was the biggest industry in Edinburgh. From all the reports the work done within these blackened and almost repulsive college buildings is of a high character.

Education, law, printing and publishing, banking, beer and golf we were told, are the great sources of income for Edinburgh. From the numerous and large insurance buildings I judged that insurance was a chief business, and perhaps, was the real basis for the big banking business of the city.

However, such information as we could pick up said that business was quite bad. It was bad in Glasgow also. But Edinburgh is a delightful place to live in and attracts thousands of tourists as well as retired people. Golf courses are many, but owing to the difficulty of renting clubs we gave up our avowed plan of playing golf in the country where golf was born and developed.

FAMOUS AUTHORS.

We were surprised when we counted the number of famous Scottish authors: Robert Burns, Adam Smith, Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie, Thomas Carlisle, John Knox, and, best known of all, Sir Water Scott.

Naturally we wanted to see Scott's home at Abbotsford, near Melrose, whose Abbey he made famous, so we reluctantly left interesting Edinburgh, and our train soon brought us to Melrose. Here is another of those beautiful ruins, the remains of the devotion and skill of monks of 700 and 800 years ago.

You get interested in these old abbeys and cathedrals in spite of yourself. The more you learn about them the more you want to see them and study them—noting the style of arch, of windows, of towers, each of which belongs to a particular period in the development of church architecture.

We went by taxi the three miles out to Abbotsford to see that mansion of a residence which Scott built for his home, where he entertained his many friends, where he collected a library of 20,000 volumes in a day when there were no public libraries—a home which he nearly lost to creditors of his publisher in London because he felt himself honor-bound to pay his publisher's debts. By his writings in this Abbotsford he paid some \$200,000 of the debts, and the remainder were compromised by creditors with the publisher.

There was no Alvin Marsh sitting as referee in bankruptcy in those days to allow Sir Walter or his publisher to wipe their financial slate clean and begin over. If there had been, maybe we should not have so many of those delightful "Waverly Novels," all of which were written after 1825 to pay these debts. Scott died at this beautiful home of Abbotsford on the Tweed river in 1832. The mansion is now a museum and Scott memorial.

On the way back I induced the taxi driver to go past some typical sheep pastures, and I got two very good scenes of sheep on the hillside.

THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

We are on our way by train to England and taking our last views of Scotland as we speed along through hilly and rather wild lands to Carlisle across the border. As we rode, a Scotch woman, going to her home near the border, told us how her ancestors used to raid the English across the border in the early rough days, stealing sheep and cattle.

When the food ran low and there was nothing to put on the table, the housewife, instead of serving a meal, placed a plate in the center of the table with a pair of stirrups upon it. That was a silent and impressive notice that there was no food and that the men must go across the border and bring back some meat.

I believe history says both Scotch and English were guilty of these maraudings, but this Scotch

woman proudly intimated that the Scotch were the only ones who did it—"the English were afraid to come over into Scotland and steal," she declared.

THE ENGLISH LAKE COUNTRY.

England is very proud of her lake country, and well she may be, for it is very beautiful. Promotional literature tells of England's 16 lakes—about four more than are in Marshall county.

But this lake country has been made famous not only by its great natural beauty, but by the poet Wordsworth, who was born and lived here and who loved this natural beauty spot with such an intense love that he poured out his deepest soul in praise of it. Read his "Daffodils." As Scott made the Scottish lakes famous, so has Wordsworth linked these English lakes with some of the finest poetry in our language.

Quite as famous could be Maxinkuckee, Wawasee, Tippecanoe and the hundreds of other lakes through our state up into Steuben county, if we had a Scott or Wordsworth or some more Gene Stratton Porters to tell of it in poetry or song or story.

The largest of these English lakes is Windermere, 10½ miles long. We rode through this very beautiful lake country and stopped at Windermere. The country is mountainous, although not quite so rugged and wild as the Loch Lomond and Trassachs region. The mountains rise steep from the lake shores and are covered with green grass and trees. This is what makes pictures of beauty beyond description.

We climbed up to the top of Orrest Head, 783 feet above the sea (which is not far way) and looked over some of the most magnificent panoramas of beauty it has been our joy to see. Beneath us lay Lake Windermere, hemmed in by mountains her entire length, little steamers and motor boats moving across her waters, little islands jutting up here and there. We looked out across valleys to mountains all green—the landscape being cut into little crazy-quilt patches by stone fences everywhere. Sheep and cattle were peacefully feeding.

I got some very fine views from this vantage point, showing lake, mountains, valley, fences, sheep and cattle, clouds, villages, although quite a heavy haze prevented clear views of the Langdale Pikes in the distance.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

Such a beautiful region as this, wherever on earth you visit it, entwines its arms about you and you find it hard to break away. It was so here with us but we had to go. It was famed Fountains Abbey and York Cathedral next—leaving the temples of Nature to visit the temples of man.

We went out of our way and spent a night at Ripon, as well as taxi fare for the four miles out to see Fountains Abbey—so impressed had we been by descriptions of it.

It was haying time in this country, and I got some pictures of scenes in the hayfields. On the way here we saw several "Maud Mullers" raking the "meadows sweet with hay." A rope is attached to a wooden rake about five feet long and this rake is pulled about by girls to gather up the leavings after the men have dragged in the haystacks with a rope or pitched the hay onto a wagon with forks.

I must say that this "Maud Muller" performance is, perhaps, rare, for I saw only two or three in the hundred or more fields where hay was being made.

I will tell you about Fountains Abbey some other time—and show you pictures of it. Here was a case of 13 Cistercian monks, who, in 1132, dissatisfied with the laxity which had developed among their Benedictine order at York, went away off here where nobody would molest them, erected this most beautiful church, with all the surrounding buildings, that they might worship God according to the very strict rules of the new order.

The Cistercians gave a very severe meaning to the vow of all monks to live a life of poverty. They described themselves as new soldiers of Christ—poor with the poor Christ—and lived up to their profession. They slept on straw in their habits; abstained not only from meat but largely from other food which other monks habitually used. Their chief meal, often the only one in the day, consisted of a pound of bread and two dishes of vegetables cooked without grease. They emphasized the poverty by applying it to the church and its ornaments.

But these Cistercians could not hide themselves from the world. Their Christlike lives and their beautiful church became known far and wide and many people came with gifts and to worship. Today, even though altered and in ruins, Fountains Abbey continues to draw visitors from the ends of the earth to do honor to the church of these poor Cistercian monks.

ROMANS AND CHURCHMEN.

York, England is a very interesting as well as busy place. We wanted to see here the Roman walls about the original city, but found them not so full of interest as those at Chester or the English walls at Londonderry. We walked only part way around on this wall, which looked as though it had been rebuilt within the past 25 years.

York was outstanding in government and the church for the Romans occupied the city in 71 A. D., and Constantine the Great was proclaimed Emperor here in 306. I didn't suppose he ever heard of York.

The York Cathedral is one of the finest in England—still used as a church. We noted that the Bishop is asking for \$1,000,000 to repair the great and beautiful building. They have already been at work on it eight years at a cost of \$60,-

000, and they said it cost \$40 a day to keep it open.

These old cathedrals are fine to have and to look at but they are a financial problem.

It was on this cathedral that I snapped some pictures of the griffins and gargoyles—those strange and ludicrous sculptured figures which project from almost every abbey or cathedral. These queer things were supposed by the churchmen of that time to frighten away the devils whenever they came about the church.

IN OLD BOSTON.

The next day we went to old Boston on the east coast. This is the town which gave the name to Boston, Mass., the town whence the Pilgrims left England for Holland and later to America. It was for that reason we wished to see it.

We walked over the bridge and looked at the very wharf where Bradford, Brewster, Robinson and the others got on the Dutch boat for Holland. After they were aboard, the Dutch captain went ashore and notified the authorities, who then placed all the Pilgrims under arrest and put them in jail in the Guildhall.

Then we went to the Guildhall—the same one in which these Pilgrims were imprisoned—and the attendant showed us the iron-grated cells in which the Pilgrims were placed. He let us go in and he locked us in one of these cells. In this hall the Pilgrims were tried and finally acquitted. About a year later they succeeded in escaping to Holland with another Dutch captain from a point about 50 miles north of Boston.

From the Guildhall we went to the wharf and walked down the very stone steps which the Pilgrims trod when they went aboard the Dutch boat in their first attempt to leave England.

We walked out and looked at the old grammar school building where these Pilgrims went to school. It is still being used as a grammar school.

In the Pilgrim days Boston was a town of perhaps 8,000; now it has grown to a city of 27,000. Fishing is a big industry and agriculture also; both are growing rapidly. As we came from the city we could see that great areas of rich land had been reclaimed by drainage. Hundreds of acres were devoted to market gardening besides pasture for cattle and sheep.

Boston has been noted for hundreds of years for its sheep fairs. The old gentleman at the Guildhall told me he had seen as many as 30,000 sheep at fairs. And before his time were the really great sheep fair days. It was then that the sheep farmers wore silk hats and white trousers on such occasions, and the aristocracy of London drove out to Boston, 108 miles, to see the fairs.

Just now, he said, farmers are offering \$3.25 a day to pea pickers, but can't get enough help.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Of course we wanted to see Cambridge Uni-

versity. The town was on the way into London and we spent a happy day there.

There was a bridge over the Cam river at this place so they called the town Cambridge. The Cam still flows down to the sea and the bridge still crosses the Cam.

There are 17 different colleges which make up the university, besides a church or chapel for each college. We didn't see them all, but we went into Trinity chapel. There, instead of statues of kings and queens, we saw statues of Bacon, Milton, Macaulay, Tennyson—the real kings among men.

Many of the colleges at Cambridge front on the main street and run back to the Cam river. Boats are on the river and beautiful play grounds are across from the colleges. But while the Cam river runs past all these colleges, each of them is carefully separated from the others, the boundary line being cut through as a moat too full of water to wade and with barbed wire or other obstruction, so that it is impossible to walk across from one college grounds to another. One must go out at the front or clear out at the back to a public highway to get from one to another.

The buildings, of course, are many of them aged—and that seems to be one of their causes of pride. I heard no intimation here or elsewhere, however, that old buildings indicated old and out of date teaching—or learning. It was vacation and very few students were about.

If, now, we can get through Oxford University as easily and quickly as we did Cambridge our education will be raised to the nth degree.

We took a coach for London—"dear ol' Lunnuntown" as the English fondly speak of it. We had some fears of the metropolis of the world, how it would treat us and how we would like it. We didn't think we would like London very well.

IN LONDON.

We do not like big cities very well and we thought we would not like London, it being the biggest big city in the world—with New York close on its heels.

But we do like London. Yes, we like London very much. We do not like to leave London for other parts of Europe.

London impresses me as a city of mighty power, power backed by a still mightier reserve force which is imbedded in hundreds of years of tragic and glorious history. You do not see nor hear evidences of the might of this great city flaring or blaring at you on the streets or from public buildings; you feel it pressing in upon you unconsciously from all places and on all sides. It is not offensive in any sense; on the contrary, while it is very strong it is very friendly. I think it is bred and born and educated and lived into the firm character of the British people. There is no evidence of decadence. So staid, so conservative, so strong is this character one feels this nation

might continue for another thousand years.

Although London is so great a city, it is a quiet and peaceful place. During our stay here we have not heard any loud talk and no swearing. Seldom do buses or autos sound the horn. Seldom does a policeman have occasion to stop an autoist, and when he does there is no loud and vulgar "calling down" of the driver such as all too often may be heard in our cities (to our shame be it said).

Before we arrived we were told: "You will find that the London police know how to direct you anywhere. They are a wonderful bunch." And so we found them—very courteous and they know their city and their traffic like a book. These police, whether traffic or other, do not carry guns, as do our officers. Each man carries a short stick, but I have yet to see one; I was told they carry sticks.

NO "SKYSCRAPERS."

There are no skyscrapers in London, such as mark our great cities. The highest building I have seen is 10 stories high, and those are business blocks. In the residential sections the rule seems to be from two to five stories.

Our coach came into London from the northeast and we were continually surprised to see street after street, and mile after mile of broad, well-paved, clean thoroughfares lined with bright new modern houses and stone buildings. I expected to see old, dirty buildings along narrow streets.

We have traveled this great city from north to south and from east to west and we have yet to find a street where fresh air and sunshine can not reach the people. It is astonishing to us that so large a city has been so built and continues to be built better and better for the comfort and pleasure of its people.

All the main streets are wide and clean. The whole city is clean, as were all the country and other towns we came through. I can wear a shirt three times as long as in Chicago or New York. Just when or how London widened her streets I know not, but most of them are equal to the traffic.

One evening we rode for nearly an hour on the top deck of a twodecker city bus, going from near the center of the city to the eastern border. It was through the "Whitechapel," "Limehouse" and "Poplar" sections where the slummiest parts of the city are supposed to be. We saw nothing which could be called a slum.

In this part of the city nearly all of the houses are not more than two stories high, and this lets both sunshine and air to all parts of the streets and homes. We saw no dark and dank and foul places. Every street, no matter how narrow, was nicely paved and most of them were clean.

MODERN BUILDINGS.

We were surprised to see so much building going on and so many modern buildings. They

are in the same severely plain modernistic style as the latest ones in Detroit and Chicago and New York, the only difference being that the London buildings stop at 10 stories instead of running up to 110 stories.

There are no alleys such as we have, but everywhere behind business blocks, flats and homes are courts, where is green grass or trees or both. The English do not cut down their precious trees along their business streets; they preserve and cultivate them along all the busiest thoroughfares.

With low buildings, courts, lanes, trees, and many parks, great London is kept livable over all its outspread area for its great population.

Parks, little and big, are scattered all over the city. And how these Londoners do use them. They love a half holiday and the two weeks "holiday" which most of them seem to take and count on as the great occasion of the year.

CROWDS ON STREETS.

We came in by bus last Sunday evening from a trip to Hampton Court palace and gardens and a visit to the famed Kew Gardens. It was about eight o'clock and people seemed just beginning to think of going home. The buses were fairly crowded but there was only an occasional car on the great east and west street. There were numerous bicycles also; but the sidewalks were packed by people. These English people cannot afford cars so they walk—walk—walk.

I could not keep from thinking how a similar Chicago street would look on a Sunday night at eight o'clock—a solid mass of cars creeping homeward, with only an occasional person on the sidewalk. I am wondering what London will do if her auto traffic ever grows to the proportions of that in the United States.

A HARD WORKING PEOPLE.

One reason why I said these English would perpetuate their race for centuries, is that they are a people willing to work hard for small pay and to uncomplainingly sacrifice food and clothing and pleasures which our people think necessary. The cost of living here, from all we can learn, is higher than in the United States. These people pay more than we do for fewer of the comforts of life, and they get less income, too.

They do not work so strenuously as we do. They take it leisurely for the most part. They seem happy and contented, yet it is a quiet and inner contentment, not shouted from the rooftops. Very seldom do you hear a man whistling or a woman singing. The little boys seem not carefree and happy as are our boys, but they act and seem like little men, already carrying their share of the burdens.

THEY LIKE "UNCLE SAM."

On every hand we get expressions of cordial good will for the people of the United States. They feel very friendly toward us and take every opportunity to show this feeling, which I am

sure is sincere. The newspapers pick up and approve every statement from our press or public men looking toward a closer union between Great Britain and the United States.

This feeling was expressed to me at Watford one day by a teacher. "There should be a pact for close cooperation between Great Britain and your country," he said, in effect asking me whether I thought it could be.

"Our people would never stand for that," I told him. "Our presidents and diplomats might want to make such a treaty, but if they made it, the people would kick them out of office at the first opportunity. We are afraid of entangling alliances with any European power which would be likely to get us into trouble."

"But," I continued, "the people of the United States feel very friendly toward the British nation. They realize that the English speaking countries must stand together for their own good and the good of the whole world; and that feeling, perhaps, is a stronger tie than any treaty which could be made."

I was surprised to see in the yard of the great National Art Gallery a nice statue of George Washington, and in a most prominent street an imposing statue of Abraham Lincoln. Even though the Washington statue was given by the state of Virginia, it shows a very broad-minded spirit of the English to allow it to be set up. Would we allow them to erect a statue of George III anywhere in the United States?

It was the administration of Abraham Lincoln which ruined the British textile industry during the Civil war because no cotton could be shipped from the South. The English made large loans of money to the Confederacy all of which they lost. Is it not rather generous-minded of them to place a monument of Lincoln in their capital city?

ENGLAND IS ENGLISH.

Mighty London, holding as it does a quarter of the total population of 40,000,000 of the British Isles, has one great advantage—her population, and indeed that of all England, is homogeneous, it is all English.

I am speaking, of course, only from observation. We have not seen a business sign here or in any other city except with an English name. You do not meet here the polyglot of nationalities such as live in any of our great cities. They do not have even the Negroes. Always and everywhere none but English names greet you, whether of streets or lanes, or courts, or banks or business houses.

Of course, there are some American names, such as Woolworth who has scattered a number of his stores over England, Ireland and Scotland. Here they are the "3d and 6d" stores. As a penny is worth 2 cents in our money, Woolworth is getting here 6c and 12c while in the United States he sells for 5c and 10c.

But this closely knit kingdom of English, Welsh, Irish and Scotch gives a stability which could not be obtained with a combination of races who have not had a common blood and common history running back a thousand years. This is one source of London's greatness and of the power of the British nation.

THEY LOVE THEIR KING AND QUEEN.

Another stabilizing influence Great Britain has is one which our people can not understand. It is the loyalty and admiration and love for their King and Queen.

Great Britain has had so many bad kings that when they get a good one they appreciate him to the full. And King George V is a very wise and very good king. His wife, Queen Mary, is a very wise and very good woman—as real a queen as ever was, according to all reports.

So great is the love of the British for their good king and good queen that they could not restrain their conservative natures but “went wild,” as we say, during the recent Jubilee and gave the greatest ovations ever known here.

The strong influence of this very good king and very good queen has a very important bearing on the government and life of the people. It makes for wise government and wholesome living.

A CRICKET GAME.

When we were “put down” from our coach in London it was at King's Cross. Our first stop down town on our first day was at Charing Cross, of which everyone has read or heard; and all our boys and girls have sung,

“Ride a cock horse
To Banbury Cross.”

The “cross” in any town is the place where the two main streets cross. Sometimes they had the town pump there, sometimes a real cross erected, sometimes a market place. Several times we were directed in small towns:

“Just go up to the cross and the first on your left.”

We went, but couldn't find any cross. Then we learned what a “cross” is. “High” street means the same as our “Main” street.

The very first day here—Saturday—we were lucky to learn about and go to a game of cricket. It was the annual event between Eton and Harrow, England's two most noted preparatory schools.

Now you don't know a people unless you know their sports, and cricket is to the Englishman what baseball is to the American.

We went by the underground railway and were soon at Lord's field sitting in the hot sun. We hadn't seen a thing of those London fogs we dreaded. Most of the days here have been warm and sunshiny. We began to realize that this was a great day in London, for we saw men in silk hats (black or gray) black cutaway morning dress

suits, spats, canes and all, and fine ladies dressed in their party dresses. These people were quite thickly sprinkled among the crowd, although the majority were dressed in ordinary business clothes, which made us feel more comfortable.

Cricket is a game which I should say is, fundamentally, about like “two old cat.” At least there are two batters and two pitchers, but they don't work at the same time. Two wickets are set up several yards apart. They are stakes in the ground with a loose stick laid on top. The game for the pitchers is to hit this wicket with the ball, and the game for the batter is to knock the ball away from the wicket when it is thrown.

The pitcher walks back five to ten yards, then runs forward to a line at the wicket and delivers the ball by swinging the arm over the head; the elbow must not be bent. He usually gives the ball a twist so that when it hits the ground in front of the batter it will take a bound sideways and be hard to hit. After one pitcher has delivered six balls, the pitcher at the opposite wicket pitches six balls to the other batter.

The batters wear heavy shin guards and use a wide and paddle-like bat. Only the catcher wears a mit. There are 11 men on a side and two umpires. If the batter hits the ball, as he usually does, and drives it far enough, the batters run to the opposite wickets and touch the bases or lines, with their bats and then back again. If the ball goes far enough they make two runs back and forth. Each of these runs counts one and so the scores sometimes go up to 300 in a game.

If the batter misses the ball and the pitcher hits the wicket, or if a fielder catches a fly—well that is almost an occasion for stopping the game while all drink tea. The batter is out and he walks leisurely to a house among the grandstands, goes up to his team and another batter comes out. After two or three minutes the game continues.

It is a leisurely game for the most part and anybody can play it without getting up much of an excitement; but the pitching, I judge, is quite difficult. The English enjoy this game, and you see boys and men playing it in every park and open playground.

ON DRESS PARADE.

Lord's field is quite like a great baseball field, being a level grassy area surrounded by grandstand seats. The game this day was quite interesting after one understand something about it. I approached a young man wearing a silk hat and asked him to explain it to me, which he kindly did. He was a graduate of Harrow and was watching his team get a beating by the Eton boys.

I did not think to ask him why all the silk hats and gay dresses, but soon saw a grand spectacle which told much. The game began at 11 o'clock and the boys played until 1:30, when they quit for lunch, to resume play in an hour and continue until evening.

Stopping for lunch was the signal for all the elite of London to display themselves on the cricket field. This was a great day not only for the boys of Eton and Harrow but it was also an annual event for their parents, alumni and others—the best society of London.

We looked down into the playing field and saw it being filled by men wearing silk hats and morning dress suits, spats and canes; ladies wearing fine dresses, and young lads wearing silk hats and swallow-tailed coats—without the tails. The ladies were carrying parasols of many bright colors.

These people walked about and around greeting each other and chatting, the crowd of them growing denser all the time, until they covered the whole of the green field. They milled about slowly, making a grand parade.

It carried us back to pictures we had seen of silk-hatted men and finely dressed ladies of about Civil war days.

To us this grand parade of London society was a thing of large historical interest and humor; but to those taking part in it, no doubt, it was a matter of great consequence.

I secured some good pictures of the parade from the grandstand (let's hope they are good) but when I approached the "arena" to get a closeup of some of the actors, a guard stopped me, saying pictures were not allowed. I thought "What a grand news-reel that would make in color."

PETTICOAT LANE.

London, July, 1935—Perhaps we should have gone to church this Sunday (just as all good Plymouthites do when they are away from home on a vacation!) but instead we went to Petticoat Lane to see the Jewish market. That is a sight. Every Sunday hundreds of small merchants—men and women—put all sorts of goods out in the street on tables, on carts, on papers on the ground, and sell them. Block after block is filled with the stands on each side of the streets and with people on the pavements.

We went down to the Lane this day with our friend, Prof. John Hubert Scott of Iowa University, now in London studying some phases of Shakespeare. He had been there before so knew something about it. He advised us to watch out closely for our pocketbooks, because all sorts of people swarm into those streets on Sunday to attend the Jewish market and it makes a very good opportunity for pickpockets.

Prof. Scott told us that Petticoat Lane was so called because a wealthy widow died after having conducted business for many years in that street, and in her will she gave a petticoat to each merchant in the street. Just why she did this is not told, but at any rate the Lane got its name and it is now applied to several streets in that section.

We wandered through the various streets, watching the people selling and the people buying

and the people looking—and carefully keeping our hands on our pocketbooks. I stopped once and asked a big policeman if the police ever had any trouble down in here, and he said "No, never any trouble at all."

We watched a genial Jew selling some silverware. He held up a bunch of knives, forks, spoons, etc., and occasionally added another to the bunch, at the same time coming down on his price all the time. That is the method of selling in Petticoat Lane: begin high and come down, instead of beginning low and working up. He had begun at eight "bob" (shillings) and in a short time had sold the bunch for three bob.

As we went about we noted the presence of some Turks with their red turbans; some dark-skinned people from India, a few visitors like ourselves. The bulk of the crowd were evidently there because they believed they could buy stuff cheaper than in the stores. From what we saw it appeared that they were paying more than the customary cost in the stores.

There were vegetables, dry goods, meats, fish, old clothes, junk, jewelry, just about everything one could think of on sale on those streets. I took a snapshot of a characteristic view, although it was pretty hard to get enough of still life to make a sure picture. We got out without the loss of a cent or the purchase of a thing.

IN HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It is not so easy to get into the House of Commons. They meet at four o'clock in the afternoon and stay in session until about midnight. We went to the American Embassy to see if we could get tickets of admission, wishing to see the embassy quarters anyhow. We were ushered into a large room in an old but rather grand building at No. 4 Grosvenor Gardens.

Soon a gentleman came in and at once informed us that they were allowed only four tickets—if they issued five, all they had issued were cancelled. They took no trouble to enquire whether they could be of other assistance to us, but seemed rather relieved to have us go promptly (and they didn't know we were Republicans either).

Not as courteous as the English, we thought; but I got a nice picture of the embassy headquarters. We noted later that there are a very large number of American tourists in London this summer, and, no doubt, our embassy had many calls, yet there seemed nothing doing around there when we were in.

So we went back to the Parliament doors at four o'clock—but no chance to get in. Come later, the guard advised, and at seven o'clock we got in, waited our turn and soon got admission to the House.

We were in the gallery looking down into a rather small room where two or three dozen members of the House of Commons were sitting on long benches. The House has 615 members, but

the room would not hold more than 200. If all the members ever tried to get it at the same time I don't know what would happen.

The Speaker sat on a highbacked chair raised on a platform. He had on a black robe and wore a wig of gray which came down to his shoulders. Down in front of him were one, two and sometimes three clerks, all of them wearing wigs. I began to take notes of each particular item, but in a short time the guard tapped me on the shoulder and said, "No writing, please." So I stopped writing—but I got the picture in my mind clearly.

This same rule of "no writing, please" is in force in our congress, and I suppose they got the custom from England; or it may be that those confounded newspaper correspondents who write the political stuff from Parliament and Congress want to control all the writing that is done.

Several speeches were made while we were there. They were discussing a bill for adding an assistant secretary for foreign affairs. The opposition charged that there were too many assistant secretaries now, many of them drawing salaries of \$10,000 and more. The administration admitted the need for a thorough revision of assistants and salaries.

We did not see any of the best known statesmen, but it was an interesting spectacle. The hallway leading to the House of Commons has on its walls some noted paintings which are an inspiration to every lover of free government. Such, for example, as the nobles forcing King John to sign the Magna Carta in 1215.

SCOTLAND YARD.

I was glad to get a picture of the front of the building which is the headquarters of Scotland Yard, that famous British police and detective force. One can't see much except a gate and some buildings, with the street running through to the other thoroughfare. Scotland Yard was so named because at one time the ground where it is was owned by Scotland, but was given to the city for use as a police headquarters.

We talked to a bright young officer who seemed to be on guard near the door. "Why is it you do not have any kidnappings nor any bank robberies in England?" we asked. He was modest about it. "The size of our country has much to do with it," he said. "Your criminals have a very large territory to escape in."

Then he talked about making arrests and quizzing suspects. "If I suspect you of a crime," said he, "I go up to you and tell you that I am a police officer and that I suspect you and that I want to question you about it. I tell you that you may answer or not as you wish. There is never any force applied to a suspect to make him talk."

I had heard that the London police do not carry any clubs and I asked him about that. "Yes, we carry a stick," he said "but it is not in

sight and we never use it unless it is absolutely necessary. Our people would never stand for our going in and clubbing people, even if we suspected them of a crime. We merely get information. If the parties are guilty, we will get them sooner or later."

NO. 10 DOWNING STREET.

Near Scotland Yard is No. 10 Downing street—where the Prime Minister of the British government lives. I snapped a picture of the very door, also of the building as a whole. It is a very ordinary looking old building—but certain Englishmen seem to like to have their office there, just as some Americans like to live in the White House, even though it is an old and out-of-date building.

THE KING'S BENCH.

One day we went through those famous "Inns of Court" which are mentioned often in stories. Here is where the lawyers learned their profession and also where they lived—house and office together. They still follow that custom, as well as some other old and odd ones.

We went into the court of the King's Bench and heard a trial going on. A young woman nurse had been discharged by some society and she was defending her right to be retained. She was on the witness stand—standing, too, not sitting, although she had a high wooden table in front of her.

As her lawyer questioned her the judge would occasionally break in to ask a question. Here the judge doesn't let the lawyers haggle over what shall be asked. I heard no objection from either side. But whenever the judge thinks of something he wants to know of the witness, he breaks in and asks it—and the lawyers immediately, as well as the witness, give attention to what he asks.

That judge was a real judge. He had on a black robe with colored cuffs, a red sash over one shoulder, and wore a beautiful gray wig which came down upon his shoulders. These English have done that way for hundreds of years and in the custom they carry the dignity and influence of the government.

MASONIC MEMORIAL.

You can talk about your old and historic buildings and all their beauty and whatnot, but we saw a modern building which in my judgment, knowing nothing of architecture, surpassed in beauty and magnificence any of the old ones we had seen. It was the new Masonic Memorial Temple. Dedicated only two years ago and still not so completed that they know what it has cost, the estimated outlay will reach \$6,250,000.

We had the exquisite pleasure of going through this building. It has one grand lodge room which is fairly dazzling in its richness and beauty. There are sixteen other lodge rooms, and the attendance at each meeting is more than 2,000. "Already," said the attendant, "this Temple is too small for the use of the members."

There is a museum, a library, and every appointment is so delightful that it can not be described. The Duke of Connaught, the king's brother, was the leading spirit in carrying out the project.

WE GO TO SHOWS.

Yes, we had to go to a few shows to see what London could produce in this line. One was most unusual—an international folk dance, in which some 200 people from twenty countries took part. Each of these nations furnished a company of people to exhibit some of their folk dances, all of which were characteristic of those nations.

A crowd of some 12,000 people in Albert hall looked down upon a floor in the center of the amphitheater where the dancers gave their performances. The program began and closed with a united dance by all the nations, and what cheers of good will rose from the great throng! That was the intent of the exhibition—to create good will among nations.

At the close the crowd rose while the orchestra played "God save the King." At Stratford-upon-Avon each Shakespearean play began by the crowd rising while the orchestra played "God save the King." I thought it would be a nice idea if in America we began or closed our legitimate shows with a stanza of "America." The tune is the same as "God save the King;" our forefathers were pretty wise to keep the tune and change the words. It's a nice tune, anyhow.

One afternoon we went to a suburban theatre and saw George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and a Man." In it he gives some hard jabs at the morals and superficial standards of the English nobility. We overheard one man remark: "Shaw doesn't spare anyone." And we all know that's true.

AT GREENWICH.

One of the most interesting days we had was the trip out to Greenwich, in the southeast part of the city. Here we found something original and fundamental with England. Do you know why you are where you are on earth?

It's just because the English were smart enough to establish at Greenwich an observatory which sets the time every minute of the twenty-four hours of each day according to the sun, moon and stars; and because they laid down here at Greenwich the line from which all places on the earth's surface should be measured.

We saw that line, stood upon it, took a picture of it. My pal stood with one foot in the eastern hemisphere and the other foot in the western hemisphere while I took the picture of her and the line. A signboard above this spot says:

"The stone slip is laid along the Greenwich meridian line. This line passes through the center of the transit instrument of the Royal Observatory.

"By international agreement in 1884 it has universally been adopted as the meridian of zero

longitude from which the longitude of every other place is measured."

Then I took a picture of the clock which sets the time for nearly all the nations of the earth. That time is regulated by the effect of the sun, moon and stars on some very remarkable and delicate instruments. (Please ask the professor to explain all the details of how this is done).

People are not admitted to the "insides" of this place, with rare exceptions, but we asked the guard if he had a booklet explaining about Greenwich and he took us in and got the desired booklet. While my pal was getting the book I snapped the inside, or back of the clock which sets the time for the earth, and also the front of the original building where the Greenwich observatory was started nearly 300 years ago. These could not be seen outside the high fence.

Greenwich (leave out the w when you pronounce that name) observatory is built on a high hill overlooking the Thames river and the city. Around it is a large park of trees, grass and playgrounds.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I suppose I should say something about Westminster Abbey lest all intelligent people will wonder why we didn't know enough to go and see it. Once upon a time there was a little church—minster—west of London. This little church was known as the west minster, so when the town grew up they naturally called the city Westminster.

Westminster is the newer and better part of London. In it are all the best stores, the residence of king and queen at Buckingham palace, fashionable Hyde park, in which is Rotten Row (originally Route de Roi, or king's highway), the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey and numerous other notable places.

This abbey is quite old and celebrated for the kings and queens, poets, statesmen and writers who lie buried within it. We saw where abbots were buried from 1068 to 1214. There are 3,000 tourists trooping through Westminster every day during the three summer months of the year, they told us.

The building has become blackened on the outside by the dirt of ages, but they are cleaning it this year and putting on some sort of coating which makes it look nearly white, as in its pristine state. Of course, it is a beautiful building and holds so much of English history that it tells volumes to those who know their history even fairly well.

LONDON TOWER.

The early history of England and the British Empire can almost be followed in the histories of Westminster Abbey and London Tower. O, what awful tales of barbarity, of butchery, of tragedy in all its forms come out of that grim old London Tower. It was one of the last places we went. With a young American from

Seattle we hired a guide who "knew his stuff," and saw the Tower.

It is a massive stone structure along the Thames river, walls 20 feet thick, within which deeds were done that are no credit to the human race, much less to the English speaking people. But there it is, and every nation must stand on its own history whether it wants to or not. Out of all this Tower tragedy we of the United States received our share of liberty along with the British nation. It seems as though it would be better if the human race could arrive at its liberties without so much of injustice and agony; but it may be that we could not appreciate them if we did.

Our guide told us of one noble woman condemned to death here in the Tower, who, when brought to lay her head upon the block, defied her butchers, declaring that she was not a traitor as charged and that if they wanted to get her head off they would have to get it off as best they could; that she would never lay it down on the block for them. So the butchers ran after her, cutting and slashing her until finally they got her killed.

We saw the room where the two little princes were kept until they were murdered. They slept in a little room, and the villains who slew them could not bear to do their heinous deed openly with the clear, innocent eyes of the little fellows looking at them, so they watched, and when the boys slept, crept up behind the bed and slew them.

But you can read all these blood-curdling stories for yourself. It is interesting to tell you, however, what histories do not usually tell: That the present moat around the tower was once 21 feet deeper than it is today, and that the old moat, perhaps 40 feet deep, was filled with sewage from the castle and also from the city, so that it "smelled to high heaven," or beyond. Soldiers were quartered there and the Duke of Wellington appealed to the queen to drain the place so that it would be habitable for the soldiers. His suggestion was carried out and since then it has not been a foul and disease breeding morass.

London Tower, like so many of the other old castles, is now only a barracks for soldiers and a museum for the public. But it still holds a horrible history.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Ah! now I see you Shylocks prick up your ears and get interested. Not even Gibraltar with all its rocks is as solid as the Bank of England, for dynamite can blast Gibraltar but it can not shake the Bank of England.

The Bank is rebuilding its house this year and soon will have a modern building out of it. Some of the old architecture within will be retained and, of course, it will keep its good old custom of always making its shillings and pounds good the world around.

We went to Threadneedle street one day to

see the Bank. (It is fondly referred to and known as the Bank.) The building occupies a space of four acres bounded by four streets, so that no building abuts on the bank building. The boundary streets are Threadneedle street, Bartholemew Lane, Lothenbury street and Princes street. Here in 1694 the bank was started and here it is today. Only once before was the building remodeled. I got some good pictures of it showing the old sections and that part rebuilt, including the front.

We went in, hardly knowing whether we dared to tread on such financially sacred foundations, and were met by a pleasant old gentleman who was guard at the front door. He wore a long sort of overcoat of the color of faded pink, and a hat of the Colonial period. It was a warm day and his coat was unbuttoned and hung in rather a sloppy fashion—not at all stiff was he as are the guards at Buckingham Palace. He told us that his costume was the same as was worn when the bank was founded in 1694; that they had retained that costume during all those years.

This guard showed us some of the bank—as much as he could on account of the reconstruction work. He pointed out on the mosaic tile floor the emblem of the bank, which shows the Rod of Reliance standing in a basket of fruit and having the Wings of Strength and the Serpents of Wisdom attached to it.

The lobby is round and not so large. Rather narrow passage ways, or halls, lead to different parts of the bank and the customer is sent to the department with which he wishes to deal; all are not open to the front. The guard pointed out the winding stairway leading down several stories to the underground vault where is stored the Bank's gold and silver; I didn't ask him how much.

I wanted to have some business transaction with the Bank, so asked him the way to get some change. I started into a rather narrow hallway and met another guard who asked me what I wanted, and then directed me downstairs. On the lower floor I went through another hallway to the room where they made change, and got four 10-shilling notes for two pound notes. That was my business transaction with the Bank of England.

There were two men at the desk and one of them counted out the notes very carefully twice before handing them to me. Both of them seemed to keep an eye on me, although perhaps I imagined it. In England, Scotland and Ireland banks do not have any steel railings to shut them off from the public but deal with their customers over open counters which are a little above waist high. It seems very open, friendly and commonplace after seeing our banks fenced in like fortresses at every point of contact with the customer. But they have neither bank failures nor bank bandits in these countries.

While I was transacting my "business" Mrs. Boys was joshing with the guard, trying to under-

stand the English method of directions to any point in the city. She had asked the direction to some building and he said "the fourth turning on the right, second turning on the left." To her it meant that she should make four right turns and then two left, at which he laughed, and explained that what he meant was to go straight along the street to the fourth turning (fourth street) then turn right and go until you come to the second turn (or street) then turn left. It is as simple as eating pie—when you understand.

Indeed, it would be hard for these Londoners to direct in any other way for they do not have even blocks and straight streets. To try to direct as we do would get everybody so tangled he couldn't get anywhere. But you never can tell whether the Englishman's distance is four blocks or four miles. It is pretty sure to be four times as far as you expect.

I had some doubts whether a tip would be acceptable to a guard in the great Bank of England—a guard all dressed in distinguished costume—but I took a chance and gave him a sixpence (12c). He took it readily, thanked me and seemed pleased.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

One place which every traveler should see in London is the British Museum. We lived within easy walking distance, from it, at a place recommended to us by Mrs. Col. Robert Rossow of Culver Military Academy.

One should not attempt to see everything in this museum, for it would take years. We planned to see a few things which were noteworthy, one of them being the Elgin Marbles. These are the marble statues of the Greeks done by the world's greatest sculptor, Pheidias, for the Parthenon temple on the Acropolis, a rocky bluff rising above the city of Athens. This temple is admired as the most perfect and beautiful ever made by man.

Lord Elgin of England bought these statues, which were becoming destroyed, brought them to London and placed them in the British Museum, recreating the front and back pedestals of the temple on which these statues were originally made. So, it comes about that one may see more of the real Parthenon in London than he can in Athens.

There we saw the dimensions of the wonderful Greek temple, the pedestals and their beautiful and perfect statuary representing the Greek gods and goddesses. We saw there also the friezes of the temple, representing Greek cavalry mustering for the battle, the battle and other scenes of the Greek religion, marvelous in their perfection of figure and idea.

One other thing we saw here which I must mention. It was the original copy of the Magna Carta signed by King John in 1215. (Is that date right, you high school students?). It is a badly battered and partly faded out document, but it did our eyes good to look at it, for it was, we might

say, the beginning of liberty in the governments of all English-speaking countries.

The Magna Carta is in Latin and King John's signature is attested by a great bulky round seal about six inches across and three-quarters of an inch thick. In those days they used to put the seal in a box to preserve it. The seal was attached to the document by a large cord, wax being used to fasten the two together.

There were a number of these copies of Magna Carta made, for each one of the nobles present and helping to force King John to sign at the point of the sword, wanted a copy for himself. They made him sign one copy for each.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

We went out to see Windsor Castle one day, a large and massive establishment where the king and queen spend about four weeks a year, but which is also a home for retired officers of the army.

On the way we passed by Eton school, a preparatory for the boys of noble and wealthy families. Here a place in the school is inherited by the sons of fathers who have been there, and the name of each boy is cut into the wood of the desks or walls when he comes to school. These boys, ranging in age from 12 to 16, wear black silk hats every day and the cutaway dress suit, which dress sets them apart from all others—and, perhaps, they think also above all others.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

My pal spent many delightful hours in the National Gallery looking at the originals of the world's greatest paintings. Of course, I saw some of them, too, and confess that I greatly increased my admiration for anyone who can produce a painting which all succeeding generations will look at with delight and declare among the world's masterpieces.

Especial attention was paid to the British and Italian artists, for here are the originals of such famous painters as Gainsborough, Turner, Reynolds, Romney and Constable for the British; and Raphael, da Vinci, Titian and others for the Italian. It was hard for me to get the lady away from this National Gallery. If I had not called her attention to the fact that we had several other places to go before we got home, she might have been there yet. Indeed, that is the way with such places—there is no end to the glorious riches they give you.

LONDON TRANSPORT.

Not only the galleries and museums and parks and many historic places lured us to stay on, but the people were so kindly and courteous that we wanted to stay. It became easy for us to get about that great city, for it has a wonderful transport system, even though there are no elevated railroads such as we have in New York City and Chicago. I imagine that London does not like the unsightliness of elevated roads, so gets along some other way.

I took some time to learn about this transportation and found that the entire transport system of London—tramways (street cars), buses, and underground roads were consolidated under one management only two years ago. Now all these lines work together in assisting the traveler to go where he wants to go.

The underground, which we call subway, ramifies under all London and reaches out for some thirty miles beyond, coming to the surface at the suburbs. Trains run frequently, and are fast, getting you to your destination quickly.

The tramways still cover much of the city but are giving way to London's latest invention, the double-decker bus. These buses run over nearly all streets, have regular stopping places, and both maps and directions on the street stopping places tell where to take the bus and for what station.

The cost of this transportation is less than with us. From two to six cents gets you to almost any part of London, while we pay 7c for two to three blocks or more.

The development of this transport system of a great city is a very interesting study. Behind it lies the most revolutionary change ever made in the ownership, administration and working of the transport system of a great city. The wonder is that it had not been accomplished before this, for it has been developing for more than a hundred years.

However, I doubt whether New York City, or Chicago, or any other of our large cities has consolidated its transportation system as has London.

READY FOR PARIS.

One of the last days of our London sojourn we went out to Oxford, about 30 miles, to see the great University of that name. It is hard to see one of these old world universities, but we went to the top of "Radcliffe Camera," from the rim of whose dome, with the aid of a map, we picked out the chief ones of the 25 colleges which compose Oxford University. (You know a university is a group of colleges under one management, whereas a college is just one college.) We visited several of these colleges.

On the way back from Oxford we stopped to see about flying to Paris instead of going by rail and boat. My pal was not enthusiastic about it but I had a sneaking idea that it would be a great thrill and not cost much more than the other method. Indeed, we found that the cost was only a few dollars more and that we saved a day's time. The result was that we purchased our reservations to fly from Croydon field on Saturday, July 27, to Le Bourget Field in Paris. It would take only about three hours for the trip. We were almost as excited about it as we were the day we got aboard to sail for England.

FLYING TO PARIS.

Paris, France, July 27, 1935.—Today the old walls of Paris did not stop us from coming in, for we dropped down from the sky in one of the

Imperial line airplanes from Croyden Field, London, and landed in Le Bourget Field—the same airport where Lindbergh ended his historic trans-Atlantic flight.

We were to be at the station in London at 8:45 a. m. There was a question of baggage which worried us, as the limit on the plane was 33 pounds each. We were sure we would have at least 50 pounds in excess, and as the rates were very high, the 50 pounds would cost us about \$6.00 extra.

At the station we were weighed—every passenger is, so that the officials will know exactly how much weight is aboard. Then our passport was examined and we were asked to fill in a blank stating our nativity, where we were going and from where, etc. All ready to go, and they told me there would be no charge at all for our baggage as there were two of us. The number of passengers was smaller than the plane can carry so the load was easy. We were greatly relieved.

A bus took all the passengers from the station out to Croyden Field; we were nearly an hour going, it is so far from the central part of the city. At the field our statements were scrutinized and taken up by a government official. One big fellow just ahead of us had not made out his statement, and an official said savagely to him:

"This is the third time you have come here without having made out your statement. If you do it again I will have you arrested."

"On what ground?" asked the man, who was a German.

"Because the law requires it," snapped back the officer.

"All right," said the German. "I'll do it."

A covered gangplank with an easy rise led us into the plane cabin. There were seats for, perhaps, 30 people, but they were not all filled. We sat forward of the engines and had a fine view. The plane rolled out into the field for position and then started down the runway. I watched the big wheel to see when it left the ground and it was a thrill when we saw it leave the turf and we were in the air.

Soon we were up a thousand, two thousand feet and sailing over that most beautiful English landscape, so picturesque because of its green fields, fenced by green hedges and with enough trees scattered here and there to make the whole so delightful. I snapped two views of these "elysian" fields as we flew, but do not know whether they "caught" or not, as I had to take them through the window.

Almost before we knew it we were at the Channel—about 50 miles south of London—looking to see whether it was rough or smooth on the day we expected to sail across. It seemed smooth, although we were so high it was hard to tell. A number of boats were plying the waters. It seemed much longer to cross the Channel than to get to it. I looked out of my window and could see the engines working away merrily, but couldn't keep

from thinking that if they stopped we would plunge down into the Channel.

Then we came to Dieppe, France, and there spread out before us a scene even more delightful than the English one, if that were possible.

The French fields had straight sides, were usually rectangular, and were not all fenced. Many of them were golden with ripened wheat most of which was cut and shocked.

It was an entrancing scene to look down and see as a whole so great an area of that famous French farming country—the fields, the cottages, the roads, the villages, the streams, the railroads. France is chiefly an agricultural nation and these little fields, all so carefully farmed, showed what good farmers the French are and how very well they work every available acre.

Our plane was only about two hours making the voyage. We were rather startled when the engines almost stopped and the plane as suddenly slackened its speed. We looked out and knew we were looking down upon the Seine river and were nearly over Paris. The big triple-motored bi-plane circled over some suburbs of the great city and soon easily and smoothly glided down until the big wheels again rolled on the ground.

Out of the plane, I at once ran to where I could get a good view and snapped a picture of the ship which carried us so quickly and so safely over the distance from London to Paris.

Then we went into the customs station and met our first Frenchmen. Of course, some one there could speak English but we began to realize how helpless one would be who knew nothing about the language and where no one could speak English. Our luggage was soon okayed and we got into the bus to be taken to the city station of the Imperial. It took about 45 minutes to go to the station, and we got our first view of Paris.

Our bags were taken at once to a taxi and we were asked where we wished to go. We had been given a card for the Oxford and Cambridge Hotel and showed this card to the taxi driver, who knew no English. He understood and soon had us there—the charge being about 40c. Afterwards I learned that I should also have tipped him a franc (7c) in addition to the fee. I'm sorry about that.

THE "H. C. OF L." IN PARIS.

We had been warned by our agents in London that the cost of living was very high in France. Others said the same thing, and we were somewhat prepared for the worst, thinking we would cut our time short here. We got only 15 francs for each dollar when we exchanged our checks in London for French money and saw for the first time what a franc looked like.

Under the gold standard Americans used to get about 25 francs for a dollar, but since the devaluation of our money we get now only 15 francs for a dollar. The reason is that we put less gold in a dollar and, of course, we get less for it. We would have to secure a lot more dollars—about

40 per cent more—to be on an equality with our former position. This is how the devaluation of our money affects one traveling abroad.

The gold standard nations in Europe are France, Holland, Switzerland and Italy, and we expected to find the "H. C. of L." very "H" in all those countries. In England we are nearly equal to where we were before, because England also devalued her money.

Well, we set out to find a place to eat dinner, as it was noon. At our hotel the rate was 15 francs for luncheon—which is a dollar, as you will remember. And dinner was \$1.20, both of them plus a ten per cent service charge and that was beyond our limit. We soon learned of a good restaurant which was serving meals for 10 francs—70c—and there we went.

It was a nice place, but the menu was in French, all of which we did not understand, and the waitresses could not understand any English. We asked for some one who could speak English and a young man came to our rescue with a broken English which served the purpose. We got thru, but found that our French, which was not so good when we studied in college 40 years ago, had become quite rusty.

PARIS NOT SO BRILLIANT.

We had a very pleasant room at the hotel at a cost considerably less than we had expected to pay. If we could learn a little French and beat the high cost of food, we would be "sitting pretty."

We set out in the afternoon to see something of that wonderful city of Paris of which we had read and heard so much, and which we expected to see sparkling with brightness and flashing with beauty.

Perhaps we had our expectations up too high, for I am bound to confess that on this first afternoon these great expectations were badly dashed and we were very much disappointed in Paris. It looked very drab and dingy. In addition, every auto was honking at each street intersection, which kept up a continual blare of auto horns, noises which are almost absent in London. We had become accustomed to the quiet of London.

In that famous garden of the Tuileries there were wide walks and large spaces in gravel which were dusty, and those beautiful formal flower and bush and grass gardens hardly relieved the bareness.

The more famous Louvre (pronounced loov) stretching its great arms on both sides of the Tuileries was much more drab and black from the dirt of ages. It was so somber I could take little interest in the fine statuary, pillars, splendid carvings and richly adorned pedestals which are there but which are at first hidden by the drabness of the great walls.

Altogether, our first day in Paris was a sort of wet blanket. So far as the appearance of the city was concerned it came far from meeting our expectations. But we did like the people. They

seemed more vivacious and full of spirit than the English, more like Americans in this respect.

The women, especially, were much better dressed than the English women. On the street, in the restaurants, everywhere we saw them they were very snappily dressed—that is, an unusually large proportion of them.

This street and business dress was not in the least flashy. On the contrary it might be said to be plain; but it was so well fitted to so good a figure that it seemed perfect. The French lady knows how to dress. She has a good figure; seldom have I seen a fat woman or one too large. Most of them are, perhaps, a little smaller than the average of American women, but they are not slender. They believe, evidently, in the Mae West idea of a rounded form.

Many of these chic dresses which we admired were of black, with a trimming of white. White and black seemed to be favorite colors and they did know how to combine them to produce a pleasing effect. Many dresses are all black, even black stockings being worn in many cases. Then there are some which are all white, or of fawn color; some half black and half white. All of them neat and plain but perfectly fitting, with an appropriate hat, gloves, and always a face perfectly "made up" as to powder and rouge and lipstick.

OUT OF DOORS.

In the afternoon and especially in the evening we saw hundreds of people sitting out on the sidewalks in gaily colored chairs, at gaily colored tables, under gaily colored awnings. They sit there leisurely sipping wine and eating some other things along with it. Nearly everyone at the restaurant and in the open cafes on the sidewalks, we noticed, was drinking wine or beer.

One of the first things we did on reaching Paris, of course, was to get our mail. It was a great pleasure to find letters from many dear ones at home, and also to get two bundles of *The Pilot*. It takes a long time for mail to get from here to America and then the answers back again.

I spent most of that evening going over the *Pilot*, picking out the items of interest, and especially reading all those fine "Guest Editorials." Even away over here I have heard that they are creating a great stir in Marshall county. I can see why they should. I will be "skeered to death" to write editorials when I get back.

PARIS IMPRESSIONS.

Paris, August, 1935.—One of the first things we noted here was that there are more autos on the streets than in London, and they are better cars, too. They look like American cars and these Frenchmen know more than the English—they drive on the right hand side of the road, which is the right and natural side of the road to drive on.

I have been told that the only country in the world where they drive on the left hand side of

the road is Great Britain. But I don't advise any campaign to get those English to change and join the rest of the world—it's too hard a job to change an Englishman's mind.

Paris streets are broad, most of them, like those in London. In both cities the streets wander from place to place, but they serve to carry a large traffic. Great boulevards cut through the city from north to south and from east to west so that it is easy to get about. One big advantage in Paris is that almost all of the things the tourist wants to see are within a small radius—almost a walking radius, although we found it wise to save ourselves all the steps possible, since we get enough walking and standing anyhow.

Paris buses are noisy and homely looking affairs, but they do get along. Passengers enter at the rear, there being only one step and in some cars none, they are so low. After we had been riding in these buses several days we learned that there are first and second class fares. We always went up front, because we could see better, and wondered why we always found empty seats there. First class fare, which is 50 per cent more than second class, told us the story.

Coming out of a restaurant one day we were trying to find what bus to take to a certain point when a man who said his name was La Roche came and told us about the buses, how to get the one we wanted and also to buy a book of tickets, whereby one gets a good reduction in the price. La Roche said he had been in America for ten years working at Hollywood; that he played the part of Pharaoh in the "Ten Commandments" picture and spoke of some others in which he appeared. His aid was a distinct help to us in getting about, as he spoke to a conductor of a bus in French, telling him we wanted a book of tickets. After that when the tickets were gone we showed the book to the conductor and said "encore, Monsieur."

Much of French is spelled nearly like English, but is very hard to pronounce without lots of practice, so we took to writing out our wishes on paper. This, we found, was an excellent idea, as it made certain that we were understood. Then, both we and the French made motions and signs, some of which are more clear than words.

MANY SYCAMORES.

Both London and Paris should learn "On the Banks of the Wabash" and make it one of their popular songs, for both cities are filled with sycamore trees. All along London streets, big and little, and even more so along nearly every Paris street, are sycamore trees. These trees are bigger in Paris than in London. They line both sides of all the main thoroughfares, and we have seen few other trees, except in the parks.

These sycamores relieve the open streets, giving a pleasant impression as well as keeping off the heat.

Paris is noted for its wide sidewalks. Some of

them are wider than the streets, and it is this wideness which allows the restaurants and cafes to spread themselves out in front of their places and let their customers eat and drink in the open, or under canopies. This custom is one of the most important in making Paris look gay and different from other cities.

I had always thought of Paris as mostly on the south side of the Seine river, but to my surprise much the more important section is on the north side. On the north side are the great boulevards of Rivoli, Champ Elysee, the Louvre museum and art gallery, the two Arcs of Triumph, the Opera house, Garden of the Tuileries.

Some 30 bridges span the Seine, allowing easy access from one side to the other. On the south side are Eiffel Tower, the University of Paris, the Chamber of Deputies, the Luxembourg Gardens, and other notable places, but they are not so outstanding as those on the north side. The cathedral of Notre Dame is on the Ile de Cite, an island in the Seine on which the original city was begun and where the ancient Parisii lived and defended themselves.

THE BOOK STALLS.

On the south side of the river along by this Ile de Cite are those famous and interesting bookstalls, where little treet merchants keep and sell books, pamphlets, sheet music, pictures and whatnot. We strolled along these places one day and found them very interesting. Indeed, we bought here a little booklet containing reprints of famous paintings, with descriptions of them. The reading is in French, but we are able to read most of it.

These places are more correctly called box stores than stalls, for they are not really stalls. They consist of boxes attached to the stone wall along the river. When the "store" is open for business the box lid is raised and the goods displayed. If it rains, the lid is closed and protects the books.

People stroll along past these "stalls" looking and picking out what they want. The owners usually sit on chairs at the curb and when a customer wants to buy they come and take his money, or answer any question.

I asked a young man near us whether he spoke English, and when he said he did, I asked him to learn from the young man of whom we bought our book, how the right to these places was secured and what they paid the city for it.

He talked with the man and then told me that the right to these "stalls" descended from father to son and that that particular stall had been in the family for 30 years. Each proprietor pays the city 60 francs a year for the privilege (about \$4.25). This right of using a place on the river wall as a box store seems to be much cherished, although not all of the walls are so used.

SOME CUSTOMS.

One day as we were walking along the Rue

des Capucines, prominent and fashionable boulevard, I remarked that I had not seen any of those queer open urinals for men which I had heard existed in Paris. It was just then that we came across one. It was located on the sidewalk at the curb and so covered by advertisements as to make it less conspicuous. It was made of sheet iron attached to iron uprights. The protecting sides did not come to the ground so that the feet and legs of the man standing inside could be seen half way to his knees. Also, there were small openings cut into the upper part of the protection so that one inside might see out, and one outside might look in if he went close enough. While city water is kept running through these places continually, the odor of them is noticeable.

As we went about the city many more of these places were seen, some of them with considerably less protection than the one I have described.

Another custom in connection with wash and toilet rooms is that they are overseen by women. Instead of having a coin in the slot arrangement, a woman sits there and looks after customers of both sexes, taking their pay. In a very nice restaurant one day I found two quite young and pretty mademoiselles attending a nice wash and toilet room for the place. There was a common entry for both men and women, but different entries to the toilet rooms. These women go about this work with no embarrassment whatever, taking it as just a job.

MANY LITTLE SHOPS.

Paris is a city of thousands of little shops; each operated by the proprietor and his family. That is one thing I think, which makes these people so independent and so free. However, I feel that this little shop business increases the cost of goods to the consumer. The proprietor lives above his store and all the family work at the business, the wife taking an especial and dominating part.

This part of the women in business is especially noticeable in the hotels where we have been. The woman seems to be the main business manager; and I'll swear she is a good one.

PARIS "NIGHT LIFE."

The much-talked-of Paris "night life" is largely talk and put on to get the tourist's money, so far as we have been able to learn. One may buy a trip ticket to see this Paris "night life," and he will be taken via bus to various places from 10:30 p. m. to 1:30 a. m. Of course these places know the tourists are coming—and they act accordingly.

Paris people, both men and women, are a hard-working, serious population and when night comes they go to bed so they can work the next day. Of course, there is a "night life" in Paris among a certain class of people, the same as there is in any other large city; but so far as we have been able to sense it this "night life" is no more here than elsewhere.

Paris, however, does not wake up and go to

work very early—same as London. Paris people love to sit on the sidewalks drinking wine or beer, eating a little pastry or bread, and talking.

Yes, they are great talkers—vivacious, vigorous, enthusiastic. The men are more emotional and talkative than the women. The voices are in a higher key than in America, but it is a very pleasing and musical voice. The men use some hand motions to emphasize their conversation. The French is a beautiful language when spoken. We wish we understood it better.

One morning I was awakened about dawn by a loud conversation going on in the street under our window. Two men were in a heated discussion over something and had no consideration for those who wanted to sleep. The narrow street, walled by 5-story buildings on each side made the voices resound as in a canyon.

I thought once the men were going to come to blows, but the ebullition subsided and they moved away. When I asked the porter about it he said that no doubt these fellows were rag pickers, out to get what they could before the garbage wagon and street sprinkler came along. They were probably arguing about who got the last rag or other thing of value in that block.

These rag pickers of Paris have a great organization. They live in one section but cover the whole city with their work. They have rigid laws of conduct. If anybody else tries to "muscle in" on any street, he is promptly driven from the city. No, I didn't go to visit their "city."

WASHING THE STREETS.

Paris keeps its streets well paved, and washes them every morning, sometimes in the afternoon also. After the garbage wagon—a large, closed sheet iron tank on a truck—makes its rounds early in the morning, the sprinkler wagon comes along, washing and sweeping the dirt to the gutter.

Behind the sprinkler comes a man with a broom and sweeps all the dirt carefully down the gutters into the sewers. These brooms are made of fine branches tied together and fastened to a handle.

In the afternoons we always see them again washing the streets. A water faucet is opened at the curb and the water gushes out into the gutter. The man with his broom comes along to sweep away all the dirt which has accumulated during the day.

Such washings are more necessary here than in America, for they use many more horses. However, there is no dust nor other dirt and little wind to blow it.

The pavements are of cobblestones, wood blocks and asphalt. Some of these stones, about three inches square, are laid in half circular form, perhaps to better withstand the traffic.

CUTTING WIDER STREETS.

In a number of places we noted workmen tearing down buildings in order to make narrow streets 15 to 20 feet wider. Such improvements

are necessary because of growing traffic, and Paris is widening such streets as fast as she can.

The French are careful builders. Whether it is a sidewalk, or pavement or house, it is done with a view to permanency. Their buildings, contrary to what I expected, are of a solid and massive construction instead of a light and airy architecture.

There are no "skyscrapers" in Paris (except Eiffel tower). They keep their skyline even, as does London, stopping at seven, eight or nine stories. The Mansard style (with gables) is very prevalent in business blocks and residences.

We do not see much building here. There are a few new modern buildings in the business section, but they are very few. Practically all of the business and public structures are old and blackened and unattractive—until you learn to know them, and then you love them, forgetting their dark and dingy appearance.

In the suburbs one day we saw a number of very fine modern apartment houses. They were beautiful though, perhaps, not so nice as many of our modern apartment houses.

The windows are made in the same French style as of yore—wide, opening like doors, shutters on the outside and iron gratings across the bottoms. These gratings or grill-work you see on all French houses and other buildings. They are necessary because the windows are cut nearly to the floor level and open like doors, so there is need of this protection against someone falling out.

"BLIND" HOUSES.

Everywhere we look the shutters are closed, giving all the buildings the rather dismal appearance of being empty. Yet they are not. The French close their shutters during the day to keep out the heat, even though they do not have any really hot weather here, 85 degrees being "hot" for them.

Business houses also have shutters for their show windows. These are usually of steel and are let down every night as well as Saturday afternoons, Sundays and holidays. It makes a street look dismal and unattractive to have all of the fine show windows thus shut off by gray blinds. However, these street shutters not only shield the store from the sun, but would also be a very good protection in case of a riot.

LEARN TO LIKE IT.

In spite of all these unlovely things, we have fallen in love with Paris. Its vivacious life, its sweet, musical language; its gay cafes and restaurants; its many broad boulevards, brilliant with fountains and flowers, its many, many historic statues and monuments, and its notable buildings entice us, attract us, open our hearts in admiration and wonder for so great a city, built by so great people, who give every evidence of being as strong and energetic and virile a race as ever.

DOWN INTO THE SEWERS.

Some of you have read in Victor Hugo's books about the criminals who escaped the officers by

going into Paris sewers. Such a thing seems strange to Americans but I learned why that is easily possible.

Any Saturday afternoon one may take a trip in the sewers and I wanted to see them. My traveling companion was not so keen but went to the Louvre to see some more pictures.

I went to the church of the Madeleine to enter. Here in the broad sidewalk by this famous church is an opening leading down to one of the big trunk sewers. During all the remainder of the week this entrance is kept covered by iron doors which lie on a level with the stone walk, but today these doors are up and an iron fence protects the entrance.

I paid 20c and went with others down the steep and narrow cement stairway to the sewer. Here I saw a great tube running thru the ground, so large that there was a sidewalk on each side and boats on the water which was flowing quite swiftly in the lower part of the sewer. There was little offensive smell.

The visitors got into three boats each of which was pulled by eight men, four at the bow and four at the stern, by means of chains attached to the boat. The men were pulling against quite a strong current, although we were going toward the river. Paris does not empty her sewage into the Seine, but cares for it elsewhere, using it for fertilizer on the market gardens near the city.

The guide spoke only French, so I did not understand much of what he said, but I could see for myself that the water mains, telephone cables and other wires and tubes were hung within this sewer. The immense size of the sewer makes this easy to do, and the walks in the sewer make repairs easy and quick on any of these utilities.

The name of each street is given also, and as we passed along I read them and understood where we were going. I judged the diameter of this sewer was from 12 to 15 feet, although it might have been even more.

The journey ended in about 15 minutes at the Place de la Concorde. I did not learn whether criminals now make the sewers of Paris a way of escape from the law, but I saw how easy it would be for them if they could get in. Perhaps these sewers are so carefully closed that no one could get in.

Paris is unique in this big sewer plan, I believe. It was begun a hundred or more years ago by some king, who may not have got proper credit for his wisdom, and was completed by later generations.

WE ATTEND OPERA.

Yes, indeed, we had to attend an opera at the Grand Opera House, said to be the finest in the world. It may be. Both outside and inside the magnificent adornments and rich profusion of structure reminded us of the Congressional Library in Washington.

The German opera Lohengrin was advertised to be given the Monday night after we arrived and as we could get tickets for a dollar apiece not too near the top gallery, we got them. It was worth all the money to see the inside of this opera house and to watch the crowd come in and leave.

We were surprised that so few people came in evening dress. It was about like a crowd in an American theatre. And the orchestra didn't play "God Save the King" to start or end the show. We felt a sense of relief from the English royalty and class distinctions, which had impressed themselves upon us more than we imagined while in England.

As we were shown to our seats the elderly lady acting as usher stopped us and gave us to understand that we must pay her something. I think it was about 7c each. We had not taken time to read our guide book carefully or we would have known that it is a custom here to give the usher a tip.

The opera was sung in French, and there were three interims between acts. When the opera was about ready to begin there was a loud pounding noise, as on the floor. This was given a second time and the crowd quieted, realizing it was time to begin. You can read the opera—sing it, too, if you want to—so I won't stop to tell you the story.

FAMOUS CHURCHES.

We visited four famous churches here. On one of our first days we went up to Mont Martre, in the north part of the city, to see the Church of the Sacred Heart. To tell the truth we went here more to get a view of the whole city than to see the church, yet this church is becoming more notable each year. It was begun in 1875, and is far from being completed, although it has been in use many years.

Paris is underlaid with fine building stone and the people have dug out the rock from underneath them to build their churches and other structures. Mont Martre had been so undermined in this way that when they came to build the Church of the Sacred Heart they found they had to spend some \$2,000,000 in foundations on which they had not counted.

But here is a fine outlook over Paris. I said there were no "skyscrapers," but one may pick out a dozen or more notable buildings which raise their heads high above the city skyline.

Of course, we went to see Notre Dame Cathedral, as beautiful as famous.

Another notable church is the Madeleine, built in the rectangular Greek style with majestic pillars surrounding its four walls.

The Saint Chapelle, built within the royal palace, which is now the seat of the city and state courts, is said to be one of the most beautiful architectural gems of the Gothic style on earth. It is too close to the other buildings to get a picture.

IN THE LOUVRE.

Perhaps the best known place in Paris is that famous art gallery and museum, the Louvre (pronounced loov). Here Mrs. Boys wished to spend as much time as possible, because here are a greater number of the original masterpieces in painting and sculpture than anywhere else. I was an interested pupil and under her instruction became something of a novice.

What do you see in the Louvre? I'll tell you about a few things to give an idea.

Go in on Sunday—it's free then. Grandest show on earth FREE. Just think of that. The Louvre covers 45 acres so you have to know where to go and what you want to see or your visit will be unsatisfactory.

We pass down a wide room filled with statuary and ask a guard where to find the Venus de Milo. We sit and gaze in wonder at this marvel of perfection in Grecian marble, even though both arms are broken off.

The Venus de Milo was made by some sculptor about 400 years before Christ. It is considered to be the most perfect and beautiful piece of sculpture ever produced. It was found buried in the mud on the island of Melos, near Greece, in 1825, was bought by France and placed in the Louvre.

No sculptor since then has been able to replace the arms as they probably were in the original, although many have tried. Nobody has ever been able to equal the Greeks in the art of sculpture.

Here also we were privileged to look upon another Grecian masterpiece, the Victory of Samothrace. This is a winged woman standing on the prow of a ship, with her wings outspread, urging the ship forward. It is supposed to represent a naval victory and this statue, even though her head is gone, is now considered fully as beautiful and perfect as the Venus de Milo. Nobody knows who the sculptor was. This statue was accidentally found in 1863, bought by France and placed in the Louvre.

We went through the Apollo Gallery, said to be the most beautiful and magnificent room in the world. I can believe it.

MONA LISA.

Nearly everybody knows Mona Lisa, because someone stole her from the Louvre a few years ago. She was found four years later. We saw Mona Lisa. There she was, just as Leonardo da Vinci painted her about 400 years ago.

Why do they consider that little picture—about 30 inches wide by 40 inches high—so valuable?

Because this is the only picture of the kind ever painted, and because no other painter has been able even to copy Mona Lisa like the original. If you think you can paint a great picture which will last a thousand years and draw the admiration of the most learned men and women of the world, just give it a whirl.

Da Vinci was four years painting Mona Lisa—and fell in love with her before he got through. I

imagine one reason why Mona Lisa is so perfect is that da Vinci put a lot of his love for her into that picture. How could anybody copy that?

She was a noble lady—the wife of Zanobi del Gioconda. Just look at those eyes. They follow you wherever you go. They are proud and confident, yet not haughty nor supercilious. They might be laughing at you, or they might be full of intelligent interest. There is no ornament nor bandage on the hair; there are no rings in the ears nor on the fingers; no bracelets on wrists or arms; just the majesty and beauty of perfectly self possessed womanhood. It was painted about 1515.

How da Vinci produced such a picture is one of the mysteries of art.

Mona Lisa is just one of hundreds of masterpieces by such world-famed artists as Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, Velasquez, Jan Van Eyck and many others. Would you like to go through the Louvre?

TOO MANY PALACES.

If you should come to Paris and try to see the palaces which the kings and queens of France built for their comfort and pleasure, you would become bewildered by their number; and you wouldn't wonder why the French Revolution and the guillotine. These palaces are scattered all around in and about Paris and far out to the southwest.

Here are a few I have set down: The Luxembourg, now a park and museum; the buildings which are now the Palace of Justice; the Palais Royale, now being partly torn down and its gardens a public park; the Louvre, enlarged from king to king, now a marvelous art gallery and museum; the Tuileries, burned and never rebuilt, now a beautiful park; St. Cloud, southwest of the city, burned and never rebuilt; Fontainebleau, now a museum and a great forest; Versailles, 12 miles west of the city, perhaps the most elaborate and extravagant the world has ever known.

It was from the Versailles palace that Louis XVI and his queen Marie Antoinette were taken by the Revolutionists, brought to Paris, tried for treason and beheaded by the guillotine.

I walked out to the Place de la Concorde one day to look at the very spot where that guillotine stood and clipped off the heads of some 3,000 people before the rage of the leaders and populace subsided. Workmen were laying new pavement around a statue representing the city of Brest. I snapped a picture of the place.

Besides all these there were dozens of chateaux all down the Loire valley at Blois, at Chinon, at Amboise and other points.

All of these palaces were adorned by statues, columns, friezes, and within were so exquisitely furnished as to make people today astonished by their richness and lavish extravagance.

We went out to Versailles on the first Sunday in August when the fountains were to play. In this palace, in the room known as the Hall of

Mirrors, 240 feet long by 35 wide and 42 high, was signed the treaty of Versailles, ending the World war. We saw the little table on which President Wilson and the others signed that treaty.

I took some pictures of the fountains, and as we came away we saw a man in the clutches of the officers. He had a movie camera and it is not allowed to take movie pictures here.

LET'S EAT.

One gets hungry even in Paris. As we go along the streets we see many very attractive bakeries where are displayed the most appetizing tarts, cakes, buns—and brown crispy bread in all shapes you could wish. Some of the loaves are as small as your thumb and about three times as long. They range from this up to four feet long, these long ones being three or four inches thick. You can see any day a boy with a box on his tricycle and in the box a long peculiar basket full of these long loaves, baked brown and hard and as tasty as can be.

There are also big round and flat loaves more than a foot and a half across. But they don't have any apple pie or anything like it. We haven't seen or heard of a real piece of pie since we left New York.

Seldom, however, does one see any of these tasty viands on the menu at the cafes. For breakfast it is coffee, with hot milk instead of cream, and bread, or bread and wine, nothing more.

For luncheon or dinner the menu will be bread with no butter, choice of fish, lobster, snails, mutton, veal, roast beef (seldom), chicken, calf's head, and also peas, beans, lettuce salad, with dessert of pastry or ice cream. Most menus, however, do not include any drink in their fixed price for the meal. They want to make you pay extra for wine or coffee.

The Frenchman will always have his wine. What coffee is to the American, tea to the Englishman, and beer to the German, wine is to the Frenchman. He can live on bread and wine.

The law here compels every restaurant and hotel to post their menus for meals and the price outside the entrance. People seeking a place to eat may be seen looking over these menus before they go in or pass on.

GOBELIN TAPESTRIES.

Paris has a most unusual factory—owned and operated by the state. It is the Gobelin factory where they have for several hundred years made the world-famous Gobelin tapestries. We went to this factory one day and saw many of these marvelous pieces of workmanship.

On one side of a hallway would be a fine painting and on the other that same picture worked in tapestry. One has to look closely to distinguish the difference. There are some of these famous tapestries at Notre Dame University, so anyone who is interested may see them close at home.

Until recently these tapestries were not sold, but were given by France to such countries, in-

stitutions and persons as they chose. We were told that it takes a man a whole year to make a square yard and that such a square yard costs \$2,000. Most of these tapestries are very large, from 10x15 feet to 15x30 feet.

It has been customary to admit visitors each Thursday to see the process of manufacture and we went one day—but, bad luck, the plant was not working and we had our trip for nothing.

NAPOLÉON.

Napoleon has left his impress upon France more than any other ruler. The great Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile commemorates his great war victories as no other similar monument on earth. Underneath this arch is the grave of the Unknown Soldier. At the head of the grave is a large circle of bronze out of which burns night and day the flame of remembrance in honor of the two and a half million French soldiers who died in the war of 1914-1918. On the slab which lies even with the stone floor under the great arch are these words:

"Here lies a soldier of France dead for his country. 1914-1918."

The remains of the great Napoleon rest in a remarkable tomb at the Hotel des Invalides. Here the visitor looks down upon a sarcophagus in reddish marble resting upon a base. We go down into this crypt and see on the walls around its circumference statues and tablets reciting the great works of Napoleon in education, in government, in building, in law, in business and economics.

Surely historians have smothered the real and greater Napoleon in the Napoleon victor in a hundred battles. He is one of France's most loved heroes. He is one of the world's greatest benefactors.

And now we leave Paris to spend a week through the Chateau country and through quaint, old fashioned Brittany, where they wear wooden shoes and fantastic hats and dresses.

IN THE CHATEAU COUNTRY.

Out southwest of Paris along the Loire river is a section of France known as the Chateau Country, so-called because of the numerous chateaux there. These chateaux are half castle and half grand residences, usually surrounded by splendid gardens, and large areas of wooded land.

Always these chateaux were built on the high bluffs along the Loire river or its tributaries. Not only these bluffs, but the abundance of good building limestone in them made the erection of castles easier than elsewhere. This stone was easy to quarry and work, and soon hardened when exposed to the air, like the Paris stone.

During the years when these chateaux were built, from about 1100 to 1500, it was necessary for the nobles to defend themselves against each other by force of arms, and also against foreign enemies, for in these days there was no general government as now. Central governments were just beginning to develop.

A castle, located on a high bluff, built with very heavy walls—from 15 to 25 feet thick—with lookout towers, large courts for the assembly of troops and the populace of the community, with wells for water, were a necessity. These chateaux were not only places for defense but were built and decorated and furnished in the grandest style during the later years, for the comfort and pleasure of the noble families. In them were also dungeons for prisoners. Such chateaux were frequently the residences of kings and queens, sometimes as rulers and other times as prisoners.

We wished to see this "Chateau Country" and more especially that quaint and old fashioned Brittany in the most western section of France, in Finistere, along the Atlantic ocean. So on Friday morning, Aug. 9, we left Paris via the "chemin de fer"—railroad—for Chartre.

Chartre is one of the oldest towns in France and located there is a noted cathedral, said by many to be one of the most perfect and beautiful in Europe in the Gothic style. As we approached this church we saw a uniformed man, followed by several priests and attendants dressed in white robes, leave the church walking.

A FRENCH FUNERAL.

We did not know then what this meant but learned a half hour later. It was the beginning of a funeral procession to the cathedral. We had walked around the church looking at its beauty of style, its statuary, buttresses and doors and as we came again to the entrance at the west end a great funeral procession approached, led by the uniformed man and the priests.

The black hearse was drawn by horses and was covered by flowers. Behind the hearse came, on foot, a company of several hundred people. The hearse stopped at the door of the church, where the casket was taken in. As the procession stood there I was able to take a picture of the hearse, the great bank of flowers and a part of the people, as well as the front doors of this magnificent cathedral.

In French funerals the relatives and friends walk behind the hearse both to the church and to the cemetery. It is a very sad and touching sight. Two days later at Blois, we saw another funeral, which was one of the saddest things we have ever beheld.

A little white casket was in the horse-drawn hearse. Following were evidently the father and mother, a young couple, and with them only two or three friends. The mother was heavily veiled and seemed bowed down by her great sorrow. Just a poor young couple following their first and only child to its last resting-place.

As this mournful little procession passed a fashionable cafe on a main street, we saw a fine thing. Several officers of the army in smart khaki uniforms, stopped drinking, stood up and took off their caps as a mark of respect.

We entered the cathedral at Chartre and remained seated until the service was over before we looked through the church. There was the same rough stone floor which devout Catholics have used for hundreds of years.

The windows were, I believe, the most gorgeous we have seen—perfect gems of mediaeval colored glass, wrought into Biblical pictures. A stone balustrade, or partition, about the choir on three sides was carved in a most marvelous way in statues and the finest filigree work imaginable.

NARROW STREET.

Chartre is a place of about 25,000. Here we saw some very narrow streets and quaint houses. At least two streets we walked through were too narrow for a car. But we noted much building in Chartre—fine structures on the most modern lines. One of these was the new building of "The Despatch." I went into this newspaper plant to see what it would be like and found it modern in all respects.

The man at the door could not speak English but I gave him my card and talked enough French to him to let him know I was in the same business. He took me upstairs to the well-lighted composing room where the "boss" was evidently directing the makeup of the day's paper. He seemed very busy and, also, could not speak a word of English.

Soon one of the workmen came from another room to show me through the plant. He could speak a very little English, but was a German and I could speak German better than French, so we got on nicely. He said the circulation of the paper was 25,000. As I came out I noted a row of five or six women sitting at a long table wrapping single papers for the mail. I gave the man at the door an American cigarette, which brought a smile clear across his face. They tell me French cigarettes are poor excuses, and that's why these people always like to get an American cigarette.

But can you guess how much a package of U. S. cigarettes costs in France? When I left home I believe a package cost 15c. In Paris I paid 55c. All above the 15c was tariff, and the French government got it. The first question the customs officers ask over here is "Do you have any tobacco?"

SNAILS FOR LUNCH.

We lunched in Chartre. It has many visitors and meals seemed to be high priced—from \$1.40 to \$2.00—which was above our limit. We hunted about and found a place where we could get a lunch for about 70c each, and it was quite satisfactory, with its monstrous red-striped cups of pretty good coffee.

Next to our table sat a young French couple who soon became very much interested in us, as were all in the cafe. We exchanged a few words and friendly smiles with them, noting the while that they had ordered snails. Snails seem to be quite a delicacy among the French. They are

cooked in oil or grease of some kind and the dinner is furnished a sort of spoon-like pliers with which he holds the shell of the snail while he digs out the meat with his fork. The man tipped up the shells to his mouth and drank the grease or oil left in the shell.

WHEAT AND OATS HARVEST.

Then we boarded a bus for Orleans, about 45 miles southwest of Chartre. The road took us through a rich farming country. Thousands of acres of wheat and oats were being harvested, and much was already in the stack—those nice, round, pointed stacks our farmers used to make before they took to threshing their grain from the shock.

We saw farmers in their fields loading the grain, hauling it in and stacking it. The fields were quite thick with shocks. There were many one-horse wagons, almost as many two-horse wagons, and some three-horse wagons. All of the one and two-horse wagons had only two wheels; the others four wheels. Some of you Marshall county farmers would be surprised what big loads these French farmers put on a high, flaring rack over a two-wheeled wagon. And it is so nicely balanced that there is not much weight on the horse.

They can give you some lessons, too, in hitching horses. When they hitch one horse—well that's just one horse, of course. But when they hitch two or three horses, they hitch one ahead of the other. It looks odd to see three horses in a row pulling a big load of oats.

These horses are great big, blocky fellows. The French, I believe, developed the celebrated Percheron horse, and that is the type here. I remember many years ago some Marshall county farmer imported a very fine Percheron stallion from Normandy, France.

The women were out helping with the harvest. I saw several of them on the wagons loading the sheaves, and in two places I saw women stacking the grain in the yards, close to the barns and houses. Other women were out gleaning the fields after the grain had been hauled in. These French farmers let nothing go to waste.

We noted, however, as we rode along that the houses and yards were not very well kept; they looked dirty and neglected. A woman can't work in the fields and keep house, too.

IN ORLEANS.

We stopped that night in Orleans, a city filled with French history from the earliest years. Here we saw the house where Joan of Arc lived in 1428-29 while she led the French armies and drove away the English, who had besieged the city.

In a Joan of Arc museum we saw Joan's signature in ink, at the end of a written document. Joan was an ignorant peasant girl of Lorraine. She had a vision which told her she should go and lead the French armies against the English and free her country. Inspired by that vision, she so aroused the French armies that they became invincible and beat back their enemies. Then she

was betrayed by her own king and delivered over to the English, who as cruelly burned her at the stake. But she saved her country and is one of France's most popular heroines. To her France has erected 40,000 statues—more than to Napoleon Bonaparte.

At Blois the next day we stopped a short while to see the largest of the chateaux—a massive, impregnable fortress, built in Renaissance style and most lavishly furnished.

That afternoon we rode to Amboise to see another noted chateaux—one where horrible deeds were done and where the river ran red with the blood of religious and political martyrs. Its great walls rise high on the bluff and its massive towers could tell blood-curdling tales, if they could talk.

A most beautiful little chapel stands within the walls of this chateaux. That was one important thing about those nobles; every chateau had its chapel for worship. Their religion was a real part of their lives.

Within this little chapel is the tomb of the famous Leonardo da Vinci, painter of Mona Lisa and "The Last Supper".

We reached Tours that evening and were greatly delighted with this thriving city, with its splendid railway station, fine city hall, beautiful parks, wide boulevards and the gaiety of its people. Tours is a center for trips to the chateaux, and on Sunday we joined a coach load for an all-day trip to see six of them—a lot of chateaux for one day.

HOW FRENCH NOBLES LIVED.

It was a sunny Sunday in August when our coach left the fountains and parks of gay Tours with a company to visit some of the most noted chateaux along the Loire Valley. The air was cool during the earlier hours, but by noon it became pretty warm—perhaps 85 degrees.

Each chateau had its own guide, but none of them spoke English, so we must have missed considerable history that day; but we saw more than one could tell in a book.

The first stop was about nine miles out at Villandray, where there were only a few houses beside the chateau. This was still a splendid establishment.

The noble who once owned it had quite a noted collection of paintings, some of them by such masters as Velasquez. In front and at one side was a wide moat filled with water, over which was a drawbridge for approach.

The most remarkable thing about this chateau was the formal gardens spread out below the hillside on which it was built. We were told that Catherine di Medici brought a noted landscape architect from her home country Italy to plan this formal garden. It is said to be now just as he laid it out some 400 years ago.

There is a little lake, a stream running through, little fountains, shrubs and flowers of many colors in striking design. Pear tree limbs have been

trained along a trellis near the ground and pears were growing on them.

There is also a vegetable garden, laid out in an interesting form, in which were growing onions, cabbage, beans, etc.

The chateau at Azay-le-Rideau is set in a wood with a tree-lined lane leading to it. A little river flows back of it and beyond that is a delightful wood, in which I neither saw nor heard a bird. There seem to be no song birds in France. I heard only one or two during our entire stay.

The architecture of this building is beautiful. The structure is not so large, nor is it a fortress. The rooms in it are furnished much as they were when it was occupied by one of the noble French families some 400 or 500 years ago. There are the finest of handcarved doors, ceiling, wainscoting, beds, chairs, tables. There were finest tapestries to cover the walls. There were elaborate and costly chandeliers, dishes, ornaments and whatnot, gathered in a way which would astonish even some of our millionaires of today.

But with all these elaborate furnishings in this beautiful building, it was easy to see, in this and all the other chateaux that they were very uncomfortable places in which to live as compared with any moderate home in America. For they had no bathrooms, no running water, no method of heating their houses in winter so they were comfortable, and altogether must have been quite dirty and uncomfortable.

The quiet little town of Chinon is noted for its chateau, which now is a ruin owned by the state.

The chateau of Usse, next to be visited, is occupied by the owner, the Duke of Blacas, during five months of the year. The family was in so we saw little of this place, but could realize that it was a very large establishment, something like a grand hotel at a popular summer resort. A beautiful formal garden lies between the chateau and the highway.

The chateau of Langeais is right in the little town of that name. It was built as a strong castle of defense with the living quarters secondary. Great towers of stone bristle from all quarters, overlooking the country. There are many places for assembling soldiers for fighting from the walls.

In this chateau are gathered a rich collection of 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th century furnishings—pictures, tapestries, beautiful and ornamental furnishings to make the rooms more comfortable and attractive. We went from room to room, each time with new astonishment at the richness and elaborateness of these haughty nobles who sapped the substance from their serfs, but who also protected these serfs and never hesitated to risk life and fortune in time of danger.

On this trip we saw at a distance several modern chateaux now occupied by rich wine merchants or other wealthy people. They have lost their castle-like features, but retain the Renais-

sance style of architecture, always beautiful and grand.

THE VOUVRAY CHAMPAGNE CELLARS.

The next morning we went by tram car to the little village of Vouvray, noted for two things—its people who have cut their houses into the limestone cliffs, and for its champagne cellars. We were hunting for some typical cliff houses when we were shunted by everybody to the wine cellars—se we went through them.

These cellars are cut into the cliffs more than two miles, and it is rather a spooky place to go when you don't know the people and wonder whether your guide will lose you or let some friends rob you. But this guide seemed a nice fellow, intelligent and friendly, although he could not speak English.

With him we went through the dark chambers, following his little light. Occasionally we came to cross chambers where there was a little electric light. He showed us how they bottled and then treated the grape juice to make it into champagne, that most expensive drink of "high society." Thousands of bottles were piled in rows in racks, and each day while it is ripening, each bottle is turned around once. The bottle is laid so the cork end is lower than the bottom end. After turning these bottles of grape juice a great number of times the product clears and becomes champagne.

When we came out of the wine caves, the guide took us to the office to register. The lady there handed me a price list of their product. Not knowing the French word for bottle, I thought the prices were for cartons or cases, and, of course, we could not use a case of champagne. However, I did want to taste it, as I had never tasted champagne. I wanted to tell the lady that, but couldn't find French words to tell her, and she knew nothing of English. She called her husband but he could do no better. And I just stood there trying to recall some words—and then gave it up. I've been sorry about that ever since.

IN OLD BRITTANY.

Finistere is the French for land's end, and they gave this name to one of the two parts of France which project farthest west into the Atlantic ocean. If you school students will get your maps of France, you will see in the district of Finistere an important city named Quimper.

Quimper is the center of this land of Brittany—a section where ancient customs still linger and attract the tourist. From the wine caves of Vouvray we hastened to Quimper, going via bus so that we could see the country as we went.

On the way we spent a pleasant night at Nantes, a city of 10,000, at themouth of the Loire river. It rained that morning and gave me the first occasion to wear my raincoat I had had since the first two weeks in England. The whole country seemed getting pretty dry.

OUR BEDS.

The weather was warm, but not oppressively so, the thermometer never going higher than 80 to 85 degrees. At night we almost always needed a sheet and woolen blanket. You housewives should see these sheets and blankets. It would make you think we didn't know what a blanket is.

In England, Ireland, Scotland and France these blankets seemed the same. All of them are very heavy, closely woven to make them very firm. Almost always they are white. The sheets are fully a yard longer than ours so that the sheet laps back over the blanket to protect it from the sleeper's face. They are of heavy and very good linen.

On top of the blanket one always finds a feather comforter. To an American this is a peculiar thing. It is not as large as the blanket, being intended to cover the sleeper from the waist to the feet. It is several inches thick and at first sight one would imagine it an uncomfortable weight. However, it is "as light as a feather," and when needed for warmth it is really a "comfort."

Another thing one finds on European beds is the old fashioned bolster, now unknown to Young America. We usually had to pull off the feather comforter and remove the bolster from under our pillows, for we did not wish to sleep sitting up. Pillows are large and usually of soft feathers.

French doors have the knobs in the middle of the doors instead of at the edge, when they have knobs. Usually they have a lever handle instead of a knob.

I might also remark here that in France the hotels do not furnish any soap, so we have to carry our own or go without. Still using soap bought in Plymouth.

SAW WOMEN WASHING.

Before we reached Quimper we noted some of the old customs. A few men and women were wearing wooden shoes; many of them had on felt slippers or tennis shoes, instead of regular leather shoes. We judged it was because of the expense of leather shoes, which cost about the same as in the United States. The men in Europe are wearing a shoe with a pointed toe—that abomination which has ruined more good feet than any other contraption which fashion has ever decreed. Human feet are not made with a pointed end.

But the astonishing thing we saw on the way, and also at Quimper, was the spectacle of women doing their washing on stones at public washing pools or in the streams. At one point we saw a half dozen women at a large pool, kneeling and bending over to swish their clothes in the water. Just how many washings were done in a pool before clean water was secured we did not learn.

I noted this washing process carefully at Quimper. The woman carries her washing from her home to the river in a tub. She also has a wooden box, perhaps 6 or 8 inches high, open on one side. She kneels in this box when she washes and it keeps the water from splashing into her lap.

The clothes are soaked in the river, then spread on a clean, flat rock and soaped. The garment is then pressed and squeezed against the stone, swished in the river and finally called clean, even though both looks and smell of the river would make us loath the idea of doing a washing there.

Whether these French women rinse their clothes at home after the river washing we did not learn, but we saw many women go to a public water faucet with pails and carry water to their homes, perhaps one or two blocks away.

If any of you women think it is hard work to wash with the tub and washboard, even carrying the water a few steps from the well, you should try to imagine what the river washing of these French women would be like. It is also hard to imagine how many decades they are away from the electric washer in the modern laundry room. I judge it is only the fewer number of these French people who still do their washing in this ancient and Indian-like way.

PICTURESQUE CLOTHING.

Soon after arrival in Quimper we began to see that picturesque headgear and other clothing characteristic of this section. The women wear white lace bonnets or hats, and some of them wear gorgeous white, flaring collars. Just how they made them so snowy white we wondered, after seeing the river laundering process. These collars were not only white and very wide, but they were ironed stiff into pleats so fine you would marvel that it could be done, as well as at the time it would take to do it.

Some of the bonnets were tall, sticking on top of the head about a foot high. They are made of fine lace, fastened over a frame, so it can be taken off and washed. Other and more picturesque bonnets are lower and have square spreading wings on each side, with a light blue ribbon to add color.

The dresses are all of black. Over the dresses are worn aprons in colors or dark georgette embroidered with beadwork and silk. The skirt and waist are very full, what we would call old fashioned, but many of these clothes seemed rich as well as picturesque. Along with this fantastic dress, however, most of the younger women and girls wore silk stockings and modern shoes.

These customs have come down the centuries since the Bretons beat off every attack from the Goths, the Huns, the Romans and the Franks, beginning with the Christian era.

Very few peoples withstood the crushing and conquering advance of the barbarians as they swept across Europe to the western coasts. The Bretons, the Welsh, the Irish and the Scotch refused to be conquered. The Bretons are Celts and they play the bagpipe as do the Scotch.

A "PARDON" PROCESSION.

We were in good luck in our arrival at Quimper, for August 15 was Assumption Day and a great religious holiday throughout France. This is one of the few days throughout the summer

when the Bretons celebrate what is called a "Pardon." The lady of our party had looked up the dates when "Pardons" would be celebrated, and found one listed at Quimper, so we planned our trip accordingly.

Enquiry brought out the fact that the Quimper celebration would not be much, even though there are two very large Catholic churches in the city. Our hostess, however, learned that there would be a big celebration at a little church at Penmarc'h, on the rocky shore of the Atlantic. We "booked" at once for the coach trip to Penmarc'h and other quaint villages of these hardy fisher folk.

As the coach was not to leave until afternoon, we went to both churches in Quimper. These churches are much larger than any church in Plymouth, and this was Thursday. At each place we found the great nave and aisles filled with earnest worshippers.

The chairs in these churches were made with low picker seats and high backs. The people kneeled on the wicker seats, rested their arms on the flat top of the high backs, facing the altar and the priest. Besides the people using the chairs, many were standing. A stream of worshippers kept coming and going.

I looked carefully over the congregation in each church and saw that a majority of the women present were dressed in the quaint style of Brittany. Only a few of the men appeared in their ancient style of clothes. The distinguishing feature of the man's dress is a wide, black velvet band around his hat, fastened by a large silver buckle in the back.

THE "PARDON" AT PENMARC'H.

Our coach rolled westward over quite a good paved road toward the fishing villages. Everybody seemed to be out for the holiday. Boys and girls, young people and old people were walking, or riding bicycles, or going by cart or auto, while others sat by the roadside near their homes and watched the travelers go by. We noted that many, perhaps most, of the farm homes and stables for horses and cows were in the same stone building, the family occupying one end and the animals the other, with the precious manure pile stacked close by.

As we neared Penmarc'h the crowds along the road and in the villages increased, and all seemed to be moving toward the little village where the big celebration was to be held. Several coach loads of tourists, besides many in autos, increased the crowd in Penmarc'h until it seemed like a big day at the Bourbon fair.

Our coach stopped and we walked about a half mile with the crowd toward a little stone church right by the sea wall. It was a bleak and rocky shoreline, but picturesque. Clean and pretty little stone cottages were scattered over the area about the church.

Along the road to the church many were selling postcards, fruits, gewgaws, and one fellow was operating a merry-go-round near the church.

At one side of the church was a "Calvary"—one of those few triple statues in this quaint country representing Christ on the cross and the two thieves beside Him. This one was mounted on a base several feet high and several people climbed up there to see better.

We went to the doorway for a look into the church. It was crowded from altar to door, a sea of those high lace hats of the women greeting us as we looked. The services and preparations for the procession from the church were in progress. The crowd outside increased, and began to line the road along which the procession was to go.

I snapped several pictures of the crowd, showing the church, the quaint costumes, the dreary coastline. As the time for the procession came near I found a place about four feet above the ground and from here awaited the coming of the great event, camera ready.

Then we saw the solemn procession slowly approaching, hemmed in between two walls of human beings, like the children of Israel crossing the Red sea. Several men carried standards, holy statues and other sacred things. Then came a company of women carrying statues. These were followed by the priests and others singing. Behind the priests was a body of men, women and children.

Twice the procession stopped. I do not know whether they did this so the numerous camera men present could get pictures or to allow the following procession to catch up. But anyhow the camera men appreciated the stops. One excited man with whiskers came to the house where I was and seeing a woman looking out of the second story window, called to her and asked her (in French) if he might come up there to take some pictures. She shook her head, but he was not to be stopped. He opened the door and walked upstairs anyhow. A little later I saw him at the window with his camera.

The Pardons are religious festivals and are celebrated in various ways by the Catholic church thruout Europe. Perhaps because of the quaint costumes in Brittany the Pardons here seem to receive more attention from tourists than elsewhere.

On the way back we visited several other coast villages, and went to our room that night filled with satisfaction at the remarkable things we had seen in this land of stern and sincere religious living.

WE LEAVE FRANCE.

We had already spent as much time in France as we had allotted, so we were compelled to omit our itinerary to Dinan, St. Malo and Mont St. Michel and hurry back to Paris from Quimper.

On French railroads there are first, second and third class fares. We decided to try a third class car, doing this partly because of the good things said about it by two bright American girls we met on the Pardon trip.

These girls had been in Russia with a large

party and told us of some interesting experiences they had there. "We felt," they said, "all the time as though we were spied upon. Their guides are trained and speak English very well, but they tell you only the things they want you to know."

"At times," she continued, "they pretend not to understand English, so they can more easily catch the remarks made by tourists. Several of our company were thrown into prison for a half day because of some unfriendly remarks they had made about Russia. The guide overheard them."

"The food was abominable. We simply could not eat it, but kept ourselves during our week's stay on some chocolate bars we smuggled in."

She told of a wealthy Englishman who wanted to see certain things, which evidently they did not wish him to see. They asked \$7.00 an hour for taxi and driver. He said he would pay it if they would take him where he wanted to go. They started, but the guide wanted to show a few other places first. After these, just one or two more, until noon came and still the man had not seen one of the places he wanted to visit. Then he gave up and told the guide to return home, as the cost was mounting too fast.

FRENCH RAILWAYS.

The 10-hour journey back to "Gay Paree" gave me an opportunity to learn something about French railways. The first class car is about like a pullman; the second class has nice upholstered seats with places for six persons in each compartment; the third class has wooden or leather cushioned seats, and there may be eight people in each compartment.

We were the only persons in our leather cushioned compartment for a third of the trip; then a nice couple and their little daughter came in, and we had an interesting time trying to talk with them.

The railways are owned and operated by the state and seem to be kept in splendid condition. The tracks are smooth and the speed of the trains quite good, though I think not equal to that of American trains. As we came into Paris I noted extensive improvements in widening the right of way through a deep cut and laying additional trackage.

The steps into the cars are very steep and awkward and one has to "watch his step" or he will take a tumble. In the compartment all the people have to face each other and if the company is not congenial, it is not a pleasant situation.

ITALY AND ABYSSINIA.

Back in Paris we spent two days resting and attending to some business. Bought our railway tickets through Switzerland and shipped a suitcase of our stuff to Nice to be picked up there in October by the Italian liner Savoia on which we have our return tickets.

The growing threat of war between Italy and Abyssinia was giving us concern, as we feared we might have to get passage on some other ship

if war breaks out. However I decided to ship our suitcase against my lady's judgment and let future events decide our trip.

We bought in Paris the New York Herald and Chicago Tribune, a combined English newspaper published in Paris and about the size of the Pilot. The first thing we learned in the news was of the tragic death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post. We felt as though we had lost a brother in Will Rogers. Nothing so shocking to us had occurred since the similar death of Knute Rockne.

OFF FOR BELGIUM.

Exchanging a few American dollars for Belgian francs we packed up for travel again, going by elegant second class train to Brussels. We had been getting a little less than 15 French francs for a dollar, but now we got nearly 30 Belgian francs for a dollar, so living in Belgium will be only about half as expensive as in France. That was very cheering.

THROUGH THE WAR ZONE.

We were alert to notice any evidences of the great war as our train sped through the zone which for four years was the most tragic and portentous area in the world's history. But this section of France, north from Paris to Belgium appeared more prosperous, better kept, newer and brighter than the region to the west through which we had been.

Many of the farm and village houses seemed new, or with new roofs. We thought perhaps, they had been rebuilt or repaired since the war. The farms were thrifty, there was an occasional wood, and we saw no signs of the earth being torn up by the shells of war.

It was the same all the way to Brussels, which we reached in a short time. A Scotch lady on the train told us the district farther to the west still bore evidences of the war.

We began to like Brussels before we arrived. The city is clean and bright, contrasting pleasantly with the drab of Paris. The buildings were fresh as though new or newly painted. All was pleasant and attractive. We fell in love with Brussels.

Perhaps one reason why this Belgian capital appeared so bright was that she was all dressed up for her Exposition. We went out to this Exposition one day and found it a most beautiful exhibition, much more attractive than the World's Fair in Chicago although much smaller. It seemed more refined and less jazzy.

The buildings are done in the same modernistic style, but a number of them have been constructed of granite and are to be permanent. Three of these house modern and ancient art and museum exhibits. One reason for our visit was to see here the collection of paintings by the old Flemish Masters, such as Van Eyck, Rubens, Bouts, Massys, Maes and others. This was a delight, for the collection was good.

Big crowds are attending the Exposition. From the gate one looks up a long and very wide boulevard through which flows a broad stream of clear water, flanked by flower gardens and green grass. Fountains play at several points. The entire prospect is beautiful.

We noted three drawbacks: If you wish to sit down, you must pay a franc ($3\frac{1}{2}c$) for a chair, there being few free seats. If you want a drink of water, there is none. They expect you to enter a cafe and order wine or beer. There is a dearth of signposts giving direction to different exhibits.

The idea of drinking water seems so new to Europe they can't get the habit. In America the first thing a waiter does is to bring some water. In Europe the waiter never brings water until you ask him, and frequently you must ask him more than once. He expects you to order wine or beer.

THE GRAND SQUARE.

One of the first places we went in Brussels (a city of about 750,000) was to the noted "Grand Place" or main city square. Here is an open space about a block square, facing which are some of the most interesting buildings in Europe. They were erected during the height of the guilds, between 1650 and 1700. The fronts are gorgeous with statues, columns, gilt decorations, fanciful gables and minarets. When a stranger first steps into this square he is astonished and delighted beyond expression.

Then we climbed to the top of the tower on the city hall—324 steps. We did not expect to do this but it came about by a misunderstanding. When we bought our tickets for the tower we asked the guard whether there was a lift and he said yes. When we entered the door leading to the tower the guard said, "Montez vous"—"climb up"—and we had to climb.

It was quite a feat for our feet, but we made it and felt not even a sore muscle the next day. At the top we had a magnificent view of the city, of the great Palace of Justice, the largest and most magnificent structure built during the last century and of the noted Catholic cathedral of St. Gudule, whose melodious bells tolled the tragic death of the Belgian queen Astrid less than two weeks later.

THE "MANNEKEN".

Coming down the 324 steps we wandered about the streets until we found that unique little fountain known as the "Manneken", a little iron baby boy statue set against a stone background in a small space at the corner of two busy streets. This little gent stands there day and night making a stream of water flow in a surprising but very natural way. Numbers of our people saw a replica of this little fountain in the Belgian exhibit at the World's Fair last year.

This little Manneken has become a "popular hero" of Brussels and is known as their "oldest citizen." As we stood there dozens of people

stopped and looked at the fountain with much amusement. Young men and women stopped and took their pictures in front of the place, laughing the while.

AT WATERLOO.

The trains and buses in Brussels are new, clean and smooth-running—considerably better than those in Paris. One day we took a train ride out to Waterloo battlefield, which is about nine miles south of Brussels.

Just south of the village of Waterloo they have erected a great earth monument, known as the "Butte de Lion". Here again we had a climb to the top—238 steps in all, and this was the next day after the City Hall climb but we are equal to anything now.

This "Butte de Lion" is a great earthen mound overgrown with grass and surmounted with a granite square on which is the British lion looking south, whence came the French army under Napoleon on that memorable day of June 18, 1815. I can remember yet Victor Hugo's description of this battle which I read many years ago:

"Napoleon's plan of battle was all, to confess, a masterpiece; pierce the center of the allied line, throw the English into the sea and the Germans into the Rhine. After that he would see."

This Napoleon did—all but the final act, when the sunken road of Ohain and Blucher's unexpected army turned the victory into a tragic rout and sent Napoleon to St. Helena.

I stood on this Butte and looked out over the battle field. The road running past the Butte on the north was once the "sunken road of Ohain". It is not now sunken for the dirt was taken from the Margins to build the monument. The ground over the entire area seems much more level than I had expected. It is gently rolling, but it is evident that the French were on lower ground and Wellington's forces on higher ground. Wellington had chosen this field as the place where he would test the fate of Napoleon.

Looking out over the battlefield I saw Belgian farmers peacefully at work on rich lands, made richer through the centuries by the blood of fallen soldiers. One big reason for our coming to Brussels was to see this battlefield of Waterloo, and I was thrilled beyond description to have the privilege of seeing where one of the 12 decisive battles of the world was fought.

ANTWERP AND RUBENS.

Antwerp, Belgium, Aug. 24, 1935.—We were loath to leave beautiful Brussels with its brightness and its friendly people, but we must be going on or we shall never get home. Antwerp was the next objective, and after we were there a few hours we were as pleased with it as with Brussels, so rich a field of sight-seeing developed.

One of the great seaports of Europe, it was also the home of Peter Paul Rubens, one of the world's master painters. Hanging in the Antwerp Cathedral here is Rubens' masterpiece, "The Descent

from the Cross." We went into this very beautiful cathedral and saw this master-painting. In it the body of Christ is being taken down from the cross, borne up by a white shroud and by loving hands.

Many painters have pictured the descent from the cross, but Rubens has excelled them all. His is counted among the ten or twelve master paintings of the world. This picture, made in 1612, still retains its glorious and brilliant colors.

In this same cathedral are other great pictures by Rubens: "The Assumption," painted in 1610; the "Raising of the Cross;" and the "Resurrection," listed among the world's great paintings. This is Rubens' home city, and well may Antwerp have in its Place Verte a noble statue of Rubens.

GERMANS IN ANTWERP.

We were told that when the Germans captured Antwerp in the beginning of the World war, this famous picture by Rubens—The Descent from the Cross—was taken from the church and put where it would not be destroyed. But they were told by the Germans to bring the picture back, that it would not be injured, and it was returned to the church.

They told us that the Germans did little damage to Antwerp, the reason being that after the war they expected to make Antwerp a great German port and they wanted to save it for themselves. Then when defeat came they had not time to take anything away. Neither Brussels nor Antwerp were much injured, the only charges made against them at either city were that they took all the brass they could find on buildings and elsewhere.

I had come to Antwerp to see mostly a great business city but found instead the home of one of the world's greatest painters, and one of Europe's most beautiful cathedrals, adorned by masterpieces of art. In addition to the four paintings by Rubens in this cathedral is "St. Francis of Assisi," by the Spanish master Murillo, who painted the most beautiful and idealistic representation of the Assumption; and a head of Jesus by Otto Venius.

This head of Jesus was painted on marble over 400 years ago and is as fresh and beautiful as though done this year. How those old painters mixed their colors so they would not fade is as great a marvel to me as the manner in which they made their pictures.

This head of Christ in the Antwerp Cathedral has been attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, and to me it had all the great perfections of the Mona Lisa. The clear eyes follow you at all angles as though they were deeply interested in you. The face is full of innocence, yet strong, bold and fearless in spirit. The rather thin mustache joins the short beard; the hair of the head falls about to the shoulders, although neck and shoulders are not shown. The complexion is light to florid and the countenance is clear and innocent and brave beyond expression.

In this same cathedral a brass line is imbedded in the stone floor running due north and south. Such a thing is useful in the country where no street runs in any particular direction and you have to find your way about by the sense of where they are from where you are.

A BABEL OF LANGUAGES.

Antwerp has a "skyscraper"—the new and modern style building of Kredietbank, 24 stories high.

Here, too, we found a sort of Babel of languages. They speak French mostly; Flemish, which should be the national language; Dutch, because they are on the Holland border; some German and some English. We found nearly all the business people could speak English—much more so than in France. The French seemed to take the attitude that it is not necessary to know anything but French; if people want to travel in France let them learn French.

In Antwerp they try to speak all languages which will aid them in business. A woman conducting a newsstand said: "I speak four languages—French, Flemish, Dutch and English—one has to get on in business here."

AT THE HAGUE.

Amsterdam, Aug. 25, 1935.—Then we booked by coach to Amsterdam, by way of Rotterdam. Delft, The Hague and Haarlem. It was a delightful Sunday's trip from 7:00 a. m., until 3:00 p. m.

We were anxious, of course, to see The Hague—seat of the Court of International Justice.

Our trip took us to the capital, the palace of Queen Wilhelmina and the Parliament buildings, as well as past the "Palace of Peace." This new international court building was erected in 1910, having in it materials donated by every nation on earth, with the bulk of the cost being paid by Andrew Carnegie.

MISSED PAUL POTTER'S BULL.

In The Hague we missed seeing Paul Potter's famous picture of a bull. Potter was a noted Dutch painter, one of the greatest painters of animals. His masterpiece is considered his picture of a young bull. He loved cattle and painted them as no one else has ever painted them.

In the picture gallery at The Hague, so my lady pal had learned, is hanging Paul Potter's picture of his favorite bull. We had arranged with the guide that day that when we got to The Hague he should stop the bus long enough for us to run in and take a look at this wonderful animal picture. Alas and alack! We arrived at The Hague at 12:30, and the gallery did not open until 1:15. So we missed seeing Potter's great picture.

I wanted to see this painting so I could tell you dairymen and farmers about it. A description might increase your love for your cattle; would let

you know that cattle are the subjects of great paintings as well as queens, kings, saints and madonnas.

Paul Potter makes his favorite bull so lifelike you can see the real animal, even to the flies on his back. Potter loved animals, especially cattle, and this picture is not merely a representation of any male of the cattle kind, but a portrait of one particular animal. It is said that he painted this portrait with more pains, more attention to every detail, and with more love than many an artist painted a portrait of his wife; that he represented him as having more intelligence and character than some human beings, so kindly and wise does the grand fellow appear.

LAND OF THE DUTCH.

We are now in the land of the Dutch—known as the low country—the land of dykes, of canals, of much pasture land, of many cattle, and of many bicycles. It was a rich and happy-seeming country through which we drove. We used several ferries to cross wide rivers. Canals, little and big, were running in many directions. Dykes protected large areas of pasture land on which those noted black and white Holstein-Friesian cattle peacefully fed.

Troops of bicylists swarmed on all the roads or along the roads. They came singly, in tandems, in tricycles, whole families out together to enjoy the day. There are so many cyclists that Holland has built special paths or narrow roadways for them along the regular highways, so they may be protected from the dangers of motor traffic. That is a public works idea for America. Perhaps we would take to bicycles more if there were safer places on the highways to ride them.

VENICE OF THE NORTH.

Then we came to Amsterdam, the largest and most important city in Holland, a city of almost as many canals as streets, so many, in fact, that it is called the "Venice of the North." We found it a surprisingly beautiful and interesting city.

Business is not good in Amsterdam, I was told. There are already 44,000 unemployed in this city alone and the number is increasing monthly.

Holland is on the gold standard and has not devalued her currency as have some nations. The exchange was against us when we bought Dutch gulden. It cost us more to live in Holland just because of this hocus pocus of money standard and values.

"Things are not good, but if we devalue our money, we shall be worse off than ever," declared the bright young man in charge of the hotel where we stopped.

You will wonder how a big city like Amsterdam (750,000) located on such low land, gets its water and what it does with its sewage. They get water from artesian wells, same as Plymouth, and pump their sewage for some three miles into the Zuider Zee.

Near Amsterdam are several quaint Dutch vil-

lages and we took a boat trip one day to see some of these people.

THE PICTURESQUE DUTCH.

Amsterdam, Holland, Aug. 26, 1935—In every country they visit tourists wish to see the unusual and picturesque. In our own country we want to see the Indians and cowboys in their frontier day garb. In Holland we wanted to see the Dutch as they dressed in Colonial days—the men with those wide, loose trousers and wooden shoes, and the women with their white lace bonnets, full skirts and wooden shoes.

Amsterdam and vicinity satisfies this desire of the tourist. Nice little steamers make trips each day to the villages of Broek, Vollandam, Monnikendam and Marken—all places where most of the people still maintain their ancient and picturesque dress. Much of this, it was evident, is continued for profit, for these people are keen to the point of annoyance in soliciting money from the tourist.

SMART DUTCHMEN.

Our boat followed a long canal out to the Zuider Zee and across this to the island and village of Marken. To get out of the Amsterdam harbor in the wide mouth of the river Y, we had to go through a lock. You will be astonished when I tell you that these smart Dutchmen have built a great dyke across the northern end of the Zuider Zee to prevent the ocean tide from coming in and changing the water level in the many city canals. If you look at your map of Holland and note how many miles it is across the north end of the Zuider Zee, you will realize what an undertaking that was. However, this sea is quite shallow.

In addition to blocking the tide from the Zee, Amsterdam has locks for her harbor, so that winds can not blow the waters of the Zuider Zee and pile them up in Amsterdam's canals.

As we pushed merrily along we were continually surprised to note how much higher the canal was than the adjoining fields. In some cases I estimated our boat must be eight or ten feet above the land.

The dyke which protected the fields was only a few feet above the water in the canal and on top of the dyke was a paved road about 16 feet wide. There is no protection for auto or cyclist travel on this road, although on one side the driver might easily slide off into the canal, and on the other as easily tumble into a field 10 or 12 feet below the road. These Dutchmen don't dare drive while drunk.

Here again we noted how smart these Dutchmen are. Just as our farmers in the West have carried waters down from the mountains to irrigate and make fertile their arid lands, so the Dutch have built dykes around sections of the Zuider Zee and pumped the water out to make pasture lands for their stock.

These fields have little ditches running through them to keep the water drained from the ground. The small ditches empty into larger ones, from which the water is pumped by machinery out into the canals above them. No wonder we have the

saying: "That beats the Dutch," for one has to be very smart to do that.

THE "CLEANEST TOWN."

We came first to the little village of Broek, reputed to be the "cleanest town in the world." As we walked through its brick-paved streets, however, I noted little bunches of hay scattered here and there, and it wouldn't have taken a Daniel Boone to make sure that a cow had been along there before we came.

We visited a little dairy and cheese plant—makers of the celebrated Edam cheese. The little town of Edam is not far from Broek. This little dairy has 28 cows and employs five men to care for them and to make the cheese. We did not see the cows, as they were out on pasture, and that was a disappointment.

In Holland the cows are put out on pasture for six months and are not brought into the stalls. Then when they are put into their stalls in October they are not let out until spring comes again. There was no evidence of milking machines, but we were shown the equipment for squeezing the whey from the curd in making the cheese. We took a drink of buttermilk here, but it was not as sweet and nice as I supposed it might be.

COWS IN THE HOME.

The cow stalls are a part of the family home. They were as clean as a kitchen and gave no odor of any kind. The floors of them were covered with sand, and the walls were nicely painted. Behind the stalls they showed us a bed or two—a sort of box in the wall—where the workers sleep. When the cows occupy the stalls, the stalls are washed every day.

The Dutchman loves his cows. They are members of the family, and so he likes to have them close by him. Only a door separates these cow stalls from the living quarters of the family. We were glad to pay about 7c a glass for the buttermilk and tip the maid at the door as much more when we went out, for it was a privilege to see a model Dutch dairy. Dairy products, eggs and the like form the greatest part of Holland's exports.

Then we went to picturesque Vollandam on the shore of the Zuider Zee. It was Monday, and Monday is washday, even in Vollandam. As we approached we saw great lines of washing flying in the breeze along shore and on the main streets, between houses, on house tops and in many other places.

Evidently the populace were ready for tourists, for children and old folks were out in their wooden shoes and old fashioned Dutch costumes, ready to be photographed—for a fee. They presented themselves at every turn, beseeching the tourist to take their pictures—and many of us did.

The company walked about the interesting streets, some very narrow, some wider, noting the quaint old houses and the dress of the people. There were not as many gay colors in the clothes as we expected and nothing like those shown on their postcards,

yet the whole scene was most interesting.

THEY INTERMARRY.

From Vollandam we sailed the Zuider Zee to the island of Marken to see an even more unique and interesting settlement. As we approached we could see the town stand out clearly, there being scarcely a tree. I concluded they needed sunshine more than shade in this flat, watery land, so did not wish trees.

The people of Marken have a different style of dress from those of Vollandam. These Marken people have for generations refused to marry among people elsewhere and as a result the families are badly intermarried. It shows on their faces, all too many of them seeming dull or worse than dull.

However, the women and girls, dressed in their unique costumes, were out with their baskets of trinkets to get the tourists' money as well as a fee for pictures. The women cut the hair close on the back of the head and leave a long lock on each side, with short and stiff "bangs" over the forehead. Nearly all were of the blond type so common in Holland.

We went into the home of an old fisherman to see what it was like. All these people are fisher-folk. He had running water from a faucet—water pumped to the island from Amsterdam. His bed was a box in the wall where very little ventilation could be secured. The cottage seemed quite clean for an old "batch." The date 1738 was on the door of his house.

A row of modern, one-story brick buildings with red tile roofs was being erected along one side of a street, but we could not imagine who could afford to occupy them.

On the cruise back to Amsterdam we noted the colored sails on the fishing smacks. Some had white, brown and red; some white, black and brown; and some white and brown. I counted more than 90 ships of all kinds within sight on one side of our boat.

It was an interesting day for us, but we wondered what would become of these young Dutch boys and girls as they grow up under such begging practices as the tourist influence brings to them.

A CLEAN NATION.

The Dutch are a very clean people—their homes, their hotels, their places of business, their public buildings and their cities. In so low and damp a land with scarcely any natural drainage, it seems surprising that this is the case; but so we found it. I fear they would consider us quite dirty, especially in the care of our places of business.

Building, too, is no easy problem in Amsterdam and other Dutch cities. Here they sink thousands of piles into the mud, lay concrete upon these piles and build upon the concrete. I saw several splendid housing projects which have been erected during the past few years. They would be a credit to any city in their beauty of modern construction and comforts within.

In trying to get some more information about these projects I made two fruitless visits in the rain

to the city hall. As I walked along I heard a hurrying cyclist whistling loudly "After the Ball Is Over."

I found the city hall to be a large and very clean, businesslike structure with an unusual elevator at one end. This was an elevator which operated continuously without any attendant. The booths, or cars, were open on the side toward the lobby. As the elevator came slowly up, or down, you step into it and then step off when you come to the floor you wish.

At the entrance was a continually operating foot brush. It worked under an iron grate and brushed the mud or dirt from the bottoms of your shoes as you stepped upon it.

No one at the city hall could speak enough English to give me the information I wished, but in the statistical department they showed me figures which indicated the expenditure of some \$55,000,000 in these housing projects since they were begun, perhaps 10 years ago. They are for rent to workers, who pay about \$15 a month for a small apartment of about three rooms.

A REMBRANDT EXHIBIT.

While I was trying to learn something about Amsterdam housing, my lady was at the Ryks Museum seeing a notable exhibit of paintings by the Dutch painter, Rembrandt. Amsterdam was Rembrandt's home and they have a fine statue of him in a little park called "Rembrandt Plein."

This statue represents Rembrandt in a rather dejected and sorrowful mood. Such, indeed, was his lot in later life, for, although he is considered the world's greatest painter, or at least one of the few greatest, he was unappreciated in his time and died in poverty and neglect.

Rembrandt was the discoverer of the value of light and shadow in painting and it is this feature along with his great perfection in drawing and color, which made his portraits and other pictures the best ever produced.

Amsterdam's museum, one of the world's best, was celebrating in honor of Rembrandt by securing as many of his pictures as possible for exhibit. Mrs. Boys at once recognized one she had seen in the Chicago Art Museum—"The Girl In The Open Half Door." Others in this exhibit were "Peter Denying Christ;" "Ruth and Boaz;" "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," besides many portraits. All of these had those notable qualities of Rembrandt's art—perfection of detail, richness of color, and the faultless lights and shadows.

A REAL BREAKFAST.

It was in Holland that we were served breakfasts to delight an American, and which were representative of the many good and wholesome things there are to eat here.

In France and Belgium all one ever expected to get for breakfast, except on special order at extra cost, was coffee, bread and butter—very good bread and very good butter, however. But here in Am-

sterdam we were served coffee with hot milk, good bread and delicious butter, jam, eggs and cheese. The cheese was sliced very thin and is very good.

WE'RE GOING TO SWEDEN.

As we came north, the desire to visit Sweden increased, and here at Amsterdam we had the American Express Co. prepare railway and boat tickets for us from Berlin to Malmö, to Stockholm, and return via Oslo in Norway and Copenhagen in Denmark. The cost was much less than we expected, and we decided to subtract from our itinerary in doubtful Italy and add the Swedish trip. We look forward to this trip with much pleasure.

It was here at Amsterdam, also, that we bought our railway tickets through Germany in order to secure a 60 per cent reduction in the regular fare. Germany not only gives this big reduction on her railways, but she gives a further bid for tourists by allowing them to buy Reichsmarks outside of Germany at a reduction of about one-third. So we bought our railway tickets to all places we expected to visit in Germany and bought marks for all our other expenses, paying about 26c per mark when the exchange rate is about 40c.

READY FOR GERMANY.

Now we are ready to enter the land of Leader Hitler for a trip up the Rhine, Europe's most noted and historic river.

We left Amsterdam on the morning of Aug. 27 bound for Cologne. We must see the famous and beautiful Cologne Cathedral before starting the Rhine trip. There were two seats reserved in our compartment and at the next stop two men got on, both Dutchmen, one a young man and the other a middle aged man. They greeted each other and talked for some time in Dutch, then the older man pointed out to us a monstrous new bridge over the Rhine, and we got to talking, as he spoke English quite well.

He told us that he was bound for the Dutch East Indies, taking ship from Naples, and that the young man was booked to take the same ship. They had never met before. The young man was going out to make explorations in New Guinea for three oil companies.

Then the German customs officers came aboard and we wondered what careful examination would be made by them. One of them had all of us make a report of all money we had—take it out and let him count it. He listed it on a sheet of paper. It is not allowed to take more money out of Germany than you bring in. All I had was 5 marks, and as they did not take account of the checks, my report was soon over.

Pretty soon Mrs. Boys asked our Dutch friend when they would make the customs examination. "Oh, you made that long ago," he said. "The officer wanted to know whether you had any tobacco and I told him you didn't smoke," he said with a smile.

And that was all there was to our first examina-

tion by German customs officers.

"I don't understand how Holland kept out of the great war," said I to him, "although I have thought it was friendship between the two nations."

"No," said he, "it wasn't friendship at all. It was a well-trained army of 150,000 men. Germany could not have an army of that size on her flank when her armies went through Belgium. Belgium was unprepared."

CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

When we came to Cologne it was raining and we wondered how far we would have to go to see that wonderful cathedral. As we stepped out of the railway station there was the magnificent church right before us, rising to its majestic height and marvelous in its beauty.

We had about three hours before our train left for Bonn and we spent most of the time looking at the Cathedral outside and inside. As we were walking down the nave my lady happened to slip her hand through my arm (a thing she rarely does!), whereupon a guard in the church approached us and said:

"It is forbidden in the church."

We thanked him and all of us smiled.

Then we boarded a train and were soon at Bonn, taking a river steamer for Koenigswinter, where we spent our first night in Germany. At this little city are the Seven Mountains.

UP THE RHINE.

Our trip up the Rhine was made by steamer. We left the train at Bonn, as from here up to Heidelberg are found the magnificent scenery and most of the noted castles of the Rhine. We had bought our tickets for either rail or boat. For the greater part of two days we steamed up the Rhine amid "pleasures and palaces" which will stand out as among the most enjoyable of all on this "Journey in Europe."

At Bonn we stepped into a little hotel to get something to eat before our boat came to take us to Koenigswinter. The young man waiter, dressed in black with cutaway coat and white shirt with standup collar—as nearly all waiters do in Europe, whether the hotel or cafe is little or big, cheap or expensive—and the older man at the counter were much interested in us, so we began talking with them as best we could with our limited German vocabulary.

We learned that the great University of Bonn had about 1400 students; that business was poor, times were hard and not many American tourists were coming this way.

Since leaving England we find that people take us for English people and do not know we are from the United States until we tell them we are "Amerikaner." In England we were "spotted" at once as Americans, even before we opened our mouths. After we began talking there was no question in any Englishman's mind. But on the continent it is different. Americans come so seldom, especially to the smaller towns, that we are a curiosity.

Then our conversation turned to the Italo-Abysinian question and whether there would be war. The elder man warmed over the subject and expressed a strong hatred of Mussolini. He made the motions of spitting on his hand and throwing it to the floor, doing this two or three times to show his dislike for the Italian leader. The talk did not turn to Hitler and our boat soon came to take us about ten miles to Koenigswinter.

A MIGHTY RIVER.

On this trip up the Rhine I was astonished by three things about this historic European river: its great width and depth; its swiftness so far down from the Alps, where it rises; and the mighty traffic it carries.

Not only during the short ride to Koenigswinter, but during our whole trip up the Rhine I was continually surprised at the almost constant stream of large barges being towed up and down the river. These towing steamers would pull two, three, four, five and even six great barges piled with lumber, coal, machinery and other freight. These barges were towed by cables and were several rods apart, so that one group of boats would stretch a long distance on the river. Often two big barges were lashed side by side to bring the cargoes closer to the towing boat. Many times I saw three sets of these twin barges towed by one tug. Going down stream it was easy because of the swift current, but required great skill to keep the towed barges from sprawling clear across the river when a sharp bend was rounded. It was surprising, also to note how fast these mighty cargoes were pulled upstream.

Once our steamer encountered a great raft of logs being towed downstream. At a sharp bend the raft swung entirely across the river and our boat had to stop until they pulled the raft to one side of the channel again. There are many passenger steamers, large and small, on the river and they were nearly always well filled with passengers.

The Germans have walled the banks of the Rhine with stone almost its entire length in their country. This prevents washing of the land during floods and protects both farms and town property—makes certain that the river will remain where it is—and also adds to its general beauty.

At all wharves the piers are set on large steel pontoons which float on the water and are held in place by chains attached to the shore, both above and below. When the river rises the pier thus rises with it, being raised by its pontoons; and when the flood recedes the pier is back to normal position.

CASTLES GALORE.

The Rhine is another Hudson with the "added attraction" of dozens of castles enriched by hundreds of years of legend and history. If you have gone up or down the Hudson from Albany to New York, either by boat or auto, you can have a good picture of the Rhine. Place some 15 or 20 castles on the high bluffs above the Hudson, weave story and history about them and you have another Rhine.

But that is saying much, for the Hudson and the Rhine are counted among the world's most beautiful rivers.

Some of the Rhine castles are in ruins and a few have been repaired and are occupied by owners. One of the most magnificent belongs to former Kaiser Wilhelm, who at one time, it is said, owned 42 castles in Germany. These castles, like those we have seen in nearly every country, belong to the centuries before gunpowder was used in cannon; then castles became useless as a defense and with some exceptions were gradually abandoned.

On the second night we stopped at St. Goar, one of the most beautiful villages among the many which nestle at the edge of the mountains and so close to the river that it makes one think they might be pushed in at any minute. These villages are not cut off from the world, for they not only have the river traffic, but a railroad and a good auto road on each side of the river.

Nearly all the houses in these Rhine towns have red tile roofs, and these contrast with the green trees, grass and vineyards of the steep mountain sides and narrow lowlands along the river. The picture is indescribably beautiful.

VINEYARDS ON MOUNTAIN SIDES.

The steep mountain sides are covered with vineyards, the soil being held in place by stone walls. Some of you farmers who think you have not enough land and some of those statesmen who talk about "marginal" lands should see these mountain side vineyards. Seemingly every foot of dirt is walled in and grapevines planted. We saw men and women among the vines gathering grapes. The markets are full of these grapes and they are delicious, but not so cheap as one would suppose, the price ranging from 15c to 20c a pound in small quantities. They are small white grapes and the vines are not more than 4 or 5 feet high. The vines are cut back each season nearly to the ground.

I needed to cash a check in St. Goar so hunted the bank. I thought it should be easy in so small a place, but only succeeded in finding it in a lonesome street near the edge of the town, after several inquiries. I went up some steps to an entrance, then up some more into a hallway which led into the bank. An American banker would think they had done everything they could to get away from business.

They were very particular about examining my passport and asking other questions besides, before they would cash my reichsmarks checks. But in Cologne they cashed one with dispatch and little ceremony.

RHEINFELS CASTLE.

Just above St. Goar on the bluff are the ruins of Rheinfels castle, most extensive of their kind on the Rhine. We walked up the road to these ruins in the morning and got a magnificent view of the Rhine, although the winding of the river and high bluffs prevent an extended view either up or down stream.

This old castle was built about 1250 and was an invincible fortress of powerful counts until the army of the French Revolution went crashing through Europe overturning kings, empires and castles. They laid Rheinfels low and it has been only a ruin ever since.

A legend of love tragedy lingers with the ruins of Rheinfels castle. It is one of the many legends attached to these mediaeval strongholds.

Just across from St. Goar rises from the river's edge a perpendicular rocky mass which gave rise to the legend of "Die Lorelei," that mistress whose songs from the top of this rock at eventide so enchanted the fishermen on the river that they forgot their oars and were dashed to their death by the swift current at the foot of the crag.

There is also the story of the Mouse-Tower at Bingen. We saw this little tower on an island in the river. A dozen or more other legends reach to us out of the past of this romantic Rhine history and help us to understand better the life here during the early centuries in this beautiful land.

Along the entire course of this Rhine boat trip the scenery was so enchantingly pleasant that we were sorry when our boat docked at Mayence and we boarded a train for famous old Heidelberg.

IN HEIDELBURG.

We spent only the night and until one o'clock the next day in Heidelberg, being able to take a round-the-city tour in the forenoon which gave us what we desired here.

The guide was an oratorical and loquacious fellow, who explained things in French, German and English. "Heidelberg is a city of 85,000, one-third Catholic and two-thirds Protestant," he began. He pointed out a huge stadium on a mountain at the city's edge and told that here the Nazi government is busy working out plans for the relief of unemployment.

The trip took us along the Neckar river amid scenes of wooded mountains, river bridges, and red-roofed villages—scenes which rivaled those of the Rhineland. Then we came to Heidelberg castle, famous the world over. Famous it is for its monstrous wine vat, the "Heidelberg Tun," which holds 49,000 gallons of wine. We went down into the great cellar and saw this gigantic barrel, but, sad to relate, there hasn't been any wine in it since 1851.

From the walls of this old castle I looked down upon a church which is, perhaps, the most remarkable in the world—or rather the people who worship in it are the most remarkable. Both Catholics and Protestants worship in this church, the Catholics using the choir and the Protestants using the nave, a wall separating the two parts of the church. Why shouldn't they? Both worship the same God. Clustered against the walls of this church on both sides are many little shops, remains of a mediaeval custom.

More famous than any castle or wine vat, however, is Heidelberg University. Our guide proudly

told us that the university had 4,000 students, ONE-THIRD of whom are foreigners. This university was founded in 1386. It is the scene of the noted opera, "The Student Prince."

GERMAN FARMERS.

On the way to Freiburg we passed through a very fertile farming section, skirting the edge of the celebrated "Black Forest." In our compartment was a very nice looking and intelligent German, whom we soon learned lived at Freiburg. He was very glad we were going there. His little niece was with him and we noted her hair hung down in two braids as was the custom in America some 25 years ago. This custom is quite common among the little German girls.

I spent most of the time standing at the wide and open window seeing the farms and the mountains covered with dark evergreens, which give the name "black" to a very large area in southwestern Germany, known as the "Black Forest." There were many people at work in the fields, making hay, plowing, hoeing, gathering crops. Fully half of those working in the fields were women and girls. Frequently I saw a man and woman working side by side, each with a hoe.

There were very few horses, almost all the wagons and plows being pulled by oxen, or cows. All of these cattle were of the color of Jerseys, or a little darker.

The fields were rather long, narrow strips with only a furrow or little ditch between them. Many of these strips were in grass and it was haying time.

The grass is cut mostly with scythes. I saw only one or two horse-drawn mowers in this whole section. But how these boys could cut that grass with a scythe. The grass seemed quite short, and, no doubt, they were harvesting the second crop, but the smooth and close cutting was a surprise.

In these hay fields I noted a new contraption which might be of interest to our farmers. It is a sort of tripod made of poles and about the height of a man. The hay is piled on this tripod, which allows the air to circulate through and help dry the hay. In a wet season in Marshall county this idea might be useful, but ordinarily it is unnecessary, for our suns dry hay speedily. After the hay or oats is brought in these tripods may be seen scattered on the fields.

Farmers here use irrigation. I noted the ditches carrying water over the fields and saw a number of pastures covered with water. We could not learn with certainty from our German friend whether these farmers owned these little strips of land or were tenants.

LOVELY FREIBURG.

Arriving in Freiburg we found such a pleasant place to stay and so enjoyed the beauty of the surrounding mountains and the interesting buildings of the city that we stayed three days, even though we were anxious to get on to Geneva to be present during the crucial meeting of the League Council on Sept. 4.

As we go south and as the Italo-Abyssinian dispute drifts more certainly toward war, we are becoming anxious about our itinerary into Italy and about our ticket returning home on an Italian ship. We will learn all we can at Geneva and then decide whether to cancel our return ticket as well as our trip into Italy.

The beautiful river Dreisam flows through Freiburg and its banks are paved with stone, but they do not let all the water flow in the river channel. It flows through many of the city streets in gutters made specially for it, some small, some quite large. It reminded us of Salt Lake City.

The sidewalks of Freiburg are a curiosity. They are made with large oval gravel pebbles—stones from three to four inches across—which have been broken in two and laid with the flat edge up. Designs of various kinds have been worked into these walks, all of which were laid with a large amount of labor and skill.

We spent hours walking through the streets and looking at the many mediaeval buildings, which are surprisingly beautiful. Two of the old gates to the city still span important streets and are a continual source of interest, with their gilt clocks, paintings on their outside walls, and with the unique glazed tile roofs of their towers.

In Switzerland

THE ROAD TO GENEVA.

Ahead of us lay the bewitching land of the Swiss, of increased interest today because of the League of Nations headquarters at Geneva. It was Sept. 4 when we left Freiburg, and Geneva was our goal, even though there were interesting cities on the way. We had been misinformed about the time the train left Basel and had three hours there, which we used to good advantage in getting an idea of the city.

The market place was a riot of color and action, and the old town hall, built of red sandstone, was a curiosity, with its great paintings on the front and on the walls of its inner court.

In passing out of Germany we had no difficulty at all, either with the German officers as to our money or with the Swiss as to our baggage.

The train to Geneva was a delight. Pulled by electricity, it was as "clean as a pin" and wound through valleys, around mountains, through many tunnels, past lakes and red-roofed villages, the whole presenting a panorama of beauty which I believe may not be found elsewhere.

Swiss farms covered the valleys and reached up the mountain sides, occupying every acre of ground which was not covered by forest. Cattle, sheep and goats feeding on the mountains added interest to the picture. Swiss farmers use mostly horses and they plow deeper than do the French and Dutch. They protect their steep lands from erosion by forests and pasture, and by walling up the streams, so they can not wash away their banks.

Coming out of a tunnel just east of Lausanne a magnificent view of Lake Geneva and its closely surrounding mountains burst upon us. Down the steep mountain side from the train to the red-roofed villages along the lake were tier on tier of vineyards, the ground being held in place by many stone walls, as along the Rhine. It was a scene of marvelous beauty.

SHE LIKES HITLER.

While I was drinking in all I could of this land, my lady had engaged in conversation part of the time with a German woman from Hamburg, who had read many English books and spoke English fluently. Switzerland, she said, was the only foreign country where Germans were allowed to travel. A few are permitted to come to Switzerland because the balance of trade is in Germany's favor. This is because Switzerland buys all her coal from Germany—from the Saar. However, the Swiss have notified Germany that they have enough coal, and so, to keep the right trade balance, Germans must stop traveling even there. This woman had secured her ticket and letters of credit just in time to make the journey.

She was an admirer of Adolf Hitler. "He is an honest man and is trying to do all he can for the mass of the German people," she said. "There were some dishonest politicians with him at the start, but he has gotten rid of them. I did not approve his plans at first but came to believe that he is right and doing a wonderful thing for Germany. Formerly we had many minds and many thoughts, but now nobody but Hitler expresses any opinion."

GENEVA AND THE LEAGUE.

We arrived in Geneva a half hour after the League of Nations public meeting, so there was no chance for us to get in. The hall was crowded long before the time arrived. The next day there was no session.

Geneva is much worth a visit if it had never been made the center of the world's efforts to settle international disputes without war, for it is a most beautiful and modern city. We took a round-the-city sight-seeing coach the next day and the guide said:

"Geneva is a city of 160,000 people and 44,000 bicycles." He may have overestimated the population, but he must have had the number of bicycles about right, judging by the number on the streets each day. However, Geneva is a very bright, clean, beautiful, modern city with a history which has made itself felt around the world.

Here in Geneva is where John Calvin preached and founded his creeds. We saw the church where he preached for 15 years and also where John Knox followed with similar doctrines. We wandered afoot around this old part of the city, where not only religious but political liberty was fought for and attained.

At the foot of the hill on which the old city hall was built is a little park in front of Geneva University, and on the hillside wall of the park is the Monument of the Reformation, most remarkable of

its kind in the world. It stretches along the wall for, perhaps, ten rods and represents by statues and inscriptions the history of the struggles for religious and political freedom from 1536 to 1602. In the center are the figures of Calvin, Ferel, Beze and Knox. In front is a moat of water bordered by a little green hedge.

A MEMORIAL TO WILSON

Did you know they had dedicated the League of Nations building as a memorial to Woodrow Wilson? They have. This building surrounded by trees and shrubbery, is on Quai Woodrow Wilson, a most beautiful boulevard along the lake, rivaling and reminding us of notable Princes street in Edinburgh. On a plaque attached to the fence in front of this building is this inscription:

"In Memory of
Woodrow Wilson
President of the United States
Founder of the League of Nations
City of Geneva."

We stood in front of this building and wondered at the record of history. Here is a boulevard named for a President of the United States, a building dedicated to him as a memorial in honor of his founding of the League of Nations—and yet the United States not even a member of the League!

As we walked the streets of this beautiful city, admiring its buildings, the clear waters of its lake, its fountains and parks, the majestic Savoie Alps stretching along in the south with Mont Blanc raising its snowy peak in the distance, we could not help wishing that this League of Nations by some concerted power would prevent the Italian war on Abyssinia.

A PALACE FOR PEACE.

Whether the League fails in this critical effort or not, it is building a grand new palace for its work and meetings not far from its present quarters. As we left Geneva by boat I took some pictures of it, standing out white and majestic among the green trees. Work has been carried forward on it for five years and they expect to complete it this year. The cost is to be \$16,000,000.

U. S. CONSUL'S ADVICE.

We went to the U. S. Consul to learn what we could about the Italian situation to determine whether we should change our itinerary and possibly cancel our return voyage on the Italian ship.

The consul, Mr. Blake, was very nice; took time to talk to us about the matter. He was in a position here to contact representatives of many nations and what he told us was the result of his information gathered from many sources.

He advised us that it would not be wise to travel in Italy, for it would be unpleasant at least on account of the feeling against England and the known sympathies of the United States. He would not cancel the reservation on the ship, however, he said.

Then he told of a visit to him by an American

woman whose daughter had married an Italian. This Italian had served five years in the army and had just been called to go to Abyssinia. The wife and mother were all broken up about it, but there was nothing they could do. The mother-in-law had just talked to the soldier over the telephone and bid him goodbye. He had told her there would be war; that all Italy expected war. He was going to the front—and probably would never come back.

We cancelled our itinerary into Italy then and there. We would watch Geneva for possible peace before we cancelled our passage on the Savoia.

IN "EUROPE'S PLAYGROUND."

Sailing away from Geneva over the lake of the same name we realized fully why Switzerland is called the "Playground of Europe." Its mountains and lakes give opportunity for sports of the most rugged or gentile kind, while entrancing beauty constantly encircles the pleasure seekers.

Switzerland has done her part to attract tourists. She has built fine railroads, auto roads, hikers' trails, erected grand hotels on mountain tops and constructed cog car tracks up the steep slopes to them. Nature has done the rest.

As we plowed the clear, greenish waters of Lake Geneva, invigorated by the pure air of the high altitude, our pleasure was at its height. Those numerous red-roofed villages at the water's edge; steep mountains rising from the lake; vineyards, forests, pastures covering all the land; with an occasional snow-capped mountain shining above the lower ranges—these and more others than can be told make Switzerland a land of charm such as only the traveler through it can appreciate.

Among such scenes we went to Montreux and to the ancient Castle of Chillon, made famous by Byron's "The Prisoner of Chillon." Yes, we saw the very stone pillar where the prisoner was bound and the very ring which held his chains, as the waters of the lake, 300 feet deep here, slapped against the stone walls of the castle. Read the poem and you will want to see the castle, or see the castle and you will want to read the poem.

In Berne, capital of this oldest and sturdy little republic, we saw more soldiers than we had seen in any country on our journey. I asked one of these boys about it and he said they were part of a body of 40,000 just returning from the annual army training. Switzerland has 400,000 soldiers, he said, and I had this substantiated later.

There are 4,000,000 people in Switzerland, a Swiss gentleman said, and we have 400,000 soldiers.

"It's the only way we can be safe," he said earnestly. That is one in every 10 of the population, I figured. If the United States had that ratio we should have an army of 12,000,000.

We were delighted with Berne and its people. As we walked its streets we happened to come to its famous clock tower, where at noon every day the clock makes animals run around, a little golden man strikes the chimes, the rooster crows, an old man wiggles his beard and moves his wand and a bear

wags his head. Then the clock strikes 12.

What pains, what labor and what wealth these mediaeval peoples expended in erecting ornamental and beautiful buildings and fantastic creations.

INTERLAKEN AND WILHELM TELL.

If you "kids" will get your maps of Switzerland and find the little town of Interlaken (pronounced In-ter lock-en, accent first syllable), at the eastern end of Lake Thun, I will tell you the story of Wilhelm Tell, which we saw played here in the open air before a crowd of some 2,000 people one Sunday afternoon.

At every point in Switzerland we had been looking for statues or tablets or something about William Tell, but had seen nothing. Here in this noted resort town of Interlaken, however, we found a community which has, for the past four years, devoted itself to giving the play "Wilhelm Tell" each week during the entire summer.

They have built a frame grand stand with steel supports, erected a church, cottages and houses of the time of Wilhelm Tell, leaving a large open space between the grandstand and these buildings for the performance of the play. About 350 local people, with cattle, horses and goats, take part. The place is located at the foot of a wooded mountain at the edge of the town, where all is appropriate for the play.

That morning we walked about four miles through a thick woods to an old castle, from which point we got grand views of the snow-covered peaks of Mt. Eiger, Mt. Moench and the Jungfrau, the last being one of the most noted peaks in the Alps. Leading up to these peaks was one of the most entrancingly beautiful valleys—green trees and pastures, several little villages with red-roofed cottages, a church or two standing out as marks of honor.

On the way out we heard what we thought were the chimes of church bells, but as we came nearer we saw it was a few cows, grazing, each one wearing a large bell. As they cropped the grass the bells pealed forth their silvery notes, the sound carrying far up the valley. That afternoon we saw these same cows with their bells in the play of "Wilhelm Tell."

The story of Tell and the apple, as told by the noted German poet Schiller, is a patriotic play depicting the struggle of the Swiss people for political freedom. William Tell was an early hero who defied the tyrannies of the Austrian rulers. It is an epic play of powerful emotion, of tragedy, love and patriotic fervor, coming to a climax when Tell shoots the apple from his little son's head.

After this remarkable feat of archery, the Austrian ruler, Gesler, sees another arrow in Tell's belt and asks him why he has that arrow. "If I had killed my son, I would have killed you with that other arrow," Tell replies. A little later in the play Tell does kill Gesler and so rids Switzerland of its tyrant; and the people of the three cantons of Uri, Unterwalden and Schwyz join hands in the beginning of the Swiss Republic.

This union was made in 1291 and was the be-

ginning of the present Swiss Republic which is composed of 22 cantons.

The play was given in German. It was a grand exhibition of the early history of Switzerland, played in the open with soldiers and people dressed in the styles of the day of William Tell, with fine horses, cattle and goats, all portraying in very realistic fashion Schiller's great epic play. Some Swiss yodeling added a fine touch. The outbursts of applause at the crucial parts of the play showed the strong patriotism of the Swiss people.

As we walked back to our hotel we felt that these people in Interlaken were doing a finer thing by giving this play than if they had erected a monument to their national hero, for they are bringing to the present generation, both to their own people and to thousands of tourists, the renewed story of how Switzerland won her first victories for freedom.

OVER A MOUNTAIN.

The next morning we left Interlaken on a nice little steamer for Brienz on the lake of that name, and thence by train to the historic city of Lucerne. Beauties of scenery in lake, mountains, waterfalls, villages, vineyards, woodlands and farms equalled or exceeded all we had seen.

Soon after leaving Brienz, our train began backing up the side of a mountain on a cog railway. The locomotive pushed and chugged slowly upward, as we looked out on a glorious panorama. At the top was a little town and a large hotel.

Several people got off the train here wearing hiking costumes, including those heavy, hobnailed shoes for mountain climbing worn by both men and women. They had also the Alpine axes, which have a sharp point on the handle end and a small ax blade on the other.

Then we began to cog down on the other side of the mountain, during which journey all we had seen was eclipsed by the marvelously beautiful valley which opened before us.

At one place in a lake some larger than Pretty lake, we saw a great spring gushing up in a dome of water, perhaps 20 feet or more in circumference. I was able to get a picture of a little patch of this beauty at Giswil. Here the people have walled the river and given it a smooth, crescent bend through the place leaving a perfectly flat field of green for pasture. A little church sat upon a mound near the center of the village.

HITLER A PLAIN MAN.

It was on this part of our trip that a German lady told us an interesting story about Adolf Hitler, German Chancellor.

Hitler is a man of simple habits, said she; honest of purpose and working always for the good of the mass of the German people. He heard that some of his official family were indulging in extravagant banquets and carousals. Learning where one of these was being held, Hitler went there alone, burst in upon the company and said:

"I do not approve of this kind of thing." Where-

upon he grabbed the table cloth and pulled dishes, food and all upon the floor. Turning to the waiter he said:

"Send the bill for damages to me," and stalked out of the room.

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

Some of our people who went to the World's Fair last year saw in the Swiss exhibit a replica of the "Lion of Lucerne." We saw the original of this famous sculpture in Lucerne. It was larger and much more impressive than the copy at Chicago.

This lion is carved in a solid and perpendicular wall of rock near the edge of the city. The lion is pierced to death by an arrow, and represents the death of the Swiss guards who died in Paris defending the palace of the Tuileries in 1792 against the revolutionary mob.

The inscription underneath is in French, for French is the most used language in Switzerland. In the north part they speak mostly German, in the south part mostly Italian and in the west section mostly French.

If you lived in Switzerland you would have to learn at least three languages to get along. There is also a sort of Swiss language which is a mixture of all these. We got along nicely with what we knew of German and French.

Through Lucerne the river Reuss flows swiftly out of Lake Lucerne. We wandered afoot over two ancient covered wooden bridges which are still used to cross this river. They were built about 400 years ago and are so unusual that they are always a sight for tourists. On each of these two bridges there are paintings on many panels under the roofs and above the traveler. On one bridge these paintings warn of the certainty of death and show the reaper overtaking and calling to himself kings, soldiers, priests and common people. These pictures are known as the "Dance of Death." Midway in the bridge is a little chapel and altar before which many stop to pray. These paintings gave Longfellow the theme for his poem "Golden Legend."

TELLS OF ITALY.

That night we spent in Zurich which is Switzerland's largest city—170,000. It is bright, clean, new and modern, with a great business energy. It was all we could do here to decide not to buy some of the most exquisite Swiss hand-carved woodwork imaginable. Perhaps the difficulty of carrying it was the deciding factor. Swiss watches, also, were a temptation which we resisted.

Then we boarded the train for Romanshorn on Lake Constance, where we were to say goodbye to delightful and lovable Switzerland.

We happened to sit in the same compartment with an intelligent lady who had spent most of her life in Italy and knew a great deal about present conditions in Rome. One thing she told us was that 7,000 people had died in Rome of typhus fever (our typhoid), caused by impure milk.

One firm had been given the right to receive and distribute all milk to Rome. By carelessness in

handling the milk the infection had developed. The government clapped 30 of the milk company officials into jail, charging them with murder, thus holding them as responsible for the 7,000 deaths as though they had killed these people with guns.

She told us, also, about Italian soldiers going away to war. Women, she said, were crying, screaming and tearing their hair in the streets, so much did they dread to see their loved ones go.

These stories, coming so direct from Italy, were not encouraging to us to go to Italy.

BACK IN GERMANY.

At Romanshorn we took a steamer across Lake Constance to the German town of Landau, thence by train to Munich. The conductor was a tall and jolly fellow. When he came to our compartment he noted at once that we were Americans and called out "Munich," smiling at the joke, for the Germans know it as "Munchen."

Our fine express train was making few stops and carrying us through a mountainous section almost as picturesque as Switzerland. There was much forest-covered area, and large farms in the open land. Toward evening we saw several deer in the fields, at one place a dozen or more.

It was haying time—wild grass, not timothy or clover—and men and women were in the fields turning it over with forks, piling it, or hauling it in. This is their second crop. There were many cattle in the pastures. The farm houses were very large, part of them being used, in many cases, as stable-room for the cattle and horses or for hay.

THEY LOVE FLOWERS.

Through here, as in Switzerland, we noted the love of flowers. Notwithstanding the scarcity of land and need for growing foodstuffs, these European people always use some of their precious land for growing flowers. We saw the little purple heather, begonias, cosmos, goldenrod, China asters, geraniums, petunias and beautiful roses.

Window boxes of flowers adorn the sides of most houses and of many business buildings. These window boxes add greatly to the beauty of residences, apartment houses and business blocks.

It is easier for these people to have window boxes of flowers because they have few flies and no mosquitoes and so do not have screens. In the United States where screens must be used it is difficult to cultivate flowers in window boxes, and our climate is not so favorable for their growth as in the cooler and more moist climate of Europe. However, these flowers, in gardens and window boxes, are an ever present source of joy to the traveler. It makes us wish we could have more of them in our country.

HE DEFENDED HITLER.

On the train we were fortunate in getting into a compartment with a genial and kindly man who said he was a lawyer in Munich. With his limited English and our limited German we carried on quite a conversation regarding the Hitler government and other matters.

Asked if he knew Hitler, he said he defended Hitler and Frick when they were charged with treason for their abortive attempt at Munich in 1923, to get control of the government. "In that trial Hitler sat on one side of me and Frick on the other," he said.

When we told him we were going to Nuremberg, he said, "You are not allowed to go there," and explained that it was because of the great rally of the National Socialist Labor party there and that there would not be accommodations for any other people. Nuremberg, with a population of about 500,000, must entertain more than that number of soldiers and party men and their families during the coming week. Other people must stay away.

This spoiled our plans again but we had Munich to "do" first. News from Geneva was worse each day and nobody believed war could be averted. All said Italy was determined to attack Abyssinia.

The lawyer told us many interesting things about Hitler. He is a very plain and honest man, said he. His whole purpose and life are devoted to helping the German people. He does not take any salary from the state; his party pays him. He lives simply, even abstemiously, with his sister; does not drink or smoke, works very hard.

Germany has suffered a great deal since the war, he continued, and repeated feelingly: "You can't imagine how our people have suffered. O, how they did suffer! The men were in the army and not enough food could be raised because there were no people to farm the land. The treaty of Versailles bore down heavily on their spirit. Adolf Hitler came as a sort of deliverer to this downcast people. He has put spirit into their souls and songs into their mouths."

HOME ON MANHATTAN.

In Munich one of our first acts was to cancel our return trip ticket on the palatial Italian ship Savoia and to purchase other tickets on the U. S. liner Manhattan. We will board the Manhattan at Le Havre, France, on Oct. 24, and arrive in New York, Oct. 31.

We had already decided to cancel our trip into Italy. Instead, we shall go from Vienna to Strasbourg, Verdun, Reims and Paris, thence to Le Havre. Henceforth, you can think of us as coming home on an American boat, with no danger of having our journey delayed because the government has commandeered our boat for the war, nor of having the ship stopped at Gibraltar by the British lion.

But it is a disappointment not to see Italy, the French Riviera, Spain and Gibraltar.

AMONG THE BAVARIANS.

At Munich we happened into a delightful rooming and boarding place (they call them pensions in Europe). Here were students, teachers, travelers for study and pleasure (like ourselves) and one American lady who is making her home in

Munich because she likes it.

One young lady, a teacher of chemistry in New York University, arrived shortly after we did. She told us that she came over on a Belgian freight ship. There were only 12 passengers allowed, and they had a splendid time. The rate on such ships, she said, is only \$150 for a round trip. It takes longer than a regular passenger boat, but there is no disagreeable vibration as in the big ships. She will study in the university here for several months.

An Englishman and his wife were two interesting travelers. He seemed to be socialistically inclined, had little good to say of England but much good for Germany. They spoke kindly of Russia and criticized the capitalist system as a machine which had broken down and there was no use trying to repair it.

When I suggested that the driver of the machine may have been at fault instead of the machine, they were somewhat taken aback and did not know what to say. "I think it was the fool driver who ran the machine into the ditch," said I. "You can't blame the machine for that."

WHO SUPPORTED HITLER.

The American lady had developed a great admiration for Adolf Hitler and usually had some new good thing to tell about him at each meal. "There are a lot of Catholic priests from here in jail for talking in church against the government," she said. "The government officers do not report these priests; it is their own people, who attend the churches, who report them," she said.

"Hitler is not apposed to the Catholic religion, for he is a Catholic himself," she continued. "But he insists that the Catholic priests must keep out of politics and confine themselves to religion and the church. Munich is about 75 per cent Catholic and these priests have always controlled the political offices. When Hitler began his campaigns he declared against churchmen in politics; said that all these priests wanted the offices for was to serve their own selfish interests; that they cared nothing for the welfare of the people. He declared they should attend to their religious duties and let politics alone."

"On this plea," she said, "the Catholic people, as well as the others, flocked to Hitler's banner and put him into power."

I learned that there are no local elections but that Hitler appoints the mayor of all the cities, and through them all the minor city officers. It looked like a well-oiled American political machine. A protestant was appointed mayor of Munich. This is Hitler's "own home town."

MUNICH HOUSING PROJECTS.

I went to the city hall one day to learn about their housing projects, and after wandering about the hallways for some time I finally found the office of the engineer and architect. The young man was very courteous and efficient. He gave me a pamphlet with a map showing where the projects are and how they were carried out. Then he left his office and

accompanied me all the way down to the street to show me which car to take to reach the project I wanted to see.

I visited the place that afternoon and saw some very beautiful cottages, all white with tinted or red tile roofs, each with a good yard in front and fine garden behind. The lots were 65 or 70 feet wide. The streets were paved, sidewalks built and a general park and playground is laid out for the children of the settlement.

The location is a suburb of Munich and convenient to factories. A public telephone with a shelter, all built of glass and steel, stands at the side of a street. There may have been some 50 to 75 homes in this project and it is a beautiful and homelike settlement.

To acquire a home one must pay at least \$200 down, and from \$12 to \$15 per month. He pays out in 20 years.

A three-room house with toilet, basement and storeroom above costs about \$1250. A 5-room house costs about \$1600, and a 7-room house about \$2000.

He must also prove himself worthy and agreeable to the community, and, it was quite clearly put in the pamphlet, that he must be of the right (Hitler) political faith to get in on this project.

A CITY OF ART.

Munich is a city of art—the chief art center of Germany—and its people pride themselves in this fact. They have one of the most noted art galleries of Europe. Kings of Bavaria very early began gathering the best paintings and now the city has them, attracting thousands of tourists every year for that alone.

While I was looking at the housing, my lady was devouring the art gallery, making the "Old Pinakothek" her headquarters. Later she showed some of the greatest pictures to me, delivering a running lecture about them as we went along. I think this is much the best way to study art.

These Bavarians and Swabians are a proud and fine looking people. The men are large and tend toward a swarthy complexion; the women are attractive, but have more of the Roman stateliness than of beauty.

The custom of wearing "shorts" is very common here among the men. These abbreviated breeches, coming half way to the knee, are frequently of a suede leather and sometimes decorated with colored embroidery. Sox are worn coming to below the knee, where a tassel hangs. In his green hat he wears a feather or two or a stiff beard taken from the Chamois, one of which he must have killed before he is supposed to wear this tassel. He is a striking figure, whether walking the streets with his knapsack on his back or riding his bicycle.

MARIONETTES AND BEER.

On a Sunday afternoon we went to see that show of the marionettes, famed the world around. It is given in a little theater which holds not more than 200 people. The play was "Hansel and Gretel"

and those behind the scenes manipulated the strings to bring the little "Manneken" upon the stage and make them speak and act, each his part. Most of the audience were children and it was a jolly show for them.

When the show was over it was raining, and as we waited for the end of the shower we chanced to talk with an American lady, a teacher from Milwaukee. We wanted to go to the Hofbrau, famed for its Munich beer, and as she had been there, and also spoke German much better than we did, the three of us went together.

Entering the ground floor room we found it filled by people of the rank and file. They sat on board benches at board tables and enjoyed themselves drinking beer, eating, talking, and smoking. The room was a haze of smoke and rumble of voices, as buxom women hurried about serving large mugs (schooners) of beer. Men and women were there, sometimes the children with them. They could bring their own lunch if they wished and buy only the beer. But they sat a long time at the tables, enjoying the evening together.

We went upstairs where the better-to-do people were served, in large glasses instead of china mugs. If I only liked beer as these Germans do, or even as many Plymouth people do, I could have had a grand good time with this famous Munich "black" beer. But it was only an experience for me. The famous Munich "schwartz" beer was too bitter to be enjoyed and my brave pal could do little more than take a few sips of her glass. No doubt those buxom women waitresses wondered what sort of mortals we were.

But the ham sandwiches were delicious, although they don't make "sandwiches" at all in this country. They lay two or three slices of very thin boiled ham on a slice of bread or half a bun and call it a sandwich.

ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE.

The influence of Italian architecture is very noticeable in Munich. The chief street, Ludwig, is lined with buildings in the plain Italian style, and these Bavarians talk of "Ludwigstrasse" as one of the most beautiful streets in the world. It was hard for me to see its beauty, but no doubt that is because I don't know much about architecture. However, the more I saw the street the better it looked.

We were walking down this street one day when we saw a curious spectacle. Two soldiers on guard at a public building were standing at attention—like statues. People passing by this spot gave the Hitler salute as they passed. Even people on the other side of the street, and those riding by on bicycles, gave the salute. We watched this for a time, and I estimated that fully three-fourths of those who passed gave the salute.

Giving the salute there meant that these people were supporters of Hitler and the present National Socialist Democratic Labor Party.

It was at this spot in 1923 that Hitler's revolu-

tionary force was fired on by the police and about 16 killed. Hitler and his followers had at that time expected to take control of the government. They had the promise of the police not to oppose them and thought they were secure in marching to the government house and taking control. However, the police changed their minds and when the Hitler party approached, fired upon them, killing several and frustrating the plan.

Those who were killed in that attempt are looked upon today as martyrs to the party cause. The guard is posted every day in front of the memorial, flowers are contributed, and Hitler people salute as they pass.

THE "BROWN HOUSE."

The sight-seeing bus drove around "King's Place" and the guide said something about a "Brown House" and Hitler which I did not understand. Later I learned that this unpretentious house was the place where the National Socialist Democratic Labor Party was formed, and is today used as the national headquarters. It is not a brown house, but a deep buff, or almost yellow, which is a predominating color in the architecture of this city.

Later I approached the building and snapped a picture of it, as the two sentries kept guard, but did not have time to go in and learn more about the mammoth office buildings which the party is erecting next to the "Brown House." Work is going forward on two large wings of white stone.

In front of this party head quarters building a large square has been paved. It will hold, perhaps, 10,000 people.

THE ORCHESTRA PLAYS.

The town clock at Berne, where the animals play hide-and-seek when the clock strikes, is outdone at Munich. Here the great clock in the city hall plays its chimes for 15 minutes from 9:00 o'clock a. m. and one o'clock p. m. each day.

We stood on the sidewalk with several hundred people, saw and heard the unique performance. An orchestra played for the king and queen standing above them. Three different sets of figures perform, one above the other as the chimes ring. The figures are much larger than those at Berne and the performance lasts longer.

Then we packed our grips for Augsburg, Dinkelsbuhl and Nuremberg.

IN AUGSBURG.

We went to Augsburg, Dinkelsbuhl and Nuremberg to see the old houses—houses of mediaeval build which are still used as dwellings and business places. Augsburg, a city of 150,000; Dinkelsbuhl, a city of the same size as Plymouth; and Nuremberg, a city of over half a million, all are famed for these charming old buildings. Tourists flock to them solely to admire—and we flocked also.

In two of the cities, modern business has encroached upon the mediaeval, but in Dinkelsbuhl buildings and the community life are much the same as in the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries.

We spent several hours in Augsburg, wandering about its streets where the choicest old houses are. There is a city hall of interest. We saw the "Gold Room," a large hall decorated in real gold. There are no pillars, for the ceiling is hung to the roof by chains. In the corners of each room are stoves made of clay and connected to a chimney in the wall. These stoves are 12 to 14 feet high and must have been a wonderful improvement over the fireplaces of that day. Nobody knows how they were made.

Augsburg was founded by the Romans 15 B. C., and in the Middle Ages became a powerful business and political city, mostly through the operations in manufacturing, business and banking of the Fugger brothers. These very astute Fuggers controlled kings and national policies by their money and influence.

Another thing they did which remains to this day to bless their memory. They built and maintained, away back in their day, what were then and are now known as the Fuggerei—houses for the care and comfort of old and disabled servants and employes of the Fugger families and of the large woolen mills which they operated. These woolen mills formed the foundation of the Fugger fortunes. Augsburg is still noted for its woolen mills.

We walked to the Fuggerei, where the original 53 stone houses are still used by the aged and infirm. Over the little gateway leading to the court are the names of Vladimar and Jacob Fugger, and the date of 1519. On request we were invited into one of the little homes. It was as "clean and neat as a pin," with plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and a little yard for flowers, besides the paved court.

An old lady told us there were 106 homes in the 53 houses. A single person has one room, but a man and wife have two living rooms and a kitchen. She said these houses were let at very low rental to the poor, the old people, invalids, soldiers, and those having no protection otherwise.

THE FARMERS.

Through this part of the country we saw many cattle and sheep. There were no scattered farm houses such as we have, but the homes of the farmers are clustered in little villages. These little villages seemed only about a mile or two apart in some sections where the land was level and good.

Cattle were used instead of horses to draw wagons and plows. Both men and women were working in the fields. The men wear aprons at their work. I believe if you farm women in Marshall county could get your men to wear aprons, you wouldn't have to patch so many pants.

SAW STORK'S NEST.

As we walked about Dinkelsbühl we saw a stork's nest. It was on the top of a chimney at the top of one of the 21 towers of this walled city and was a flat circle of sticks. I asked a bright little girl about it and she said there were four such nests in the city; that the storks began coming three years ago and have been coming back each summer. I suggest that some of you folks who need the services of a

stork should make a pilgrimage to this town of Dinkelsbühl.

ASTONISHING BEAUTY.

We had arrived in Dinkelsbühl at night, and put up at an inn over 400 years old. When we stepped out the next morning and looked up one of the streets the beauty of the place made us gasp. The broad highway was lined on both sides by those quaint old houses with their projecting stories, fantastic gables and old hanging business signs, the whole being adorned by numerous flower boxes at the windows and balconies.

A farmer came by with his team of oxen, walking by their side with his whip. The wagon rumbled over the cobblestone pavement. There are no sidewalks, the stone pavement reached to the building in a slight upward curve at the edges. There are stone steps leading into the stores and homes.

The old stone towers and gateways are still there and one has to pass through the gateway arch to get into the city, for the high wall still stands. On the outside of one of these towers we read this inscription:

"Think of the disgraceful peace of Versailles and the black shame." (But we did not see this or any similar sign anywhere else.)

We could not tire looking at these charming old buildings with their red tile roofs and fronts in many colors. Looking down our street we saw one front of a greenish color, another of red, another of brown, another of yellow, another of blue, one of green, and in addition to these colors were the beautiful flowers in windows and balconies.

Dinkelsbühl is proud of its ancient charm and preserves it carefully, for it is her source of a great tourist business. If any property owner starts to tear down or change his building, the town officials are right there to tell him what he may and may not do. They are preserving Mediaeval Dinkelsbühl.

IN NUREMBERG.

We rolled into Nuremburg just as the 700,000 Hitlerites were rolling out. Had we come a day sooner, there would have been no place where we could have lain our heads. The city was gay with numerous Swastika flags—the new German banner—the streets filled with soldiers in three different kinds of uniform, and all was excitement. The party had just completed its greatest annual national meet.

As soon as we secured a room we walked through the crowded streets, watching groups of soldiers and "Hitler men" marching to the station or taking lorries or buses for home.

We were also keen to make note of the unusual bay windows on the fronts of the business blocks. These were in stone or wood, many of them having statues and other ornaments at all possible places. Along the river and in the thronged market place we saw these picturesque old houses, showing to us of the 20th century, the homes and business places of those of the 16th century.

That night as we were eating supper a young "Hitler man," dressed in the deep tan uniform, came in to say goodbye to some friends. As he entered he gave the Hitler salute and said (in rather a low voice) "Heil Hitler!" On leaving he gave the same salute and the same "Heil Hitler!"

The next day the work of taking down the elaborate decorations went rapidly forward. A group of "arbeit men" (like our CCC boys) passed us marching at a brisk step and singing a lively song which gave the time for their march. A little later we saw them carrying chairs, removing a platform and other equipment used in the celebration.

We boarded a train for the great city of Berlin, from where we planned to make at once our journey through Sweden, Norway and Denmark.

Into The Northland

We were very glad to extend our journey into the Scandinavian peninsula, even though it was a hurried one and did not cover many places. One of the last persons to talk to me about this trip was a big tall Swede friend of mine at Donaldson, John P. Freeman. He urged me to go to Sweden, said he was born in Malmo.* Also, I knew that Fred Jensen would never be satisfied unless we went to Denmark.

So our round trip took us first to Malmo, then to Stockholm, next to Oslo, Norway; then down to Copenhagen, the capital and chief city of Denmark.

It was a railway journey of several hours from Berlin to Sassnitz—last German city on the Baltic sea.

The scenery was uninteresting. The land is quite level all the way and seemed to become poorer as we approached the Baltic. Farms were large and farmers were using horses instead of cattle for farm work.

From Sassnitz a ferry steamer carried us to Malmo. It was a rough ride of four hours, and you can be sure we were mighty glad when it was over. A stiff wind blew out of the southwest, causing our boat to pitch and roll in a most exasperating way. Nearly every passenger was lying down or sitting in a steamer chair doing his best to weather the journey.

Both of us had that queer, dizzy, headachy, nauseating feeling and thought every minute we were going to succumb to a real seasickness, but we managed to pull through intact, with our too large a dinner still aboard. The woozy feeling, however, stayed by us for a day or two.

The night was spent in Malmo, an important seaport of Sweden. Here I learned that I must apologize to Great Britain for saying they were the only nation on earth to drive on the left hand side of the road. The Swedes do the same thing—and I

thought the Swedes knew better than that. I learned, too, that they also drive on the left hand side of the road in Czechoslovakia, part of Austria, and in Hungary.

Malmo is a bright, clean city, with a solidly built brick and stone market house, a large public square with a bronze statue, a historic city hall and an interesting church, St. Peters.

STOCKHOLM.

It was a long ride to Stockholm but we found the country interesting, as the electric-powered train took us across a land which reminded us of northern Michigan. Sweden and Norway have no coal and they, like Switzerland, are equipping their state-owned railways to be run by electricity. Most of the lines are already run by electricity, though the roadbeds are not very level. Sweden and Norway have an abundance of water power for the production of electricity and this form of power will be cheaper than imported coal. I learned that they also furnish electric power to Denmark, in which flat country there is no water power.

The farms through here were much larger than in Germany and looked much like American farms. Horses were generally used for the farm work although we saw two tractors going, and each farm had its large red barn. We passed through thousands of acres of forest. I was told that these were not national forests, but were owned by individual farmers. The trees are mostly pine and other evergreen and birch and are not very large. Leaves of other trees were just beginning to color, even though this was the last week in September.

We found Stockholm a very beautiful place. Like New York City it is built upon rocks, its foundations being as solid as the character of its people. Its river, fjords, and bays amid rocky bluffs add to its beauty, as well as making a splendid harbor for its rapidly growing shipping. Stockholm, they told us, is developing very fast in population, in business and as a tourist resort. It is noted as one of the most beautiful capitals of the world, and I am sure that it must be put in the same class with Paris and Washington.

A SWEDISH "COLD TABLE".

Everything was so neat and clean and friendly in Sweden. It was a continual delight to be there. We arrived after dark and when we went down to breakfast in the morning we had our introduction to the famous Swedish "cold table." It told us that heretofore we had not had anything to eat for breakfast.

In the center of the dining room was a long table on which were spread foods of many kinds, as well as shining silver pots of coffee and tea, with pitchers of cream—yes sir, I mean cream! There were at least seven kinds of cold meats, including thinly sliced ham, beef and various sausages; there were four kinds of cheese (can't name them); there were five kinds of fish; prunes, English jam made with lemon rind; two kinds of pickles; potato

* (Mr. Freeman died in November, 1935.)

salad, and three kinds of bread, besides hard crackers.

No, that wasn't our breakfast; not at all. That was just an "appetizer" to put one in the mood to eat breakfast. At first we did not know what to make of it, but soon followed the example of others by going to the table and helping ourselves to what we liked of the food and the good coffee. We had no sooner sat down to our table than a comely waitress came to ask us what we wanted for breakfast. To what we had she added oatmeal and milk, and eggs.

The noon and evening meals were repetitions of breakfast so far as the cold table is concerned, with a menu in addition for the regular meal so large that we wondered where the end was. Had we stayed here a week, we should have foundered on too much good food.

NO UNEMPLOYMENT IN SWEDEN.

There is no unemployment in Sweden. I was told this by more than one reliable person. Such news was a relief, indeed, to any American who knows of the 10 million still out of jobs in the United States.

There is a much larger percentage of unemployed people in the United States than in any country we have visited so far.

Norway with a smaller population than Sweden, has 100,000 unemployed. Denmark has 70,000 unemployed, with a population much less than that of Sweden—less than 4,000,000. Germany has reduced her unemployed from 6,500,000 to 1,600,000—but I am going to tell you more about that later.

Swedish money has a good rating. Norway's money is worth 5 per cent less, and Danish money is rated at 15 per cent less than Swedish. This might indicate that the "cheap" or "dear" money of a country does not have a great deal to do with its business condition.

Just across from our hotel was a fine auto sales room, in which were several American cars. I learned that 90 per cent of the cars sold in Sweden are American cars.

In talking to a gentleman of Stockholm about business, he made the statement that a small country like Sweden could not develop mass production of a product such as automobiles because there were not enough people to buy them. "That is why your country is so great on mass production," he said. "You have a large country and many millions of people to buy, with no trade restrictions such as meet us in all directions."

U. S. TRADE GOOD.

Both Norway and Sweden enjoy a fine trade with the United States, and I found a very friendly feeling existing toward us. They ship timber, lumber, paper, fish and like products.

We bought seats in a sightseeing coach and had a delightful trip about the city. The weather was pleasant. We feared it might be cold at this time of year so far north. I looked at the map and saw that Stockholm is about 60 degrees north latitude, which

is the same as Labrador. However, our Gulf Stream gathers so much heat from the tropics and carries it up against the coasts of the Scandinavian peninsula that Norway and Sweden have a comfortable climate.

Our coach took us through streets which were wide, clean and neat, walled by buildings as fine and modern as in any American city. On a rocky bluff in the southern part of the city I took a picture of a very fine new apartment building erected by a cooperative society of the city. I learned that this was but one of five built by the society, which is composed of middle class citizens. It is entirely a private business concern and this cooperative building idea could be carried out in a similar manner in any American city, if people wanted to do it. By this cooperative plan these people are able to have fine homes at less than they would have to pay in rent.

A WONDROUS CITY HALL.

On this trip we were taken through the most wondrous city hall we have seen in Europe. Of this huge structure our guide book says: "It appeals to us as the most successful public building of modern times."

It is built of brick and its size is 440 feet long by 244 feet wide; it was begun in 1911 and completed in 1923. It represents all that is best in Swedish architecture and combines in its startling composition the architecture of the East with that of the West, with strokes of mediaeval Swedish and barbaric splendor.

This magnificent city hall building is the greatest show place of Stockholm and its grandeur culminates in its "Golden Hall," a room 130 feet long by 53 feet broad and 52 feet high. With the rest of the company we stood in speechless awe as we stepped into this Golden Hall and were dazzled by its lavish richness, its marvelous conception and workmanship, its spectacular splendors.

This hall, they told us, was used not only for grand state functions, but was rented to societies or persons for parties, receptions, banquets and the like.

FINE ART MUSEUM.

In the afternoon we went to the National Art Museum. Stockholm is a city of over 500,000 and has given large attention to the arts, having three of the most remarkable museums in Europe.

We wanted to see some Swedish paintings and compare them, as best we could, with those of the great masters. Here we found not only the best of Swedish art but also a good collection of the old masters. We saw some very fine paintings representing Swedish history, but were too ignorant of Swedish history to get full value from them.

OUR SCHOOLS WEAK ON HISTORY.

Right here I want to say to Deane Walker and Ray Kuhn that our schools are too weak on history. I doubt if any of our high school graduates realize that Sweden was one of the earliest and greatest

powers in the development of Europe, antedating that of Germany and some of the other modern states. How this travel business makes us want to read history and literature!

In the gallery we chanced to meet a fine young couple from California. He was a Norwegian and she a California girl. They were back to see his home folks and country, making the entire journey and visit in six weeks.

SUNSET AT 6:00 O'CLOCK.

The days were all too short in this great and beautiful capital of the northland. We had read so much about the long days toward the north pole that we wondered how long the daylight would last. But the long days were over and we were surprised to note that it was only six o'clock when the sun sank into the waves of the wild Atlantic, leaving us in this wonderful and delightful land of the Swedes, while he rose in power and glory to shed his beneficent rays upon the former Swedes who are now citizens in the great new Republic of the West.

AN UNUSUAL POLICY.

Stockholm, I learned, has a very unusual land policy—a policy which will appeal to people in rapidly growing cities as a wise one. Stockholm, remember, is a city of 550,000 people and pushing ahead with great energy. Her grand city hall, of which I told you in my last story, cost over \$8,750,000. In addition to that Stockholm has expended another \$8,000,000 in improving the locks and docks of her splendid harbor, which greatly facilitates shipping as well as local traffic.

On our trip through the city we passed a large and fine high school and technical school building. It is built of stone and has a statued gateway.

Aside from these internal betterments, the city has gone outside of its limits and bought large areas of land. As the town expands and new lands are needed, the city will take for its own use such portions of this land as it needs for parks, public buildings, streets. The remainder of the land will not be sold, but will be leased for 60-year periods.

This policy, as will readily be seen, is to prevent private interests from buying these lands and getting the "unearned increment" from their increased value as the community spreads out to them and makes their use desirable or necessary. The city gets all the "unearned increment," which always comes from the combined energy and advancement of all its citizens.

Although Stockholm is growing rapidly, I was surprised to learn that Sweden is a sparsely settled country, having a total population of 6,000,000 people. I suppose one reason is that many thousands of these good Swedes are now citizens of the United States.

As our train left this great, beautiful and historic capital of the Northland we said that Stockholm had more things of interest to attract the visitor than any other city of its size. And when I say this I realize that away to the north of this city are the

mountains, fjords, lakes, rivers and waterfalls which equal any scenery on earth. I was not surprised, therefore, when I saw a statement in a Paris paper that Sweden had the greatest tourist business in its history this year.

As our train pulled across Sweden through pine and birch forests, small towns and among lakes we could not help expressing to each other the feeling of freedom we experienced here, as compared with the tension and restraint we felt in Germany. For, while the German people were always friendly, courteous and even warm-hearted in their attitude, there was ever surrounding us an atmosphere which said: "Watch your step." In Germany there are several things which people are not supposed to do, and one of them is to express their opinions.

A SWEDISH AUTHORESS.

On the way to Oslo we passed through the Varm-land country—richest farming section of Sweden—and a land made famous by Selma Lagerlof's prize novel, "The Story of Gosta Berling." My pal says this is a very sweet and simple story of the life in the Varmland district and anyone will enjoy reading it.

We also went through Karlstad, near which place is the log cabin in which was born John Ericsson, inventor of the "Monitor" of Civil war fame. At Filipstad, in a cemetery said to be the most beautiful in Sweden, two cannon from the "Monitor" keep guard over the mausoleum in which rests the body of Ericsson. The mausoleum was erected by American admirers of the Swedish inventor.

LITTLE WHITE HOUSES.

As we crossed the border into Norway the landscape became rougher, more mountainous and rocky. Pretty little white cottages dotted the countryside in a very picturesque manner. Barley in the fields, hung on poles to dry, looked like Indians dancing a war dance. Where the land was too rough for farming, pines and birches covered the area. Trees seem to grow more thriftily than people in Norway, for there are less than 3,000,000 inhabitants in this ancient land of the Vikings.

NORWAY'S CAPITAL.

It was a 10-hour journey to Oslo, and when we arrived night had blanketed the Norwegian capital, bringing with it a drizzling rain. While this was not pleasant, perhaps it was fitting for the land of the fierce Vikings, who were the first to sail across the Atlantic to America.

Near the city is a museum park in which are three of these old Viking ships—the actual ones used about 850 to 900 A. D. They are not more than 70 feet long and have tall, swanlike prows which enabled these bold warriors and sailors to ride the roughest seas.

Here's some more history. How many of you who are reading this knew that Oslo is the capital of Norway? I venture that, if you knew at all, you

were pretty hazy about it. Perhaps you had Christiania in mind, same as I did.

Oslo was founded in 1050 and remained Oslo until 1624, when the Danish King Christian IV rebuilt the city, partly destroyed by fire, and insisted it should be named after him, Christiania. Three hundred years later, in 1924, the Norway legislature—the Storting—enacted that the name should be changed again to Oslo—and so Oslo the capital is. The city has a population of some 260,000 and is the chief town of Norway.

A BEDTIME STORY.

Our hotel room was a beautiful one—a sort of deluxe chamber but it had no heat, and the night was chilly. When we retired we found each of our twin beds was furnished with only a rather hard mattress covered with a sheet, and for covers had only a heavy feather quilt and a bedspread. There was not even an over sheet. With the feather quilt we knew we would be too warm and without it too cold. After quite a confab with the maid we succeeded in getting some blankets and made up our beds to suit ourselves.

Beds such as these are the customary thing in Europe, but this was the worst we had found. In comparing notes about these beds with some Americans we met, they told us they frequently found these feather comforters useful to put under the mattress.

In the morning we were out at 7:30 o'clock and hired a taxi to take us to the University and to the palace of King Haakon VII. It is a modest building, as palaces go, surrounded by a park of green trees and grass—no formal garden and not many flowers. I got a picture of the palace and then we went to the parliament house and to what was once the castle Akershus, now used as police headquarters.

Oslo will soon be able to boast about one thing—the finest supreme court building in Europe. Work on it has been in progress for several years and they expect to complete it next year. It seemed an ambitious undertaking for so small a nation—but it will be something to talk to tourists about.

THEY USE SKIS.

Coming out of Oslo bound for Copenhagen we noted the very beautiful harbor of the city. It is an ample bay from which the city stands out in beauty against rising hills. We saw dozens of wooded, rocky islands in this bay, making landscape and waterscape pictures of rare charm.

In our compartment was a Norwegian lady on her way to visit a friend in England. She spoke English fluently and told us many interesting things about her country. Her mother had insisted on giving her some apples for the journey, and she kindly shared them with us. We returned pears for apples and so all were pleased. As she left the train she gave us her copy of the Christian Science Monitor.

One of the things this lady told us was that prac-

tically all Norwegians use skis (which she pronounced "shees"). They begin when five years old and never quit. You may see people 70 and 80 years of age going about on skis in winter and they are remarkably adept with them. "It just seems natural for the Norwegians to use skis," she said. "This is the only way they can get through the woods when there is snow."

These skis vary from four to six inches in width, and the length is decided by the height of the person. The skis must be as long as the distance from the floor to the highest point he can reach.

SILK STOCKINGS.

Mrs. Boys remarked that the trees looked small and wondered how they used them. The lady said laughingly, "We wear them on our legs." Then she explained that by a chemical process Norway produced much artificial silk from wood pulp. The silkworm can't live in Norway, but the chemist can.

Our lady said there were many sheep and goats in the mountains. Of goats' milk they make cheese of a dark brown color and with a strong flavor. It is very nourishing and children have it on their bread for lunches.

As we went south rocky bluffs increased until it seemed that the entire land was made of rock. We were close to the Skagerak and Categat straits.

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

At Gothenburg our lady friend left the train, and all the other four seats were filled, one by a nice young man from Holland, one by a German manufacturer from Saxony, and the other two by a bride and bridegroom.

It wasn't necessary for us to see the wedding party throw rice at the couple to know that they were "just married." They acted exactly like some newlyweds in Marshall county. Yes, this thing we call Human Nature is about the same the world over. This couple were on a honeymoon trip to Brussels.

GERMAN UNEMPLOYMENT.

We at length drew our German manufacturer into conversation and learned that he made beaded purses for women. I told him I had heard that the Hitler government had reduced unemployment from six or seven million three years ago to about 1,600,000.

"Yes, that is true," he said. "They have done that."

"How did they do it?" I asked.

"One of the chief things they did," he replied, "was to have each manufacturer increase his number of employees ten per cent. If a manufacturer could show that he was not financially able to add these workmen, he was not compelled to do so, but if he could, he was expected to, and most firms did. At first the hours and wages were reduced, but it was not long before we were able to put the men on full time, because the extra men put to work all over the nation created new demand for goods."

"They put a lot of men into the army, didn't they?" I asked.

"O, only about 500,000," he replied. "The big thing was putting them to work in the factories and on public works of various kinds."

A LONG JOURNEY.

It was a long journey that day—from 8:42 a. m. to 10:30 at night when we finally reached Copenhagen. These European trains have a custom of making long stops at stations, and that eats up time voraciously.

We were tempted to stop at Halsingor, where we left the ferry across from Sweden to the island of Zealand, which is Denmark.

At Halsingor is the Castle of Kronborg—the castle of Shakespeare's Hamlet. But it was night, and we were tired, and so did the easiest thing—went on to Copenhagen, content to let our imagination play with Hamlet's ghosts about the turrets of Kronborg.

AMONG THE DANES.

Copenhagen was the only city where we had some trouble in promptly finding a place to stay. We taxied about the city to three recommended inns—rooms all taken or the manager away—then stopped at a very nice hotel, also on our list.

Here were some more of those ridiculous feather comforters on the beds. They were about a foot and a half thick. If you use it, you are soon roasting hot; and if you throw it off, you are out in the cold—there was no other cover.

The maid, called out at 11 o'clock at night, could not speak a word of English and we couldn't speak a word of Danish. Both sides made motions. Judging from her facial expressions, she evidently thought we were the craziest people she had ever seen. Finally she went away disgusted—and we remained disgusted.

In the morning we joined a sight-seeing coach to see the city. The guide spoke English quite well and at once told his crowd that Copenhagen was a city of 850,000, with 21,000 autos and 350,000 bicycles. He might have made it 500,000 and I would have believed him, for there were swarms of cyclists on all streets at all times, and stacks of wheels parked at public buildings.

AN UNUSUAL BREWERY.

One-third of the time on the trip was consumed in taking us through the Carlsberg brewery, noted as the oldest and largest brewery in Denmark. It is, in fact, a remarkably unusual institution. J. C. Jacobsen, founder of the business in 1837, had special interest in art and science and was also of a philanthropic nature. Carl Jacobsen, his son, was a similar character.

First the father, then the son, set up the Carlsberg Fund, devoted to the advancement of science in general to the National-Historical Museum in Fredericksborg Castle, and to the promotion of the world-renowned Glyptothek in Copenhagen. The large brewery has been turned over to the use

of the Carlsberg Fund and all its profits are devoted to the advancement of science and art. The Royal Dutch Academy of Science elects the directors who run the business.

As we drove about the city the guide pointed out many things which owed their existence to the Carlsberg brewery—here and there a fountain, several fine statues, a church or two, art galleries and the like.

The brewery employs 3,000 people and is an immaculate plant. We walked through the large room where men and women, most of them of buxom build and generous girth, were bottling the famous liquid for home consumption and shipment abroad. You can see the same thing on a small scale in Bob Kremp's bottling plant in Plymouth.

Out on the docks we looked at the naval island where they build ships. They are now employing 6,000 people, while two years ago only 300 were employed.

A DENMARK DAIRY.

Denmark being, perhaps, the most noted dairy country in the world, I was anxious to see a creamery and dairy here. Upon inquiring I learned of a celebrated creamery called the Enigheden, located in a suburb of Copenhagen. I got up at six o'clock and went by street car out to the place. The day was chilly and a drizzling rain was falling, but with my raincoat over my topcoat I kept fairly comfortable, except that my feet had not the protection of rubbers.

I found the Enigheden creamery and was fortunate in meeting S. C. Christensen, manager of the plant, who could speak English and who told me something of the history of the institution.

The Creamery Enigheden furnishes milk for children only—the children of the great city of Copenhagen. They employ 300 people in their plant and 160 salesmen, who sell the milk direct to the consumer. Milk sales form the bulk of the business, as they make only about 700 pounds of butter a day, while they sell 50,000 litres of milk daily (a litre is a little more than a quart).

This milk is specially cared for and specially treated. The plant gets about 5c per quart.

The milk is almost exclusively supplied to the creamery by large farms, and in conformity with the regulations of the Board of Health of Copenhagen. The cattle are inspected by a veterinary surgeon employed by Enigheden and subject to the control of the Copenhagen Board of Health. Not only must the cows be free from tuberculosis, but the workers on the farms which produce the milk must be free from any contagious or infectious disease. A semi-monthly control of the persons concerned and their homes is in force.

STASSANIZATION PROCESS.

The special treatment of the milk to keep it fresh and sweet is known as Stassanization. It is a process similar to pasteurization, except that the milk is heated to only 145 degrees (Fhr.) instead of to 176 degrees (Fhr.). The result is that the milk

retains its usual taste and its cream rises as in raw milk.

The experiments, tests and researches regarding this new heat treatment of milk were made in 1927-29. The treatment preserves the flavor of the raw milk but removes the danger of germs.

HOW THEY FIX PRICES.

It is interesting to note how these Danes fix the price of this milk. The world-market prices of butter, cheese and grain form the basis for the calculation of the milk price.

The City Hall of Copenhagen, using these facts as a basis, fix the price of milk, the milk of course, being required to reach a certain test to be rated as "first-class" milk.

A SPLENDID PLANT.

The Enighedden business was founded in 1897 by a number of employes of the Copenhagen Milk Supply Co., who were turned out by that concern after a disagreement. The Enighedden is a joint-stock company and the workers and their organizations still manage the company and own far the greater part of the stock.

Mr. Christensen had the foreman of the plant show me thru it, and while I know little about such plants I felt sure that these men had here as fine a building and as late equipment as can be obtained. The building is of stone and brick, with all tile floors which can be washed. The foreman clopped about in wooden shoes, and I wished I had a pair then, too, to keep me out of the water.

When I came out of the plant I asked Mr. Christensen whether I could see one of the dairy farms and he said their truck was going out to their farm soon; if I wished, I could go with it. I thanked him and said "that is just what I would like to do."

Then I suggested that while I was waiting for the truck I would go and get some breakfast. He told me I could get some coffee and rolls in the creamery lunch room there in the building. For a few cents I got a satisfactory lunch. I learned, also, that this lunch room is conducted for the benefit of the workers, the meals being served at cost.

There are washrooms and toilet rooms, all in glistening white, with towels and every comfort and convenience for the workers. In addition to such equipment at the plant, Enighedden maintains a recreation center on the seashore for its people. Here the workers and their families spend two vacation weeks, with pay, the cost being only about 60c a day per person for room and meals.

A MODEL DAIRY FARM.

The Creamery Enighedden owns two dairies and the model farm Lautrupgaard. It was this model farm which I went to see. The driver could speak no English and I could speak no Danish, so our conversation consisted of signs, nods and smiles as he made his regular trip through the suburbs and out several miles to the farm, delivering milk and picking up cans as he went. He left me at the

farm for an hour while he went farther.

Inspector Hoff and his dog came out of the house and greeted me with Danish hospitality. The inspector was very kind and took time to show me over the premises thoroughly. Between his limited English and my more limited German we got along nicely.

This is a farm of 400 acres and has 200 cows, besides a dozen horses for the farm work and a herd of hogs. There is a good house, a very large barn for the horses and cattle, and other large barns for storing feed and machinery.

There were no silos. Mr. Hoff told me silage was not good for cows which were giving milk for children.

The barn was built of brick. Inside it has cement floors and walls of white glazed tile. The entire inside is washed twice a year—ceiling, side-walls and floor—and repainted or whitewashed twice a year.

A short distance from the farm was the herd of red cows in a fine pasture. They have the red cows here, known as the Funen red cattle, which come from the nearby island of Funen. These they consider better than the Holstein-Friesian, Jerseys or Guernseys.

A number of the cows were gathering at the gate and Mr. Hoff explained that some of the cows were milked three times a day, others only twice a day. This bunch was ready to come into the barn for the noon milking, and we were soon looking at them in their stalls.

Mr. Hoff pointed out to me his prize cow and proudly told me she had given in one year 10,177 kilograms of milk and 411 kilograms of butter. I believe a kilogram is two pounds, so this cow gave, on that basis, 20,354 pounds of milk and 822 pounds of butter in a year. (You record keepers in Marshall county, please check this).

This cow is nine years old and has several daughters, Mr. Hoff said. Then pointing at her he said admiringly, "Look at those great, clear, beautiful eyes. You can't find another cow with eyes like those."

And it was so. Do you dairymen realize how beautiful are the eyes of fine cattle? Before the time of Christ Homer wrote his great epic poem "The Iliad" about the fall of Troy and the war among the gods. In describing Hera, the wife of Zeus and queen of heaven, Homer always refers to her as "the ox-eyed Hera," because he felt that was the highest term of beauty he could use when referring to her eyes. Look carefully at the eyes of your dairy cows.

MILKING TIME.

I hate to say it, but I guess I'll have to tell Newman Brothers and Kline & Shilling, those ace-high prize winning dairymen at Culver, that they are several steps behind the times with their milking machine contraptions. At Lautrupgaard farm they don't have a milking machine—not much. Women do the milking at this model dairy farm.

As we stood there looking at the cows, eight women came out, dressed in white coveralls, carrying pails. But before they came each had to wash her hands for two minutes. After each cow is milked she washes her hands again before milking the next cow. Every other day she washes and irons her white milking clothes. There is a special laundry and apparatus in part of the barn for this.

These women are the wives of eight of the men who work on the farm. There are also four single men employees. For these workers there are comfortable living rooms and a common recreation and reading room.

I was continually astonished that so particular and scientific and intricate a business could build and maintain such fine plants and furnish all the services they do and still make a profit.

My truck driver came up the road ready for the homeward trip and I bid goodbye to Inspector Hoff and his wonderful cows.

The next day as our train rolled across Denmark on the way to Berlin I noted the large farms. Fall plowing was on in full force. In one large field I saw twelve 2-horse teams plowing, each on its strip of the field. As I was watching these things, my lady companion burst out laughing.

"Just look at that," she said.

"Look at what?" I said.

"Those cows out there in the field," she replied. "Don't you see—they have blankets on!"

IN HITLER'S CAPITAL.

It was the 27th of September when we arrived back in Berlin, intending to spend three or four days in this world's third or fourth largest city, and at Potsdam, famous royal home of German emperors from the time of Frederick the Great.

Berlin is, indeed, a very large, powerful, modern business city, combining with its business the many activities of a dictatorship government. Its streets are wide and clean, its street cars and double-decker buses are new, bright and quiet-running. Everything is in perfect order and thoroughness. This is one of the impressions the big city gives.

At our pension the first thing we do is to register. We must give our names, date and place of birth, present residence, where we came from to Berlin and where we are going from Berlin. This, our landlady said, she must turn over to the police at once. In this way Germany keeps track of every tourist at all times in all places.

It was here that we had the first heat of the fall season. Steam radiators became warm in the morning and took off all the chill of the September nights. However, it was barely warm enough for comfort at all times. It was here also that we noted how carefully they build in this northern climate. All the windows are double, and many of the doors are double, both so made to conserve the warmth and to make the cost of fuel less.

The windows are what we call French windows, that is, they open like doors, swinging into the room. They are much larger than our windows

and so let more air and light into the room. I could not help comparing this careful building in Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and some other countries, with our so often flimsy houses. We build a cover for ourselves and take no thought of the enormous cost of heating such places, not to speak of the discomforts of cold houses.

In Europe the cost of fuel is such that they are compelled to build their homes and other structures very carefully, so that they not only stand for centuries but during that period require the least possible fuel. However, it was our observation that, even with such carefully built houses, these people suffer a great deal from the cold just because they can not afford to buy fuel to keep themselves comfortable. They have no conception whatever of how warm we keep our homes and business houses.

BUTTER SCARCE.

It was here in Berlin that we learned of a scarcity of butter and other fats in Germany. A business man told me that he had not been able to buy any butter for three days and that pork and other fats were very scarce.

The papers announced that the government hoped the scarcity would not last long. It was necessary, they said, because of the balance of trade between Germany and Denmark and Holland. Both Denmark and Holland had lots of butter, pork and fats they wanted to sell, but Germany could not buy them because it would turn the balance or trade against her, and her finance minister, Mr. Schacht, is determined to keep the mark at a stable value.

Of course, all the hotels and other eating places had butter; it was the private homes which suffered its lack. Our landlady told us she had some special source of supply whereby she got butter when others could not; so our daily butter was not cut off nor lessened. The butter here, as in all other places in Europe, is very delicious.

MY CAMERA OUT OF FOCUS.

It was here that I got the sickening information that my camera was out of focus and that all my 500 pictures were either poor or not good at all. That was awful, to say the least. Having used up the ten reels of film I brought from New York City, I needed more, but could not buy them. No store in London, Paris, Berlin or elsewhere had my particular kind of film. I had written to the firm at Binghamton, N. Y., for a supply but received a letter stating that my order had come in too late for shipment in time.

I went to a good camera store and had three of my reels developed so that they could put some German films into the film boxes of my camera. They told me all of my pictures were out of focus. Of course, they wanted to sell me a new camera. But my trip was too nearly over for that. It was a disheartening experience, but I noted that the pictures were clear enough to give an idea of what the photograph was about, and hoped that they would not be as bad as the store predicted.

BERLIN MUSEUMS.

Berlin has more museums of one kind and another than any city we visited. I didn't try to count them, but there must be between 15 or 20 of them, including those now in course of construction. Our guide book said in regard to these museums that "when completed they will make the most memorable group of permanent museums yet projected by man."

In those we visited we found that noted German studied thoroughness everywhere. The names of artists were given complete, as well as the names by which they are known generally, the dates of their births and deaths.

One of the newest of these museums is called the Pergamon, the name being taken from the famous Pergamon altar, which is one of the choicest exhibits in it. We went to this museum and saw reconstructed examples of the most marvelous of the buildings of the ancients of Asia, Egypt, Greece and Rome.

The Pergamon museum, opened in 1930, is the largest architectural museum in the world. On one side of a room is built the famous Pergamon altar. It is 400 feet long. In the central part some 40 or more marble steps lead majestically to the open temple whose front is beautiful with graceful pillars supporting a flat roof on which are a few statues. Below the pillars is a wonderful frieze representing the battle of the gods against the giants.

We may find fault with these ancients as to their religion, but we can not criticize them as to the beauty, majesty and appropriateness of their religious temples. Nothing more splendid has ever been built by man. And this Pergamon altar was built in Asia Minor in the second century B. C. as a monument of thanks.

In the same room we saw the gate of the Goddess Ishtar at Babylon and its processional avenue, built by Nebuchadnezzar between 600 and 550 B. C. It is plain in outline but the whole is of that astonishing mosaic which the Babylonians used so wonderfully.

Another almost equally remarkable reconstructed building was the Gate of the Roman town of Milet, with its high pillars, beautiful and strong.

We felt that we saw more of the real architecture of the ancients here than we could have seen in a trip to the very lands in Asia from which these remarkable things came.

AT SANS SOUCI.

We could not leave Berlin without spending a day at Potsdam, which has been the real seat of the German government since the time of Frederic the Great. Here is that palace which Frederic made famous—Sans Souci. It is a train ride of about 17 miles, much of which is through a forest of young Evergreen timber. We wondered here, as elsewhere in Germany, how they could devote so much land to forest when their farming land is so needful; but they consider forests of more value than

we do in this country; they know the need for reforestation.

We walked through a great park of fine trees and grass to the intersection of a wide pathway leading to the palace of Sans Souci. There the famous palace stood out before us, its terraces rising like giant steps to the low building where Frederic the Great found rest from his governmental cares and enjoyed the company of the greatest writers and painters of his time.

The ground here is flat, so Frederic the Great built a hill for his palace, perhaps taking his plan from the hanging gardens of Babylon. Those gardens were made for a queen who came from mountainous country, and the palace of Frederic the Great had a similar influencing force.

It was less than 200 years ago that Frederic the Great designed and built this palace. We saw his own pen sketch of it and his signature. As we approached the palace we noted that there were six great terraces leading up to it, each of them being about 12 feet high. Along the wall of each terrace were grape vines, all of them protected by glass windows, which could be opened or closed. Each terrace was about 30 feet broad and covered with green grass. It was a nice job of climbing to get up to the palace, but we had done so much stair climbing that it was "easy for us."

"Sans Souci" are French words meaning "without care" and were used by Frederic the Great because he made this as a place of rest. Here he invited such great French writers as Rousseau, Voltaire, LaFontaine and others. We saw the rooms in the palace set aside for some of these men. They were specially decorated in honor of those who occupied them.

This palace stands in a splendid park of 700 acres and in front of it is a large fountain. The Orangerie is another palace built near Sans Souci. Its most significant feature is the Raphael room, which is filled with copies of the best of Raphael's paintings. It was here that we first got a real idea of what Raphael's paintings were like. There was a copy of his Sistine Madonna, the original of which we were to see later in Dresden.

THEY LIKED TO BUILD.

Then there is the New Palace, a very large and marvelously built place. Most notable is the fantastic Grotto room. Here we had to slip on felt shoes over ours to walk over the beautifully designed wooden floors.

It seemed that every new emperor of Germany tried to outdo his predecessor in the size and magnificence of his palaces, and sometimes even the sons of emperors built palaces for themselves, living in magnificence and surrounded here in the Potsdam vicinity by thousands of acres of parks. Besides the palaces at Potsdam there is one of 700 rooms in Berlin. We were told that before the World War the Kaiser owned more than 40 palaces.

The French people guillotined their monarchs and put an end to their rule because of their wanton extravagance and oppression of the people; but the

German people did nothing of the kind. They maintained their monarchy, somewhat limited, and today have reverted to an absolute ruler, similar to those they had before the great war.

Is this because of a difference in the character of the French and German people, or is it a difference in the manner of ruling by French and German rulers, or some of both?

WHERE HITLER TOOK OATH.

Here at Potsdam we had spent the day in palaces and parks and were walking back through the city to the railway station when we came to the Garrison church, so-called because it was built especially for the garrison of soldiers always stationed here at the seat of government.

It was six o'clock and suddenly the sweet Dutch chimes of the church bells began to sound. We stood still on the sidewalk listening for several minutes to their charming notes, then hastened to the door to see whether we could get in before they were closed for the night. The keeper was kind and let us in.

He pointed out the tombs of Frederic the Great and his father Frederic William I. Then, in front of these tombs they showed us the altar where Adolph Hitler stood and took the oath of office early in 1934 as head of the Third Reich.

GERMAN NEWSPAPERS.

The day we went to Potsdam we were so anxious to know about the Italian war in Ethiopia that we bought a German newspaper and tried to read it. Any English newspapers were a day or two later and sometimes we could not get one without considerable inconvenience.

Germans are particular what newspapers come into their country. Many of the outside papers are forbidden entrance, and those which are allowed are occasionally banned for a period because of some news items carried. Several of the London papers and the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune were usually to be had.

We noted that customs inspectors on our trains were more particular in the examination of what reading matter was being brought into Germany than they were of anything else passengers had.

We didn't succeed very well with our German paper, but got something out of it. I noted, however, that the papers in Berlin are all smaller than American or English papers and that advertisements are scarce. I knew in general the cause of this, but learned it again from the manager of the United Press in Paris shortly afterward.

The circulation of German newspapers has decreased 30 per cent, he said, and the reason is that the government controls what shall go into these papers. That control makes all German newspapers so much the same that the people do not care to buy more than one paper, whereas formerly they were accustomed to buy two or more each day. Because of the decreased circulation advertising had dropped off, thus cutting off the main source of income and badly crippling many of the best papers

in the nation. If these papers are not able to survive, it will probably mean state owned and operated papers, he declared.

Then he said to me: "You newspapermen in the United States should get down on your knees every night and thank the Lord that you still have a free press in America." And I replied: "Of course, all of us newspaper men do that." Then added: "The American business men, who are newspaper advertisers, have nearly as great an interest in a free press as the newspapers themselves."

As an illustration of the lack of faith of the German people in the news carried in these state controlled papers, I noted how anxious were some of the people we met to see our English papers so they could find out what the news was in and about Germany!

OLYMPIC GAMES IN 1936.

One day we went out through the famous Tiergarten park—a park reaching about two miles westward from near the center of the city. We went to see where Berlin is building a great new stadium and grounds for the Olympic games in 1936.

This part of Berlin is quite beautiful with many new buildings. We were not allowed to enter the grounds for the Olympic games, but we got a general view. Not only are these grounds being made in masterful fashion, but all rail, tram, bus and auto roads are being rearranged so as to make access to the place easy and safe.

VICTORY AVENUE.

Cutting across one end of the Tiergarten is what the Germans call "Sieges Allee," or Victory Avenue, because it leads up to a great monument erected to the Victory of German arms during the life of the nation. This monument looks down at the Reichstagsgebaude, or Parliament building, once the place where elected representatives of the people met, but which is now of little use in the dictatorship government. I took a picture of it as a place where once the German people had something to say about their government.

Along the Sieges Allee are 30 statues of German statesmen and generals from the earliest to recent times. It is an impressive sight.

THEY LIKE HITLER.

In a store handling photographic instruments I talked with a bright young business man who spoke English well and who has a brother in New York. For the government of Chancellor Hitler, he said: "Ninety-five per cent of the German people are for this kind of government. Before Hitler we had a dozen different parties, all trying to go different directions, and we got nowhere. Now we have one party and everything is better. We realize that this kind of a government is not suitable to any other nation, and we are not asking any other nation to adopt it; but it is good for us and we like it."

That seemed to represent quite well the attitude of the German people we met regarding the Hitler government.

A HAIRCUT.

I dropped into a neat little barber shop near our hotel to get a haircut. The young man who did the work could not speak English, but I soon learned that he wanted to talk, so I jabbered away with him as best I could.

"They tell me," I said, "that Hitler has done a lot of good things for Germany; that he has put millions of unemployed to work, that he has helped the farmers and done other good things."

"Yes," he replied, "Hitler has done all that. Nobody goes hungry and nearly everybody has work."

"That is better than we have done in our country," I said, "for we still have some ten millions unemployed, with only twice the population of Germany."

"Maybe you need a Hitler in your country," he came back with a smile.

"No, that doesn't go in our country," I replied, "although we have a president who has more power than Hitler and much more money to put people to work."

Then this young barber did a thing which will surprise our barbers. He did what all the barbers in Europe are accustomed to do—with his razor he trimmed the edges of my hair dry. With every stroke I was afraid he would cut me, doing it without putting on lather as the barbers of our country always do, but he didn't.

HITLER AND ROOSEVELT.

I saw only one beggar in Berlin, a city of four and a half millions. He was standing in front of a store with his dog and pretended to be blind.

I saw more building of all kinds going on in Germany than in any of the fifteen countries we visited.

There were the great office buildings of the Nazi party in course of construction at Munich. In nearly every village and town throughout the course of our journey new houses and business blocks were being erected. At Sassnitz on the Baltic coast great projects were in work on the railroads which will do away with the delay and cost of ferries for the railway trains. Grade separations are being made at the junction of all the main highways in Germany. Thousands of young men are at work reclaiming 40,000 square meters of waste land in northwest Germany so that in a few years it will be ready for farming.

In Berlin the underground railway is being completed. Plans had been ready for twenty years, I was told, but nothing was done until Hitler came into power. Extensive repairs are being made on government buildings, the university, and new government buildings are being erected.

These are only a few of the building projects I noted as we journeyed about this much-talked-of country.

A COMPARISON.

Adolph Hitler was made chancellor in January 1933. Franklin D. Roosevelt became president in March, 1933. Hitler became dictator head of Ger-

many in January, 1934. Germany has about half as many people as the United States. Its problems are much more difficult than ours and it is much poorer in natural resources.

Hitler in Germany had almost absolute power to do what he thought best to bring his country out of the slough of despond; congress gave to Roosevelt all the power and all the money he asked to end the depression in the United States. It may be said that, all in all, Roosevelt had as much or more power than Hitler, and certainly he had very much more money for his task.

What are the results?

American papers have given much space to the ill-treatment of the Jews and Catholics and Protestants in Germany—acts which none of us approve—but they have told very little of what the Hitler government has done to put the unemployed to work.

When Hitler came into power there were about 6,800,000 unemployed in that nation of 60,000,000 people.

In September when I talked to Mr. Voigt of the German Institute of Business Research there were only about 1,600,000 unemployed—a number which he said was almost normal, because it included the sick, invalid, tramps, etc., who are never at work. They had put 5,200,000 people to work.

When Roosevelt came into power there were in the United States unemployed variously estimated at nine or ten millions of our people.

The last report I saw was that there were in September of this year still 9,500,000 unemployed, notwithstanding the fact that the administration had at its disposal an appropriation of \$4,800,000,000 by the first Roosevelt congress and now has another \$5,000,000,000 for use in putting the unemployed to work.

I was compelled to admit that Hitler's achievements in putting the unemployed to work make our New Deal look very, very sick!

HUNTING THE FACTS.

I had heard from several persons figures of what the German government had done in putting unemployed to work, but did not wish to rely upon mere report. I wanted them from the government itself. So I walked down Wilhelmstrasse where are a number of government offices, and seeing a sign which indicated this office was giving out information for foreign nations, I went in.

The elevator man asked me where I wanted to go and I told him I wanted to see Dr. Hanfstaengel. He took me up several flights, got out of the elevator and rang a bell at the door, then went down again. I waited, then rang again. Pretty soon the elevator man came up again, and seeing I had not yet gained admittance, got out of his elevator and rang the bell again vigorously.

A trim young lady came to the door and asked me in English what I wished. I gave her my card and she said Dr. Hanfstaengel was not in, but on second thought invited me in. She went into another

room and soon a comely and very keen young woman came out to see me. She said that Dr. Hanfstaengel would not be in for some time and asked me what I wanted, whom I represented, and why I had come there. She seemed alarmed that I had come, as though I were trying to get information they did not wish to give out.

I told her I represented nobody but myself; that I was writing some stories for my paper and wished to get the facts about unemployment in Germany; that I thought this was the place to get them.

She retired into her room for a minute and evidently telephoned to someone. When she came back she told me to go to see Dr. Bade, a little farther down the street. "I will keep your card," she added, "so I can refer to it if I need to." I said, "Certainly, I shall be glad to have you keep it."

Then I went to see Dr. Bade. In the hallway I was required to sign my name on a register, where I lived, whom I wished to see and for what I came. Then I waited in an ante room with several others.

A young man acted as errand boy and after a while came to me and told me to come with him to the office of Mr. Voigt. I went in and was pleasantly greeted by Mr. Voigt. He offered me a cigarette and then finding he had no matches rushed out and got some. I expected a most thorough examination as to who I was and why I wanted what I wanted, but there was none of it.

We sat and smoked and chatted about the business and unemployment situation. He gave me the latest publication of the Institute, in English, showing the unemployment curve and figures from 1932 to September, 1935. These figures showed that there had been a steady average decrease in unemployment of 67,000 each month during the period. The report showed that new employment had come in nearly all lines of business, this revival being of more importance than the government's public works.

HELPS FARMERS IN DEBT.

On the train coming into Berlin from Nuremberg we got into the same compartment with an Englishman who said he was on a special mission to Germany, and had been invited to attend the great Nazi party rally at Nuremberg. It soon developed that he had a strong antipathy for the Jews and that it was this concerning which he was to talk to the German officials.

He had gone so far in study of the Jewish problem that he declared Christ was not a Jew; that his pedigree proved he was not. His story of how Hitler helped the farmers is interesting.

German farmers were getting hopelessly into debt to the Jewish bankers he said. These banks loaned the farmers money to pay their taxes and various other things until the Jews were gradually taking over the land in Germany.

When Hitler came into power one of his first acts was to declare all farm mortgages void. That act of course, caused big depreciation in the value of the farm mortgages. The government then set about

to buy up all these mortgages at a greatly depreciated price.

Hitler then told the farmers that they need pay no interest on these loans and need not make any payments until they were able to make them. You may readily believe, said this Englishman, that the farmers of Germany are for Hitler.

GERMAN FARMERS.

We are on the train from Berlin to Dresden. We are going to Dresden for one thing—to see Raphael's "San Sisto Madonna" which is hanging in the picture gallery of that artistic and cultured city. Raphael is recognized as among the few greatest painters of the world—and his Sistine Madonna is called his greatest work.

On the way we note with great interest the work of German farmers. There are large fields and many people at work harvesting and plowing the ground. There are as many women as men working in these fields.

Potatoes seem to be a chief crop in this section. At a number of farms we saw from one to two dozen men and women digging the potatoes, putting them into sacks and hauling them from the fields. Beets were being pulled, topped and stacked in large piles.

There were extensive areas of forest, mostly yellow pine. Twice I saw several men out in the open lands with guns and dogs hunting, and I wondered what they might find in such a closely settled and farmed country. However, there may be game in the forest lands, as twice we saw deer grazing in the fields near the woods.

RAPHAEL'S MASTERPIECE.

One of the astonishing things to me as I looked at some of the world's greatest paintings is that they were made so long ago. Raphael Sanzio, an Italian, was born in 1488 and died in 1520. He painted the Sistine Madonna about the year 1515—420 years ago. This picture is the prize of the Dresden gallery, and it is worth a trip to Europe to see it.

We walked slowly through the gallery, where hang many masterpieces of great painters. We did not wish to rush at once to see Raphael's Madonna, but to come to it as to a climax. The gallery management realizes fully the worth of this picture so they have it hanging in a room by itself, where the light is best and where it will be least liable to come to harm in case of fire.

A silent reverence falls upon all as soon as they enter the room. The beauty and soulfulness of the picture fill the place with that feeling. People sit or stand in wonder and awe as they look upon the beautiful Madonna and child. They whisper, or talk in very low tones. The loveliness and majesty of the picture are overpowering.

20,000 GOLD DUCATS.

Dresden is the capital of the former kingdom of Saxony, whose kings were religious and artistic. King Augustus III saw the "San Sisto Madonna" picture in 1711 at the church of San Sisto in

Piazenza, a little town at the foot of the Alps in Northern Italy. The king so admired it that he determined to buy it if at all possible. He kept it in mind, but it was not until 1754 that he achieved his great desire.

For this picture King Augustus paid 20,000 gold ducats, a sum equal to about \$80,000. It was an astounding price for those days, but it proved that the artistic taste of the great Elector of Saxony was good.

When he brought the picture home, it is told, he called out: "Take the throne away; make room for Raphael."

Raphael painted this picture for the Black Friars of St. Sixtus church at Piazenza. Please note that it had been at this church for 200 years before the Elector of Saxony saw it. Pope St. Sixtus, who lived about 230 A. D., was the patron saint of the Black Friars of Piazenza, and so he is included in the picture.

I measured this famous painting and found it to be 2.65 meters high by two meters wide—roughly nearly nine feet high by six and a half feet wide. On that space Raphael Sanzio at the age of 30 years painted his name into the galaxy of the immortals.

A LOVE PICTURE.

According to the story the guide told me in the gallery, the San Sisto Madonna was inspired by the love which Raphael had for a young woman named Fourarina. Raphael never married, but he pictured his lady love in a combination of virgin, motherly and angelic beauty to vision the most famous of all the madonnas ever painted.

The Madonna stands on the clouds in flowing robes, bare footed, holding the naked child at her right side with both hands, on a part of her garments. A light brown covering is over her head and falls to underneath her left arm, and appears to be slightly held out by the breeze. Her under tunic is of red, with a white piece at her neck while the outer robe is of a beautiful blue. The sky at the back of the picture is filled with heads of baby angels, at first view invisible, but becoming distinct on careful looking.

The face of the Madonna has a beauty which is at once of earth and heaven, filled with motherly love for the child. The eyes are wide opened, as though she had just had a vision of what the coming years would bring to the child. The child, with his head leaning against his mother's cheek, seems to have felt the mother's alarm, for his eyes, too, are wide open with concern.

Kneeling on the clouds at her right is St. Sixtus in his golden robe, and kneeling on the clouds at her left is St. Barbara, representing, perhaps, the church. Below and leaning on a wall are two rather roguish baby angels looking upward. At the back and top of the picture two green curtains are drawn aside.

The last sightseeing we did in Dresden was to take a fond and farewell look at the San Sisto

Madonna, for we felt that we should never get to see it again.

WHAT INFLATION DOES.

In Dresden we stopped at a pleasant inn conducted by a more than ordinarily intelligent woman, who had been well-to-do in former years. She told us how she lost her money.

It was during the 1923 inflation, when the government printed money so fast nobody could keep up with it; when the mark went down underground and prices went sky high.

"I had 10,000 marks in the bank," she said. "Five years later I received 24 marks for it. The government purposely carried out this inflation so that by it they could pay off all their war debt. But the Jews didn't lose their money; because the men in charge of the inflation were Jews and they told the Jews what was coming, so that the Jews took their money out of Germany and saved it."

This lady seemed to be entirely in accord with Hitler in his attack on the Jews. "I am not allowed to buy anything from any store owned by a Jew," she said. "It will not be long until they will all have to go." She would give the nazi salute to German people entering her room and say "Heil Hitler!"

This woman was happy in the return of her son from the labor camp, where he had been for six months. Every young man in Germany, rich or poor, of the ages of 18 to 21 years, must serve six months in the labor camps on some form of public works for the government. This is to train the boy to work and to acquire proper physical address, and also to aid the government in its public works program.

This lady told about the pension plan in Germany. Speaking of one of her maids she said that this girl paid four marks a month, and her employer paid four marks a month. At the age of 65 she may retire, if she wishes, and receive a pension sufficient to keep her. In case she gets married, an adjustment is made.

"SAXON SWITZERLAND."

The train from Dresden to Prague took us through what these people of Saxony are pleased to call "Saxon Switzerland," which is a beautiful section of mountainous country at the border of Czechoslovakia. Up the Elbe river we went, winding along its tree-less border, admiring the mountains and bluffs, many of them covered with vineyards.

Neither the beauty nor the traffic on the Elbe here can compare with that of the Rhine. There are no bridges across the river but I saw an occasional ferry.

At the border town we met our first experience of trying to talk to customs officials who knew no English, no German and no French. It was a queer feeling to be in a land where nobody could understand anything you said, and you couldn't even read the signs.

After our train had been at the station for some

minutes and I thought we were ready to go, an official came to our compartment and by signs and some blundering English gave me to understand that I should get off the train and go into the office to account for the money I had.

I got off and told them the value of all the travelers checks I had as well as money on hand. Perhaps they wanted to know that we had enough money to get out of the country again. However, no further check was made on our money at any border, and this was the only time on our whole trip we were asked to tell the total sum we had. Before I had quite finished with the customs, train men were making frantic motions for me to get on the train quickly or I would be left. My traveling pal in the coach began to get worried.

WHERE THEY RAISE HOPS.

From the border mountains we gradually came into more level country. It seemed rich and well farmed, quite as well kept as the land in Germany. On a number of farms we saw fields full of poles which were perhaps ten or twelve feet high. These were hop poles. Czechoslovakia is a great country for the raising of hops, which are shipped to other nations as well as used here.

I learned another thing here which I had not known, though it is known, I suppose, to every beer drinker. That is, that Czechoslovakia is the home of Pilsner beer. In the city of Pilsner the recipe was developed, and it is this recipe which all other breweries use when they make Pilsner beer. The hops of this country are fine for beer making.

A German lady in our compartment, who spoke English well, gave us some poor information. She said that the inns recommended by our book were not so good; told us that Prague was a city of 120,000 people. She recommended a hotel, giving us their rates at about half what they actually were.

At the station we were reminded of Dublin, Ireland, for there were both auto taxis and horse taxis. After trying to get an auto, we finally took a horse-drawn vehicle for the hotel recommended. It was a fine hotel in a fine location. Three uniformed porters met us at the chaise, welcoming us and helping with our baggage. One opened the door and two men at the counter helped us to register. Another young man at the elevator bowed before us as we entered to go up to our room. The German woman was wrong about the hotel rates and also about the size of the city, for Prague is a metropolis of more than a million people.

PRAGUE, CAPITAL OF THE CZECKS.

There are three great cities in southeastern Europe which seem so far away from the United States that we take little interest in them and know little about them. They are Prague, capital and metropolis of Czechoslovakia; Vienna, capital and metropolis of Austria; and Budapest, capital and metropolis of Hungary.

Each of these cities has more than a million inhabitants, Vienna being the largest. They are cities

full of past glory and grandeur but now in a state of decadence, yet even thus filled with more wonderful things for the tourist than most cities.

We learned that we could get a sight-seeing coach around Prague in a few minutes, so rushed to take it. The day was Saturday, Oct. 5, and our room in the elegant hotel was too cold to be comfortable so we were glad to get out. We were the only persons in our bus and the only English-speaking people on the tour. Our guide devoted himself to us and it was a satisfaction to have his entire attention. He had learned his story well, in quite good English, but when we asked him some questions outside of his regular tour, it became evident that he understood little of what we said.

He was full of praise for their 85-year-old president, Thomas G. Masaryk. When the treaty of Versailles set up the Czechoslovakian state, Masaryk was chosen president to serve during his life; after which presidents were to be elected for six years. These people seemed a happy, freedom-loving folk with much the same spirit which exists in the United States.

"How many soldiers do you have in this country?" I asked the guide. "One hundred twenty-five thousand," he replied, "and there are 15,000,000 people in our country."

"That is not many soldiers," I said. "What would you do if Germany tried to annex your country?"

"O, we are good friends with Germany; there would be no trouble there," he said. And I couldn't help thinking of the 400,000 trained army in little Switzerland which they deemed necessary for protection against their landgrabbing neighbors.

He showed us the noted city hall, in which is a large picture of the condemnation of John Huss. Out in the square by the city hall is a large monument to John Huss. As we went up the oaken stairs of this building we came across several women washing these stairs with cloths. "These are the same oaken stairs which were laid here 400 years ago," said the guide. "These women wash them every day." We noted that the entire building was kept very neat and clean—a sad contrast with most of our public buildings in the United States.

ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

We were just in time to see the astronomical clock in the front of the city hall. This is another of those fantastic arrangements, such as I have described at Berne and Munich. At the hour Christ comes out and blesses the apostles; a figure of Death shakes his head; the Miser, Vanity and Greed appear as warnings; then the clock strikes. There was a big crowd of tourists and others to see it.

Then we drove under a great tower gateway and across the Charles bridge, said to be the oldest bridge in Europe. On both sides of it are statues, erected by the University of Prague. We stop before one of these. It was paid for by a Jew who was condemned to death for irreverence to the statue of Christ but whose sentence was commuted on con-

dition that he erect a "calvary" on this bridge. He did so and put above it in Hebrew, Czeck and Latin the words "Holy, holy, holy."

There are many castles in and about Prague, remains of former great glory and power. One of these is on a rather high bluff overlooking the city, and in it now are the government offices. One great palace of hundreds of rooms, one of the very largest ever built, was occupied until after the World war by only two or three people and their servants.

In the square here has been erected a plain but beautiful onepiece marble shaft in commemoration of the liberty of Czechoslovakia in 1918. In one of these buildings is a Liberty bell, a copy of the American Liberty bell, presented by Czecks in America. They have named one of their railway stations Wilson station, after President Wilson.

St. Vitus Catholic church is here in connection with the government buildings. In it are some marvelous solid silver things, and a new organ built all of marble. The stained glass windows of the church are of entrancing beauty. Prague is noted for its stained glass products.

We walked through some marvelously beautiful halls finished in white and gold, with great glass and gilt chandeliers. One was said to be the largest hall in Europe built without pillars.

In the great square of these government buildings some excavations were pointed out. "They are finding some astonishing Roman relics," said the guide. "Also some skeletons have been found here showing people $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet tall. It will be two years yet before tourists may see these historic Roman remains. We are expecting some wonderful discoveries."

UNIFORM GUARD CUSTOM.

A fine custom is carried out with the guards at these government buildings. Each day the guards wear a different uniform, in honor of those countries which gave freedom to Czechoslovakia by the treaty of Versailles. One day they wear the French uniform, the next the United States uniform, another the English and another the Italian.

In the castle of General Wallenstein we saw a striking illustration of how things were done in the old days when might was always right. General Wallenstein led the armies of the king and took his pay out of the proceeds of war. He built this magnificent castle, with its gardens and park, its wealth of collections from many parts of the globe. The ceiling of one room was painted by Rembrandt. There is a fantastic, yet practical, grotto swimming pool. Wallenstein was killed by assassins; he became too rich and powerful from his loot of war.

There is a stuffed horse here—the very horse which saved Wallenstein when once he was defeated in battle. It was a fleet little bay. There are two paintings of four German soldiers killing Wallenstein. "They that live by the sword shall perish by the sword."

They do not oppose the Jews in Prague. There

is a Ghetto quarter in the city, a noted Jewish cemetery, which is kept some ten feet or more above the street level. There is a noted Jewish synagogue and in it a more noted Jewish clock. On this clock there is one face for the hour hands and another face for the minute hands.

We passed several streets which were not more than six feet wide. We drove through the main street which is a very beautiful boulevard fully 250 feet wide. From the high walls of former castles we looked out over the ancient, artistic and very beautiful city of Prague—still a thriving city of a million people—and tried to realize that here is a great, liberty-loving nation who have marched down the centuries of European history through great tribulations.

We felt that this sight-seeing trip was the best of all we had enjoyed. It was with satisfaction that we returned to our beautiful hotel, and its beautiful room, which was too cold to be comfortable.

In the Habsburg Empire

IN BEAUTIFUL VIENNA.

It was a drizzly Sunday when our train took us from Prague across a country at first quite hilly and then becoming more level as we came into the great valley of the Danube and to beautiful Vienna, for several centuries the gayest, proudest and most powerful capital in Europe. I cashed a traveler's check at a little exchange office at the railway station, for we were changing money again and had to have some Austrian coin. This time it was shillings, the shilling having a value of about 20 cents.

The taxi took us a long ride, sliding around corners at a rate which made us shrink, and stopping at a recommended pension. We went through a wide corridor to the stairway leading to the inn and were taken up an elevator to the fifth floor and to a clean and comfortable room, as nice a one as we had had.

It seemed to be a popular place, for the next morning we heard two people in the dining room talking English. We met English-speaking people seldom enough in most places that we almost always spoke to them and found them as anxious as we to hear the familiar mother tongue again.

These two people were Dr. and Mrs. William Austin Cannon, he being in the department of Botany of Leland Stanford University in California. They were in Europe for some time, had brought their car and were traveling for many months. Fearing to go into Italy after consulting American consuls, they were heading for Southern France and Spain for the winter.

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE" ETC.

Mrs. Boys soon learned that Mrs. Cannon had lived many years in Michigan and said: "I lived in Michigan, too, before I was married." "In what town in Michigan did you live?" asked Mrs. Cannon.

"Various places," was the reply, "for my father

was a minister and moved about. One of the towns where we lived was Cairo."

"Cairo," said Mrs. Cannon, "that is where I was brought up and went to school. My name was Gertrude Richardson. What was your name?"

"My name was Florence Riddick," was the reply.

"Were you related to Carl Riddick?"

"He is my brother," was the surprising answer.

"Carl Riddick was in my class in school," was the equally surprising reply of Mrs. Cannon.

And then Mrs. Boys asked: "And were you related to Fred Richardson? He and I were in the same class."

"He was my brother," said Mrs. Cannon.

So here in Vienna two American girls who had gone to school together in Cairo, Mich., and had never seen each other since, met and renewed their friendship. The Cannons were delightful people and we took a number of sight-seeing trips together. Mrs. Cannon had made three former trips to Europe and was well acquainted with Vienna.

ATTENDING THEATRE.

The four of us got tickets one night for Riggoletto at the Hofburg theatre. The regular evening meal was at 7:00 o'clock, but we had to ask for our suppers at 6:30, for the operas in Vienna began at 7:30. You must be in your seat before they begin, or you can't get in until the act is over.

There are ample checking accommodations for coats and hats and, strange to relate, no charge is made for this service and no tips taken. Just a fine old custom of the grand days when Vienna was the most brilliant city in Europe.

The opera was in German and, as we knew the story, we could follow it easily and enjoy the singing and orchestra. It was over before 10 o'clock and the crowd vanished. It was after 10 o'clock when we arrived home and the door to the corridor of our inn was closed and locked. A bell brings the porter to let us in—but we must tip him ten cents each for his trouble.

TOUCHING THE EAST.

Vienna is named after the Wien river, a little stream which flows into the great Danube here. These people, who speak German, and also the Germans, call this city Wien (pronounced Veen). In Vienna—this city of more than a million people—we feel that we are touching elbows with the East, for Vienna twice beat back the Turks pushing toward the West, once in 1529 and again in 1683.

Vienna was for a long time an important Roman city and suffered severely from attacks by the Huns under Attila. For 652 years the Austro-Hungarian empire, under the Habsburgs, held an influential and sometimes a chief role in European history. From 1276 down through these six and a half centuries to 1918 the great empire held. Then the treaty of Versailles dismembered the kingdom, so that both Austria and Hungary have since been struggling to save themselves from national oblivion.

REMAINS OF GREATNESS.

The tourist today sees many astonishing remains of the former greatness of the Habsburgs. Among them are the many very large, beautiful and much-used parks. There is the city's greatest park, the Prater, 4,270 acres; the Augarten of 125 acres; the Stadtpark, the Hofgarten, the Bourg-Platz, the Volksgarten, and the Rathauspark. We saw them on every hand and were astonished at their size and how the common people used them. These fine parks are remains of the days when royalty and the nobility owned all the land and kept these broad acres for their own pleasure. Now the people enjoy them. Otherwise they never would have had them.

A most unusual thing about Vienna is the Ringstrasse—a street which rings the central and main section of the city. The great walls and fortifications which saved the city from the Turks were torn down in 1857, and in their place were made wide boulevards. This circle of boulevards is called the Ringstrasse. Along it are the University of Vienna, the Parliament buildings, the museums, theatres, great palaces and the best business houses.

Some strange things we saw in this city of past greatness.

THE HEARTS OF KINGS.

One of the first excursions we made was to the Augustine church. Here for the first time in all our sight-seeing we came to a church which was locked. We entered the court leading to the church doors and rang the porter's bell. An old woman came out carrying a bunch of keys and led us through the church. She could speak only German.

After showing us an unusual entrance room, the beautiful altar, Canova's group monument of the Archduchess Maria Christina (one of his noblest works) she took us to the Loretto Chapel, a little chapel built on one side of the main church, and here let us see the silver urns containing the hearts of all the Austrian emperors and empresses for 300 years.

The Austrians had a peculiar custom. At the death of a ruler his heart was cut out, put into a silver urn and the urn placed in a special crypt in this little Loretto chapel. The front of the crypt is covered with glass and a light within enables one to see the silver urns standing on the floor of the place, and on shelves, the floor being about four feet above the church floor.

It was a strange and curious sight, and we were glad to give the old lady a coin for her trouble. We were the only persons in the church with her at the time.

And where did they put the bodies which for so many years carried these kingly hearts? We went next to see their tombs in the little Capuchin church, located on one of the main business streets and opening from the sidewalk. This church was built especially to hold the tombs of the emperors and their families.

A bright young man who spoke English fluently

escorted us down into the vaults under the church where lay 140 sarcophagi of Austria's royalty from 1618 to 1915. Anna, wife of Emperor Matthias, founded the church and was buried there in 1618, her emperor husband following her the next year.

Among the celebrities whose remains lie in this most unusual and unique place are those of Maria Theresa and her husband; Maria Louise, second wife of Napoleon and Empress of the French, and their son; Emperor Franz Josef, who died during the great war in 1915.

This Kaisergruft, or Imperial Sepulchre, has been several times enlarged to make room for more royalty. Some of the walls are of Carrara marble and all of them are white. All of the sarcophagi (or coffins), except one, are made of lead and bear the inscriptions showing whose body lies within. None but rulers and their immediate families are buried here, not even the greatest of the nobles being allowed a place in so honorable a burial vault.

Of special interest to us was the magnificent double sarcophagus of Maria Theresa who died in 1780, and her husband, Franz I. It is of silver. Maria Theresa had it made 26 years before her death. That of Franz Josef, ruler of Austria-Hungary for 68 years—longest reign of any European monarch—was also of great magnificence.

It was a strange and very interesting experience, seeing the silver urns containing the hearts of kings and the vault where their bodies lie. We felt we had been in touch with dead royalty of the greatest, perhaps with a royalty never to be revived; yet we noted how great was the veneration of these people for their emperors and empresses, and especially for their last ruler, Franz Josef, a firm believer in the divine rights of kings.

The religion of the Austrians, almost entirely Catholic, is combined in a strong tie with their government. I wondered whether the time would come when this great people would again call for an emperor to rule them, hoping fondly to regain their former greatness among the nations of the world.

THEY WERE GREAT BUILDERS.

Near Vienna is one of the most noted palaces in Europe. It is called Schoenbrunn, and is another of those large and elaborate imperial chateaux with spacious gardens, lagoons and fountains about it, the expense of which the people of that day had to pay.

The outrageous extravagance of these old Monarchs can be imagined when I tell you that the German Kaiser had one palace in Berlin with 700 rooms (besides his 40 others). The Habsburgs built a palace in Prague of 800 rooms; and they built this Schoenbrunn chateau with 1441 rooms, many of them in the rococo style, an over ornate and very expensive kind of architecture.

CORONATION COACHES.

The thing at Schoenbrunn which struck our fancy most was the coach stable, containing a large

number of the coronation coaches of the empire, and a few funeral coaches. Some of these have been used down to the last of such occasions, notwithstanding the advent of motor vehicles. They were used in 1915 at the funeral of Franz Josef and at the coronation of Charles I.

These coaches were built in a most gorgeous style, richest imaginable in materials and coloring, trimmed in gold and silver. We regretted we were not able to get pictures of these coaches in color.

THE KARL MARX HOUSING PROJECT.

One of the most noted housing projects in the world is that in Vienna known as the "Karl Marx" project, for the benefit of the laboring people. One afternoon we went out to this place by street car.

Alighting in front of part of the project we saw a very extensive, substantial, yet beautiful apartment building. The project extends some four blocks in length, and the apartments span three streets, being arched over the streets and using that space for about three of the five stories. Some parts of the buildings are four stories high and some five stories.

There are no elevators and no central heating. The people mount the wide cement stairways to their homes, and heat them by stoves.

We saw some women coming out of the apartments and asked whether we could go into one of the homes to see what they are like. These women very kindly directed us to one, but the people were not at home, so they took us to another. Here we were invited in, the people being much pleased that we would visit them and that we wanted to learn about their housing.

The mother in this home had lived there since the first and told us the apartments were built from 1927 to 1930. They were erected by workingmen and are used by working people. She told us that a 3-room apartment, including living room, kitchen, bedroom and toilet rents for about \$9.00 a month. Larger apartments rent up to \$16 a month. The apartments do not have bathrooms.

There is a central laundry where all the people go and do their washing and have it dried. There are several large and beautiful parklike courts where people sit in the open and children play. The construction is of brick and cement and everything is both clean and artistic. Window boxes adorn nearly all the windows and add a fine touch of beauty.

There are in this entire project 1250 homes which house 5,000 people. We asked the lady about the bombardment by the government troops in 1934. She smiled and shrugged her shoulders indicating that it was a very bad time for them. She was there at the time, she said. However, we saw not a thing to indicate where any of the buildings had been damaged.

One of the finest services which these people of the Karl Marx houses provide for themselves is a kindergarten for all the children of the place, as well as for any neighboring children whose parents wish to send them.

We went to see this kindergarten and found a very intelligent and well trained young woman in charge. There were 30 children in the school, she said, and this instruction and care is given them in addition to any training they get in the public schools. The several rooms where the children kept their clothing while they were outside, and their playthings and where they ate their lunches were astonishing in their sensible simplicity, ingenuity and their training of the child in neatness and other things.

We were asked to sign our names on their record book, and the teacher showed us proudly where the Prince of Wales had signed shortly before. We asked her about postcards of the school and she showed us some which we bought. She told us the money all went to aid the children's work. I asked her how many cards the Prince of Wales bought, and she said with some disgust, "Not a card."

"THE BLUE DANUBE."

On a sight-seeing trip one day we got our first glimpse of the great Danube river. Here they call the river the Donau. We had visions of a "beautiful blue" such as Johann Strauss makes it in his famous waltz. But the Danube was anything but blue. It was muddy. We saw much of it again on the way to and from Budapest, but there was no time when it had any appearance of being blue.

However, I was told by a man in Budapest that the Danube is muddy when low, as it was when we saw it, and that it looks blue when in flood during the winter and early spring. Another told us that on its upper reaches the river changed its coloring according to the clouds and the sky and the season, (much as do the colorings in the Grand Canyon), and that it does at times look blue. So that Johann Strauss, famous Vienna orchestra leader, was not faking when he wrote "The Beautiful Blue Danube," a waltz which is played more the world around and is better known than any other ever written.

We saw an imposing statue to Strauss on one of the main streets. At the point where we saw the Danube the city was just completing a splendid new bridge over the river.

OUTDOOR LIFE.

Even though it was October, the cafes of Vienna continued their outdoor sidewalk service. People seemed to love the outdoors and ate on the sidewalks when it was uncomfortably cool for us. However, this represents the natural gaiety of the Viennese. They love their parks and their outdoor cafes, where they swarm every day and night during the summer and fall.

In a store where we made a purchase a pretty young lady clerk complained of the dull life in Vienna. "I wish we had some of the gaiety they have in Budapest," she said. "Here everybody goes to bed at ten o'clock and there is never anything doing to give people a good time."

FINE COMFORT STATIONS.

Here along the fine boulevards of the Ringstrasse they have very clean and very modern comfort stations, each kept by a woman attendant. They are the best I saw on the whole trip, except those at Geneva, Switzerland. That city has new, modern and very convenient stations. They are places of architectural beauty and combine with the toilet and washrooms, news stands, seats for people waiting for the street cars, and protection from the weather.

ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS.

You may be assured that we did not overlook the art galleries and museums, for Vienna has several of the best in the world. Most of the time was spent in the National gallery, but we went one day to the Liechtenstein gallery, where the Count of that little principality owns a notable collection of 800 pictures by the great masters, housed in a castle big enough and magnificent enough to be a government building for a great nation.

Liechtenstein is a little patch of land only 65 miles square, lying between the extreme western end of Austria and Switzerland. It has about 11,000 people. Its ruler, Count Liechtenstein, lives in magnificent style, part of the time in this grandiose palace in Vienna. He very kindly lets the public see his collection of pictures.

A museum which gave us the greatest interest was that known as the Imperial Treasury. Here there are so many robes, relics and jewels of Austrian and other monarchs that one can not remember many of them. However, there were a few which we looked at with keen interest.

One of these was the original crown of Charlemagne. It is a large and crude affair, compared with more modern and elaborate ones. The crown consisted of a wide band, made for a very large head, and was covered with jewels of various kinds. The front of the crown extended above the head band in an oval shape, and was jeweled.

Other relics were those of the great Napoleon, who got his second wife from Austria. There was his sword, some of his camp outfit, some of his robes, and the cradle of his son, born of his Austrian wife Marie Louise, his insignia as King of Italy. We were surprised to see here also, his egg cup. It was of decorated china, but was of the same size as those used in Europe today.

The egg is served standing on end in such a little cup, which is just large enough to hold the egg. You chip off the shell at the top and eat the egg with a spoon out of the shell as it stands in the little egg cup. We always found this a rather difficult task and never succeeded in doing it with any skill.

A SHAKY GOVERNMENT.

I do not want to add to Austria's troubles, but while in Vienna I felt that the government was shaky and that anything might happen. There was an air of unrest and uncertainty that made itself felt. Parliament had been adjourned to stay at

home until called, and the government heads were conducting the affairs of the nation.

There were supporters of Nazi Germany and there were those opposed, perhaps about fifty-fifty. There was the Catholic party, which was in control of the government, and there were those opposed to them. All was ripe for revolution and war.

Austria was friendly to Italy because Italy had promised to support her against any German attack, and those in charge of the government are opposed to union with Germany. It was not long after we left that Chancellor Schuschnigg made a strong alliance with Count Scharnburg, a very wealthy and influential man, thus adding great strength to the present government.

One instance of the shakiness of things was told to me by our friend Dr. Cannon. He said he tried to go through the University of Vienna, but that he could not even get into the building without a permit, which was not so easy to secure. He believed the government feared uprisings by the students.

Vienna has one of the largest and most noted hospitals in the world. At our pension we met a fine young physician from Geneva, here to carry on some studies at this hospital. I asked him about going through it, but he said they admitted no one, although this was merely a necessity to protect the work. Only doctors and surgeons or students, patients and their relatives were admitted. This hospital covers a large area and cares for 2,000 patients. The grounds are enclosed by high stone walls.

A NEW COLLEGE.

On the way to the Liechtenstein gallery we passed by a large new building, which Dr. Cannon explained was a new school established for the training of consuls and other representatives to foreign countries. This Vienna college and the one at Georgetown University in Washington, D. C., he said, were the most noted schools of their kind in the world, and almost the only schools of that character.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

We were able to see the inside of the Parliament buildings here, although we had to pass three sets of guards to do so. However, they were kind and courteous. The members of parliament are not working these days, but we heard several suggestions that there would probably be an election next year, when things got settled down so that it was safe to hold an election and have the representatives of the people meet. Our guide was a nice young man who could speak only German.

The Parliament building is a grand, modern one, erected from 1874 to 1883 at a cost of \$12,000,000. They do not hesitate to spend money for fine buildings in this country, where the mass of the people are poor. The architect was Hansen of Denmark. In the House of Commons chamber the front is adorned with beautiful white marble statues of Roman statesmen; while in the House of Lords the front of

the room is stately and beautiful with white marble statues of Greek statesmen and philosophers.

We were loath to leave lovely and lovable Vienna—city of an artistic people, of delightful parks, of beauty in architecture, of depth in religion; home of the music of Beethoven, Mozart, Kreisler and Strauss—but we must journey to another great city nearer to the Near East—the Magyar city of Budapest.

Among the Magyars

ON THE ROAD TO BUDAPEST.

Vienna being a city of a million and a half people and Budapest being a city of more than a million people, I supposed that the highway connecting these two great cities would be teeming with traffic, especially since it meandered down the great Danube valley.

I was surprised to find it a blacktop pavement, only wide enough for two cars to pass with care, with narrow berms and right of way, and some ten miles of it having a crushed rock surface which sent up clouds of dust as our bus rolled along. Good sized trees lined much of the road, being so close to the berms that they would be a menace on an American road with its heavy traffic and great speed.

Travel on this highway consisted more of horse-drawn and ox-drawn wagons and carts than of motor driven vehicles. Cars were few and far between. I remember that our bus once went around another vehicle going up a hill, taking a risk which we would not think of taking in this country. However, I suppose the driver knew his road; he knew that there was small chance that he would meet a car coming over the hill.

PASSING THE CUSTOMS.

At a small station out on this road our bus stopped for a half hour to let customs officers look over the baggage, inspect the passports and ask about the money. We had no trouble here, but it was another illustration of how it hinders communication between countries to have borders to cross so often. Now we entered the country of the Magyars.

Austria and Hungary had been joined in one nation for hundreds of years. Each supplemented the needs of the other. Austria was the manufacturing section, while in Hungary were the great farming areas which produced the food. Hungary took Austria's manufactured articles and Austria took Hungary's foodstuffs. But the treaty of Versailles cut these two nations apart and now each suffers because of it. I heard complaints about this in both sections.

WE SEE CORN.

Along this road in Eastern Austria we saw corn for the first time since we left America. All of the other countries in which we had traveled were too cold for corn to grow, except as small fodder stuff. Here we saw real corn, rather smaller than in our

fields, but looking very much like corn in Marshall county.

They were cutting the corn, either putting it into shocks or hauling it in. On some farms they were husking. In one field near the road we saw three women and two men husking. Each had a sack hung on his or her shoulder. The corn was put into the sacks until they were filled, when it was dumped into the one wagon they had. The women smiled happily as they saw us looking at them when our bus stopped for a minute.

In many places we saw women cutting corn. They use a sort of hoe and cut the stalks close to the ground, laying the stalks in small piles to be picked up and drawn in by wagons.

LONG HORNED OXEN.

In a number of fields we saw many teams of those long horned oxen used in Hungary. We had our Texas long horns in their day, wild as deer and dangerous when excited; but here in Hungary they have oxen with horns longer than the Texas breed, but instead of being wild they are very docile. Farmers yoke them in pairs, in fours and even in sixes, two by two, to pull plows or wagons. It was an interesting spectacle to see these big fellows with such outlandish horns working peacefully together. I wondered how they pulled and did their work without getting their horns tangled so they couldn't get apart.

There were other cattle yoked for work, too, the ordinary kind. These were more numerous than the long horns. Only occasionally did we see a team of horses. As often did we see one horse or one ox hitched to a wagon, the hitch being one side of the tongue. I didn't get a chance to examine how they made the hitch or I would tell how it was done, but it seemed quite easy.

BEET CAVES.

An unusual thing along this road was the sight of caves, dug into the side of a low hill or slope and built over the top. We saw a farmer unloading a wagon of beets he had just drawn from an adjoining field. These caves keep the beets from freezing and also preserve them better as feed. Women and children were at work gathering these beets.

PEASANTS AND LARGE FIELDS.

The fields of corn, beets and other farm products were large—much larger than any we had seen in other countries. On many of these large farms we saw from five to ten big stacks of straw, left from the threshing of former years. They seemed to take up a large amount of land and I wondered what they were preserved for, although I saw baled straw at some places. But what a fire hazard.

Here, it became very evident, we were in the land of the real peasants, about which we had read in history. Many women and children were working in the fields with the men. Many women walking along the road were barefoot—in fact, we saw only a few who had on shoes. More of the men

wore shoes. Women carried bundles on their heads, with pads to steady the load and protect the head.

The little villages through which we drove had no sidewalks and in many of them the roadway was the only paving. We stopped in one of these villages and immediately a comely young girl came to sell some grapes. Soon three little boys with improvised stringed instruments came to the door of the coach and "played". It was an amusing spectacle and I threw them some coins, to their surprise.

As we rolled eastward the land became dryer. Trees were rather small and mostly of the locust variety. The Danube river was muddy and its waters were low. I was surprised to see very little traffic on the river. I had thought the mighty Danube would be filled with water craft as was the Rhine, but there was no comparison. Only occasionally did we see a small river boat. It was a striking illustration of the difference in business carried on in Western and in Eastern Europe. However, the traffic might have been much better below Budapest. There are very few trees along the Danube.

SOLDIERS, GOATS, GEESE, CATTLE.

At two places along the highway we passed large camps of soldiers. The boys were dressed in khaki and were engaged in drills and other work.

One picturesque sight was a large flock of goats on a half barren mountain side with their herder. All this country looked quite dry and desolate. We were told it had been a very dry year, and ordinarily there is not so much rainfall as in Austria.

Geese seemed a main product, not only of the farm but of every village. They spread their white wings in every little town we passed through and nearly every farm had its flock. There were many herds of cattle.

WAYSIDE CROSSES.

Now we know what it meant by that song, "The Old Wayside-Cross." Along this highway we saw many of them. The Hungarians are mostly Roman Catholics and they have erected Christ on the cross beside their roads as reminders. Some of these were nicely made and protected under a canopy, while others were in the open, were rusty or without paint and showed lack of any care. Although we had seen these crosses before, especially in France, we had not seen so many of them. We were the only foreigners in the bus and others were surprised to see us pointing out these wayside crosses and talking about them.

We arrived in Budapest about noon and were besieged by all too many porters and rustlers for hotels and pensions, but soon stopped at a pension where the proprietors could speak English. It is a helpless feeling to be in a land where you can't even name the letters in the words which you don't know.

A 1000 YEAR OLD NATION.

Budapest lies on both sides of the Danube river, Buda being the old and Pest the new city. When they united the cities they united the names.

The Parliament buildings here, I think, are the most beautiful government buildings we saw in Europe, making a grander and finer appearance than the British Houses of Parliament.

As the British Houses of Parliament are built along the Thames, so the Hungarian Parliament House is built along the Danube. In London you look across the Thames and get the full effect of the magnificent Parliament houses. In Budapest you look across the Danube to Parliament buildings erected on the banks of the river, their walls, spires and dome rising in majestic beauty, whether in the light of day or by the more gentle beams of the full moon.

As far back as 1896 Hungary celebrated her 1000th anniversary as a nation. Only seven years after the English noblemen compelled King John to sign the Magna Carta (1215) the Hungarians wrung from their rulers what they call the "Golden Bull", (1222) a document very similar to the Magna Carta of England, and guaranteeing to the people "Law and Order."

MILLENNIUM MONUMENT.

We went out to the gateway of the largest city park and there saw many statues of famous Hungarians. First in the row was Arpad, a rough, powerful and armed warrior on horseback, who led the Magyars out of Asia and came crashing into Europe a thousand years ago, in 896, and conquered the people in the region of Hungary. The Magyars remained to rule ever since.

We found these Hungarians in full sympathy with our ideas of freedom and liberty, protected by fundamental laws. Hungary became a Republic after the World war, but this was overthrown by communists in 1919. The communist dictator, Bela Kun, in turn gave way to a conservative dictator, Admiral Horthy. They told us that Hungary is a "kingdom without a king." Admiral Horthy rules as regent, not being allowed to reign as king because he does not have the royal blood.

WE SEE HORTHY.

The next day we went to the great castle on a high bluff above the Danube, and there, while standing on a porch of the castle, we saw Admiral Horthy and his wife walking by the side of the palace. They were keeping step in a smart stride as they came along, stopped at the end of the walk, made a sharp military turn and walked back in the same smart manner. She was dressed in a tailored suit and he in his government uniform, as he was soon to take part in a changing of the guard ceremony.

IN PARLIAMENT.

The first afternoon we walked out to the Parliament building, taking the risk that we could get back to our hotel—for we couldn't speak a word of Magyar. We arrived just in time to get the guide to show us through. He said that the Parliament was to meet the next Monday and that the committees were called to meet that afternoon at five

o'clock. Members were already arriving.

On the way through the building we came to the reading room and there sat a noted farmer member of Parliament. He was a large and burly man, with big red face and heavy upturned mustache. He wore boots whose tops came nearly to his knees. These high top boots are the sign that he was an owner of land, a sort of farmer uniform of honor.

Hungarian architecture seems noted for its grand stairways. In Parliament, as in other buildings, the stairs are long with a gradual ascent, creating a beautiful and imposing vista as one looked up their length.

AN AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM.

One day when my pal went to the National Art Gallery, I went to see the Royal Hungarian Museum of Agriculture. Hungary is largely an agricultural country and I was surprised to find a wonderful museum of agriculture, with exhibitions of former and present farming operations, demonstrations of the best farming methods, machinery, etc.

As I came to the fine buildings in which the museum was housed (they were former exhibition buildings) I saw two old women with baskets of something like pretzels and bread-sticks, which they were selling to passersby. They were picturesque characters and were typical of others seen wherever people gathered or passed by in goodly numbers outside of the business districts.

The museum was opened in 1907, its purpose being to "display the development of Hungarian agriculture in all of its various branches." Its library contains 35,000 volumes for special agricultural investigation.

As I walked through it I saw some interesting things. One of these was the harvesting and preparation of paprika for the market. This famous Hungarian red pepper is grown in two districts, those of Szeged and Kalocsa and the laws forbid its growth in any other part of Hungary.

In the implement exhibits I saw some of the old plows used by these farmers; also a small Oliver Chilled plow and a McCormick corn planter.

HUNGARIAN ART.

In the splendid National Art Gallery in Budapest we spent delightful hours. Much of the interior of the building itself was so beautiful I could not help spending some time admiring it. My pal complained that I spent too much time looking at the building instead of the pictures within it. But the grand stairways, the pillared halls, the busts of the greatest artists of the world and the marble walls were so unusually enticing that I had to take time out to admire them.

The Hungarian art was different from that we had seen. It was refreshing with a life and vigor we had not noted in the old masters. It is more modern than most of the great paintings in the other galleries.

Among the many fine paintings were several by Munkacsy (pronounced Moon-kotschy). His famous painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is well

known to most people. Strange as it may seem, the original of that painting is not in the Hungarian art gallery; a copy of smaller size hangs in its place. They told us the original was some place in America, they didn't know where. We learned that it is at John Wanamaker's in Philadelphia. We are going to remember this the next time we are in Philadelphia.

Munkacsy's paintings are realistic. He painted Hungarian life as he saw it and knew it. His painting of Liszt, famous Hungarian pianist and musical composer, was another of his notable paintings we saw. A number of paintings by other noted Hungarian artists represent incidents in the tragic history of the Hungarian people, among them being their wars against the Turks, whom they finally overcame after the Turks had held Budapest for 160 years.

SUNDAY IN BUDAPEST.

It was Sunday, Oct. 13, and we were in a sight-seeing coach to take glimpses of the important thing in the great Hungarian capital. One of the first places visited was St. Stephen's Catholic church. The old church had been destroyed in the revolution of 1848, and this new one had been built in 1850.

We arrived during the morning church service, along with several other coach loads of tourists. Tourists could enter the church, see the building and hear the exquisite music of the church choir.

The choir was singing as we entered and we were charmed by the organ, even more by the beautiful soprano voice of one member of the choir. I stood still and could hardly take an interest in looking at the building, so beautiful was the music. I lingered after our party had left the church, almost determined to abandon our coach so I could hear all of the music of the service.

Many people were standing and moving about at the rear of the church, talking and looking as the service went on. The very large auditorium was well filled with worshipers, most of them seated or kneeling and some of them standing. The noise and confusion caused by the tourists coming in seemed not to interfere with the service.

Our guide pointed out to us the grand organ, built of red and gray marble. He told us it had 5,552 "whistles" (pipes). At the door of the church was an old woman selling papers.

WHERE TURKS WORSHIPPED.

We crossed the Danube and came to the famous Church of the Coronation in the old city of Buda. Near here also were the extensive and magnificent palaces of the Hungarian Rulers and later of the Habsburgs. The service was over in the Coronation church and we were better able to look at the building.

This church was full of interest because the Turks had used it as a mosque and for 160 years had held their Mohammedan services in it, 1527 to 1687. The interior of the church was decorated in the Mohammedan or Byzantine style, in a sort of pink-

ish color. After the Turks were driven out, the church was kept as the Mohammedans had decorated it, the purpose being to leave that reminder of the tragic years when the Hungarian people suffered from the Turks. It was a strange feeling to walk the same stone floor where Mohammedans had kneeled, and to look at the decorations made and used by Musselmen.

LARGE SUNDAY CROWD.

A great crowd had gathered that Sunday to see the changing of the guard at the palace, one of the signal events in the capital. People lined both sides of the street leading up to the palace gate as squads of soldiers marched to and fro in preparation for the event.

The changing was completed in the great court of the palaces, where the regent, Admiral Horthy, and his wife viewed the ceremony from windows in the second story of the palace. Gaily dressed soldiers representing the different periods of Hungarian history appeared, and the large band played stirring music during the ceremony.

While this was a striking and brilliant event, it was not equal in magnificence and display of costume and uniform to the changing of the guard at Buckingham palace in London. Of course, one could hardly expect that it would be.

A MILLION DOLLAR BALLROOM.

Here in the Royal Palace of Buda we found further extravagances of the Habsburg monarchs. In this palace is a ballroom which cost a million dollars. I felt that it was more dazzlingly beautiful than the famed Apollo room in the Louvre, said to be the most beautiful in the world.

This magnificent ballroom has white marble walls and is fitted with silver and glass chandeliers. When it is fully illuminated its walls and chandeliers reflect the light of 20,000 candles in a most dazzlingly brilliant spectacle. Adjoining is the white marble ball cloak room, in which is a remarkable statue of Carara marble, the "Goose Thief," a sculpture of Julius Jankovits.

The astonishing magnificence of this palace stood out impressively among all the many palaces we had seen.

WE MEET THE DUTCH.

It was on this trip that we met a fine young Dutch couple who were also sight seers. They were living in Roumania, where he is manager of a Dutch oil company. I talked to him of business in Roumania. He said things were very difficult for business. If a firm made any money, the government took it all away in taxes of one kind or another, and they were always uncertain as to what the government would do next.

At our pension we had met three other young Dutch people, two brothers and the wife of one of them. The brothers were both officers of the Dutch army in the East Indies and were here on vacation. They get a vacation after each three years of service.

"Holland has the best and richest of the East Indies," said one of the brothers at dinner. "The army is there to help govern the 50,000,000 natives."

"Trust you Dutch to take the best islands of the lot," I said, and he smiled at the roast. Then I said: "The Dutch are good governors of colonies; they know how to deal with other peoples. They are as good or better than the French and English." To which he replied that they "had never had a revolt or other serious trouble in their islands".

"Maybe New York City would have been better governed if we had let you keep that," I said, and they laughed.

On the Way Home

STARTING WESTWARD.

As we turned westward from Budapest it was with the excited feeling that we were starting homeward. It was not hard for us to get out at six o'clock, before there was any stir in the pension, and take a seven o'clock coach for Vienna. We saw again the peasant farmers of Hungary as we drove through the country, villages and towns.

It was Monday and it seemed that nearly everybody was out on the road going to town, either afoot, or by ox or horse-drawn wagons. Very few autos were seen. We were told that half the autos owned in the country were not being used because their owners were too poor to operate them.

In one large field I saw nine yokes of those big longhorn oxen pulling plows. There were from four to six head attached to each plow. Two of these teams were pulling gang plows.

Monday was evidently market day in Hungary, but judging by the crowds which gathered at a number of places we thought it must be an annual fair of some kind. In these crowds we occasionally saw a farmer wearing those top boots, which are the mark of the owner of land. Some of them did not look much different from other farmers, but for the most part they had the mark of higher intelligence and influence.

At the good city of Gyor a great crowd was gathering. In a large open space were parked many wagons and a few autos. People were milling about, getting ready for the big day. It reminded me of a fair day in our country back in the 90's.

Among the vendors of goods were two rows of women, facing each other. They had sacks of goose feathers for sale. These peasant women stood there each holding her sack waiting for buyers to come and see. Their dresses came nearly to the ground and were very full, made of some coarse cloth. They had shawls over their heads.

IN VIENNA AND MUNICH.

Coming out of the Hungarian land to Vienna it seemed like coming back home again, for we could understand much of the German, and more people could speak English. We did some shopping in the afternoon, spent the night there, and in the early

morning bid goodbye to troubled Austria and took train for Munich.

In the same Munich pension where we had stopped before we met several friends, including Dr. and Mrs. Cannon. In a very fine meat market I saw lard advertised at 48c per pound. We felt again the repressive atmosphere of the Hitler government, but the next day were on our way by train for Strasburg, which is just across the Rhine in Alsace, one of the two provinces France won from Germany during the World War.

AUSTRIAN TALKS OF WAR.

On the train in our compartment was an Austrian inventor. He could not speak English, but after a time we engaged him in conversation in German and had a very pleasant and profitable visit with him. He had a son who had taken out naturalization papers in America and was now located in Paris with a radio concern.

This Austrian said he was going to America soon to secure patents. He had invented a test tube which would pour only one drop at a time, drop after drop. Also he had made a pitcher with a spout which would not dribble, and a bottle neck which would pour without slobbering.

This Austrian inventor was much opposed to war, but said he, I look for a great war in Europe next spring. Germany will attack Austria and take that country over. Austria, said he, is 50-50 for and against Hitler, the government 50 being against union with Germany. Do not think that because we speak German we are for Germany, said he. You in America speak English, but you do not wish to unite with England. It is just so with Austria. The Czecks, Poland and the Danzing corridor will be at the mercy of Germany, he said, after she has taken over Austria.

A great European war may develop, he thought, out of the Mediterranean situation. Italy and England will both lose strength by that war, leaving France and Germany the great powers of Europe. Mussolini is a very smart man, he said, but Hitler not so smart. Hitler's greatest mistake is his attitude toward the Jews. Malta, Mediterranean island possession of Britain, is 99 per cent Italian and wants to be with Italy.

Germany is working night and day, he declared, piling up munitions of war. She is not selling them, but is storing them for the day when war comes.

With feeling this Austrian said: "Life is so short and so sweet; why should we destroy it by war?"

Then we came to Ulm, where we must wait three hours for our train to Strasburg. Our Austrian friend bid us goodbye in a very friendly way, shaking hands cordially and seeing us to the door, wishing us a good journey.

IN AN ULM CAFE.

In Ulm we went into a nice cafe for lunch. At the entrance we were astonished to see the sign:

"Jews not wanted."

"Our greeting: Heil Hitler."

It was a nice place and served good food. The atmosphere seemed to be very much pro-Hitler. This same sign about the Jews we saw on several stores as we went through the streets. It reminded us of what the Austrian inventor had said to us on the train: "The biggest mistake Hitler is making is his persecution of the Jews."

Here in Ulm we saw another of those magnificent cathedrals. The spire of this Ulm Cathedral is the highest stone tower in the world—527 feet high. This cathedral is the second largest in Germany, the largest being that at Cologne, which we saw when we first entered Germany. The Ulm Cathedral is so large that it can accommodate 28,000 people, nearly half the population of the city. We walked about the streets, looking with interest at some of the old buildings.

We had been told that no one was allowed to leave Germany with more than 20 marks in coin, and with no currency at all. As we had a little more than 20 marks we wondered what might happen to us at the border, but no attention was paid to our money at all. Officials were slow in making their customs inspections and examining passports. We were asked whether we had anything to declare (dutiable goods) and we said "No." That was all—and we were soon across the Rhine and in Strasbourg, France.

WHO MARRIED THIS GIRL?

What Marshall county soldier married a pretty French girl in Strasbourg when our boys were guarding the Rhine border? If I knew that I could tell an interesting story.

Sight-seeing in Strasbourg we stopped in at "Kammerzell House," to see the inside of the oldest tavern in the city—built in 1427. A pretty young French woman came to wait on us—she was the only one in charge of the place. As soon as she learned that we were Americans, she said with excited interest: "I married an American soldier boy." Then she shook her head and shrugged her shoulders with a sigh.

"Did he go away and leave you?" we asked, and she nodded yes. She left to wait on other customers and we did not know French well enough to ask her who the soldier was and where he lived. She was still very pretty and must have been one of those irresistible beauties back in 1919 when our soldier boys were along the border.

As we were looking at the wondrous beauty of the Strasbourg Cathedral a man spoke to me in English, said he came from St. Louis, but was now living in Strasbourg with his sister.

"Did the Germans Germanize Strasbourg during the 64 years they held this country?" I asked him.

"No, they never could Germanize Strasbourg," he declared. "Strasbourg is French and you can't make anything else out of it."

All we saw as we walked thru the streets told us that he spoke the truth. The people were French, spoke French and had French ways. They were

even French in doing their washing in the river. One of the interesting things we saw was a wash-boat tied at the river bank, with many women and some men doing washings. They bring their clothes to the boat, lean over the edge and splash the clothes in the water, soap them and wring them until clean. The river Ill here is very clear and swift and makes a much better washtub than other places we had seen.

We looked at the great University of Strasbourg; at the Cathedral of Strasbourg with its three periods of architecture, its gorgeous stained glass windows and very beautiful facade; at many old houses. Then we were off for Verdun.

"THEY SHALL NOT PASS!"

After a short stop in Metz we came to Verdun, where was fought in 1916 the deadliest battle of the World war. We had seen little of the battle fields of the war, so we were glad to be able to see this city where the power of the Germans was broken against the citadel of French defense.

Had the Germans taken this powerful and loved defensive ring of forts, the morale of the French would have been given a shattering blow. The Germans knew this and the French knew it.

The French command sent to their army this quiet order of deadly determination which went over to the Germans as an answer to the challenge of their mighty attack:

"One does not pass here!"

At Fort Douaumont, one of the ring of forts around Verdun, is a monument above which burns a Flame of the Dead in memory of 400,000 soldiers killed at Verdun.

But the Germans did not pass.

Verdun is a pleasant city on the Meuse river. We walked along a broad boulevard by the side of the river to Victory Avenue. Looking up Victory Avenue from the river we saw the Monument to Victory—the victory of Verdun—and to the Soldiers of Verdun.

It is a striking, although plain, edifice. We approached it in reverence, knowing the wholesale sacrifices which had caused its building. Up the avenue, across a street to a high bastion, or stone wall, we went, then mounted a wide stone stairway at the top of which the monument stood.

It is a tall sort of obelisk, its walls sloping from a base up two thirds of its height, then having two shoulders from which rise the top third of smaller dimensions. There is a long, narrow window in the front of the monument and doors at the base lead to the interior.

From the walls of the bastion about the memorial we looked out upon the field of battle. On three sides Verdun is surrounded by low hills, and on these hills were a series of forts which the French had made so impregnable that not even the Germans, then in their greatest might, could take. Two of them were taken by surprise, but both were recaptured by the French a few months later.

In the city we saw several buildings still lying in ruins, battered to pieces by the awful bombardments. In many directions from Verdun are cemeteries. In the National Cemetery of Douaumont is a field containing 30,000 crosses, "row on row," with an imposing monument at its entrance.

THEY EXPECT ANOTHER WAR.

With these fields of dead and hundreds of memorials before them we wondered how these Europeans could again think and prepare and expect war so soon after this awful carnage. The answer is, as I see it, that each nation is afraid of the other. No nation wants to go to war, but it feels it must protect itself from destruction by some other nation.

We found no one who wanted war; in fact, all to whom we talked in all nations, were opposed to war, dreaded war, hoped and prayed that war would not come.

Yet nearly all these nations are preparing for war with feverish haste. National life and national freedom from the domination of other nations is so sweet that they will give the utmost to save it, just as anyone does to save his own life from destruction.

ON THE WAY TO REIMS.

On the train going to Reims we saw more cemeteries filled with those little white stone crosses, which took the place of the wooden ones. We passed through the Argonne forest, the trees now turning to beauty in the autumn sun. It is a dense wood covering hills. Here is where some of the worst fighting was done in the last months of the war, where some Marshall County boys helped dislodge the machine gun nests of the enemy planted thickly in this forest.

Then we came to Reims, a city which was taken by the Germans in their first great rush, and afterward was so close to their lines that it was bombarded every day for four years.

A BATTERED CATHEDRAL.

There were two things we wanted to see in Reims: The magnificent cathedral, battered by the World war; and the champagne caves, or cellars, almost as famous as the cathedral.

When the first great wave of the German armies rolled into France they swept over Reims and occupied this part of the country. The battle of the Marne swept them back again, leaving Reims and its surrounding area sticking up into the German lines like a thumb.

The result was that Reims was shelled every day for four years and one month. In this city of 75,000 people there were 14,000 buildings when the war began; when the armistice was signed there were 60 of these houses left habitable.

As we walked past a large park we noted many shell holes still in the cement fence between the sidewalk and the park.

The cathedral, world-famous for its Gothic beauty, still retains its magnificent outlines, but on

closer inspection shows the ugly scars of war. Half of it was shut off from visitors as workmen carried on the rebuilding of the temple. The work of restoration has been in process for many years, although it seemed an almost impossible task to put back the beauty and magnificence, the statues and delicate traceries in stone which were there before the war god Mars came to destroy one of the grandest edifices the genius of man has ever raised toward heaven.

We approached the cathedral from the front. Before it is a large open space in the center of which is a bronze statue of Joan of Arc on horseback. The two great Gothic towers rose in their majesty well nigh complete. Between them is a pointed gable and below this, in the very center, the large rose window—that round, flowerlike window of colored glass which adds such beauty to so many of these noted cathedrals. Directly underneath this big rose window is the center arched doorway of the facade, in the top of which is another beautiful rose window, smaller than the chief one. At each side of the great doorway is a lesser doorway, arched and beautiful as the center, all of them being adorned in the greatest profusion by statues large and small.

The whole front looks as though it might be a mighty pipe organ. It is impossible to describe. One thing might help a little. In the pointed gable over the middle doorway are eight stone statues representing the Coronation of the blessed Virgin. The whole facade is covered by similar statues, slender columns, minarets, adorned gables, and charming windows flaming with colored glass.

At a distance it seemed that the many rows of statues on and about these doorways were perfect, but when we came closer and looked we were not able to find a single statue which was complete. Some part of it had been knocked off by a piece of an exploding shell.

We went into a nearby store and bought some pictures of the cathedral showing it as it was and as the bombardment and fire left it. The work of restoration of this wreck after the war made us wonder at the industry and faith of these people and their love for their wonderful cathedral. Without all these they could not have had the courage to rebuild even this, one of the most perfect and beautiful in all Europe.

But when we know the history of the famous cathedral, we can better realize why it is so precious to the French people. It is one of the great mediaeval masterpieces. It is much the same sort of national shrine for the French as Westminster Abbey is for the English. On this site was baptized the first Christian king of France, Clovis, in the year 496. From this time to the nineteenth century almost all French monarchs were crowned at Reims. It was to this cathedral that Joan of Arc conducted Charles VII to be crowned in 1429.

IN THE CHAMPAGNE CELLARS.

We didn't know anything about champagne, but

we wanted to see the celebrated champagne cellars of Reims, so we took a taxi to the eastern border of the city to the Pommery & Greno plant.

A guide escorted a small party down into the cellars, or caves. There are 116 steps leading down (I counted them) and it is 90 feet below the surface. As we went through them we noted that each street had its name, the names being those of the best known large cities or countries over the world.

Here are stored some 12,000,000 bottles of champagne, maturing slowly in a temperature of 50 degrees—a temperature which never varies summer and winter.

We saw thousands of bottles stuck into holes in racks to allow the dregs to settle into the neck of the bottles so they could be poured out and leave the contents clear and sparkling. Each of these bottles has to be turned each day. Bottling, corking and labeling machines are operated in the caves.

Down in these eleven miles of caves lived some 3,000 people of Reims during the World war. They could not live in their homes on account of the bombardment, so they gathered here. Church services were held, a cinema showed pictures, schools were conducted, and the work of making champagne went on, but at a reduced rate.

At night these people would crawl out and grope their way in the darkness through the city to see what new damage had been done to their homes by the bombardment of the day.

THE POMMERY CHAMPAGNE.

When we came back to the office a very courteous young man asked us if we would like to taste the champagne. We said we would and followed him into his finely furnished office. He spoke English fluently and was delightful in his conversation. His name is Andre Floquet.

I told him I was writing some stories for my paper and wanted to get some information about the wine cellars and their development. He had us sit at a round, bare table and after we had talked for a time he ordered some champagne by telephone. "We will try some champagne nine years old," he said.

Soon a waitress brought in a bottle, wafers and three glasses. With a towel over the neck of the bottle Mr. Floquet opened it without any popping noise, and poured the wine. It was of a pale golden tint.

We touched glasses and as we sipped the delicious champagne he told us about the making of champagne, of the caves, of what happened during the war and many other interesting matters.

"For 300 years the Romans occupied Reims and drug chalk out of these same cliffs," he said, "leaving vast subterranean caverns which were unused for 1600 years. Then Madame Pommery bought this useless waste and developed there the most famous champagne business in the world. Only the best champagne is made.

"Under French law only a few districts in France can make wine and sell it as champagne. One of

these districts is that about Reims. These districts are chosen because the climate and the soil give a special flavor to the wine which cannot be secured in other places," said Mr. Floquet. He said that no real champagne is made in the United States. "Our sales were greater in your country during prohibition than they are now," he said.

"What did the Germans do to your champagne?" I asked.

"They took only about 3,000 bottles," he replied. "That wasn't anything to speak of when you know that we had at that time in our cellars about 12,000,000 bottles. You see the Germans expected to stay here for some time and thought they could take the champagne whenever they wished. The officers evidently kept this store for themselves, not allowing the soldiers admittance. Then when they were driven back in the battle of the Marne they did not have time to take any of the wine away."

"How long does it take to make champagne?" I asked.

"No champagne can be made under five years," said Mr. Floquet. "From five on up to 15 years it gets better and better. After 15 years it is apt to deteriorate, although we recently opened a bottle 19 years old which was perfect. Some poor champagne was shipped from France to the United States after prohibition and this brought French wines generally into disrepute."

He said that ordinary wine contains about eight per cent alcohol and champagne has about 12 per cent.

He said the tariff of champagne coming into the United States is \$1.75 per bottle of .8 of a litre. The price at the plant is \$2.00 per bottle. Then he naively suggested that some tourists take \$100 worth of champagne with them, as they can enter that much without any duty.

DISCOVERED BY MONK.

Champagne is made mostly from black grapes, in a skillful blending of the grapes from three great districts in the Marne valley. The peculiar character of the soil is one of the chief causes of the remarkable quality of this wine.

The making of champagne was discovered about 140 years ago by a Benedictine monk named Dom Perignon. He belonged to the Abbey of Hautvillers near Epernay, which is south of Reims. He discovered the method of bottling the wine at the right season, and making it retain its sparkling qualities, together with a perfect limpidity and pale color unknown before his time.

This discovery led to the great development of champagne production. It became the drink of kings and nobles and the wealthy. A statue has been erected to Dom Perignon and he is duly honored in his country.

THROUGH CHATEAU THIERRY.

We left Reims in the early morning by bus for Paris. We felt fortunate that our road led through the noted Chateau Thierry sector of the World war. After about an hour's travel we stopped for

breakfast at Chateau Thierry, a town about the size of Plymouth. The restaurant was cold and not too clean, the food what might be expected in such a place, but coffee and a piece of good, hard bread served the purpose.

It was through this section that we saw many cemeteries, their large expanse filled with white stone crosses set in regular rows. A number of notable memorials are here. As we were going out of the town we passed a striking monument with the inscription:

"To the Dead Heroes of the United States Army."

WHERE REEVE FELL.

Farther on we came into view of a very large and imposing monument half way up a rather steep hill, and overlooking the valley of the Marne river. It was erected to the American soldiers who fell in the war. Surrounding it is a field of stone crosses marking the graves of our boys who fell there.

Then I remembered that it was not many miles from here, on October 7, 1918, that Lieutenant Charles B. Reeve of Plymouth fell, pierced by German machine gun bullets as he led his battalion across a rather smooth piece of ground and routed the enemy from their position at Blanc Mont Ridge. His name was taken for the American Legion Post at Plymouth.

IN PARIS AGAIN.

It seemed like coming back home to get into Paris again. The city and parks looked brighter than before and we liked the city better than when we were here in July. We had four days before we took our boat train for LeHavre to get aboard our ship for home.

My pal rushed to the Louvre to get more inspiration from the masterpieces of painting there. Together we went again the next day to take farewell looks at this greatest art gallery in the world.

A MUSSELMAN'S MOSQUE.

We learned of a noted Mohammedan mosque which had been completed a few years ago and to this we went for a new experience in seeing religious edifices. The fee was larger than we had paid at any such place, but also, the mosque was different.

As we waited for the guide to come I trained my camera on parts of the inner court of the mosque to get a picture, but before I decided what to take the guard came out of the building across the court and, seeing me, motioned not to take pictures. I could easily have snapped a picture and him in with it, but I respected his wishes and refrained.

This mosque was completed and dedicated in 1926, said our guide, who could not talk a word of English and seemed to know little French. The Sultan of Morocco, Moulay-Youssef, came to Paris and conducted the dedication ceremonies. There are 60,000 Algerian Turks in Paris, said our guide, and this is their church.

It is built in a most exquisite fashion, the floors

and walls being of beautiful mosaics, the ceilings of carved woods. He took us into the room for prayer. There were no seats, but a large and rich oriental rug covered the floor of the circular room. Along the walls, about as high as the head, were racks where the Mohammedans place their shoes when they enter this prayer room; then they kneel on the rug and pray. Prayer stairs led upward at one side of the room. The ceiling of this room was richly adorned with carved cedar wood, and the place was fragrant with incense, glowing with rich lights.

Another room, the library and consultation room of the priests and assistants, was a most beautiful and elaborate one, rich with chairs, benches, rugs and cushions with a large library of books.

The large court was beautiful with carved stone friezes and statues, flowers and shrubbery, and fountains whose waters ran clear over colored porcelain tiling in a square inside the court.

When we came to the door to leave we noted that a number of Turks had gathered there, seemingly having learned that some Americans were in the mosque. Others were approaching from across the street. They did not look the best to us and we hurried away, feeling for the first time somewhat concerned as to our safety. After walking fast for a few blocks we came to a bus station and were relieved when we got aboard, although we didn't know where the bus was going. It happened to be the one we wanted, and we were soon back into familiar streets.

AT THE MUSEUM.

On this same day we went to the Rodin Museum to see what Rodin's sculptures were like. Some of them were what might be called great, among them being his "Thinker," which many have seen represented in book ends. However, the "Thinker" in the original statue is a man looking down into hell, seeing his children there and philosophizing on what they have come to. Another famous one was the "Magistrates of Calais," much criticized by citizens of Calais for whom it was made.

Most of his works, however, we decided were as crazy and bad, or worse than we expected. It seemed to me that many of them were sexually moronish.

AN ASSIGNMENT.

On the day before we were to leave Paris for our boat I called on the "boys" at the United Press office to say goodbye. Ralph E. Heinzen, the manager, was glad to see me and when he found that I was going home on the Manhattan, he said:

"Jimmy Walker is going back to America on that same boat. There will not be a newspaper reporter on the Manhattan and we will appoint you to interview Jimmy and radio your interview to New York for a big scoop by the United Press."

I told him I would be glad to do anything I could. That night he sent to my hotel by special messenger, a letter of instructions and sent to the ship instructions to charge my radio messages to the United Press. "But this radio is expensive," the let-

ter warned, "so put your stuff in 'cablese' and make it as short as possible."

A BOAT TRAIN.

We were as much excited as two school children, for tomorrow we would board our "boat train" for LeHavre and our ship. It is easy to get to your ship from Paris, for they have a regular boat train which carries none except boat passengers and leaves the city just in time to catch the boat. Our train left at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

The porter brings our luggage out to the taxi, we bid goodbye to our hotel friends and are off. At the Lazarre station porters meet the taxi and take our luggage. They seem to know that we want the boat train, and more mysterious than that the fellow knew exactly what car on the long train we are to get into and what seat in the car. Our only trouble is in learning how much to pay him. Finally we learn that it is about 40 cents. We are early, so get a good seat and feel very happy to be starting home.

In her notes of our trip my pal has written:

"Goodbye 'gay Paree'! Farewell, dear Europe. END OF MARVELOUS SUMMER VACATION! Gratitude—but sadness. Will probably never see it again—LOVE IT!"

CHESTNUTS AND GOLD.

There came into our compartment on the boat train a young couple with whom we soon became acquainted. They were Mr. and Mrs. John Ebert of New York City, returning home after a year and a half trip around the world. They had spent almost a year in Shanghai, China, and had been in Paris the last few weeks. By the time we reached Le Havre we had become so friendly that we agreed to eat at the same table on the boat and this was arranged as one of the first things we did after getting aboard.

The boat train runs right down onto the dock at Le Havre—a fine new dock which the United States Lines has recently completed—and the passengers get off the train, mount a stairway and walk right to the gangplank. On the way in I changed what little remaining French money I had for American money. It seemed almost strange to have nothing but good American paper and coins again.

The Manhattan was there at anchor and lunch was ready for us when we went aboard, although it was about one o'clock. These ship companies are generous—but maybe they knew it was going to be rough weather and that they wouldn't have to feed us so much on the way over.

The ship's departure was delayed by the loading of a great cargo of chestnuts. Twenty carloads had come from Italy and were on their way to the United States for Thanksgiving dinners. They were packed in barrels and the big cranes on the dock lifted about twenty barrels in a net at once, swinging them above the ship and down into the hold.

It was 5:30 when we left Le Havre—said goodbye to France—and looked forward to a night on the English channel. We were due at Southampton

at one o'clock in the morning, but when we awoke and had breakfast we were still at the dock. Reports said that the ship unexpectedly had to take on a large consignment of gold and silver for the United States. The bullion had been brought down to the dock in freight cars and the dock men had been loading the gold and silver since the time the ship arrived and were still at it at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

"JIMMY" WALKER ABOARD.

Perhaps most people were more interested here in the coming on board of Mr. and Mrs. "Jimmy" Walker and Mrs. Walker's mother. It was uncertain whether they would be passengers. We did not see them come aboard as they arrived during the night, not expecting the ship to stay so long in port.

Waving goodbye to "Merrie England" we were soon passing the chalk cliffs of the south coast. A young man named Fenton from the ship's radio tower hunted me out and asked me about the radio for the United Press and we talked about the matter for a few minutes. We agreed that as "Jimmy" Walker had been rushed by reporters pretty hard for a week or more, it would be wise to let him rest for a day before attempting any interview.

That was fatal to my interview. We were due at Cobh, Ireland, formerly Queenstown, at 5:45 the next morning. I got up to look out at the harbor in the gray morning light. A few passengers and a little freight were brought out by a tender and then we were off, putting out to sea against a stiff wind.

I got sick and went to bed, where I stayed for two days. The wind brought on rougher and rougher weather until it was reported that nearly everybody aboard was sick. It was learned that both Mr. and Mrs. Walker were ill and that they had been out of their cabin only once. Officers reported that there were more people sick than on any trip they had made for six years or more. For the second and third days the ship's log said:

"Overcast, fresh SSw'ly gales, very rough high seas."

My pal was a good sailor—she did not get sick, but went to the dining room for every meal on the whole trip.

Midway across the ocean the ship posted a bulletin stating that we would dock in New York at 2:30 p. m. October 31. We were more than a day late out of Southampton and talk was common that we would be a day or more late into New York. However, the ship's engines were pushed to their utmost and the speed was such that we rapidly gained time.

This high speed of the engines was one thing which caused unusual vibration and more pitching and rolling of the ship.

SIGHT WHALES.

One day as we neared the Newfoundland region we sighted a school of whales not very far from the ship. We saw a number of them spouting water, and I saw the back of two of the black fellows as

they wallowed among the waves. We were perhaps a half mile or more from them.

EXILED FROM GERMANY.

Across the hallway from our cabin were some German Jews coming to America—a young couple and their niece, about twelve years old. The little girl cried frequently and the couple were sorrowful enough for they had been expelled from Germany, the home of their family for more than a century.

We talked to them, and when they found we sympathized with them in their trouble, they would come to our door and talk to us. The man could speak only a few words of English and he was worrying because he did not know the language. He was a manufacturer, head of a plant which had been founded by his grandfather about 1800. The factory had been in the family ever since and was doing a large business.

When the Hitler government ordered that no one should buy anything from Jews, the output of this factory had no sale, so the only thing the owners could do was to leave the country. They could take out of the country only ten marks each, but had arranged letters of credit so they could pay their fare to New York City.

They were leaving their factory business and outstanding accounts of about \$40,000, not knowing whether they would ever get anything out of the business. They were worrying more because they had to leave their father and mother. "We had to leave them and all the business and come away," said the woman.

"I don't know whether we will get anything from the business or not," said the man. A brother and sister had gone to Palestine because they could not get into the United States on account of our limited quota of immigrants.

WANTED TO SEE SKYSCRAPERS.

On board we met two English ladies who were coming to America for the first time. What they wished most to see was New York's skyscrapers. We had noted that all over Europe the one big thing which the steamship companies advertised to attract tourists to America was New York and her skyscrapers.

LAND AGAIN.

As we approached America the winds grew more moderate and the passengers gradually got better. The voyage was an endurance test for most of us and there was joy and excitement when we neared our harbor. All eyes were searching for a sight of land, and we soon caught glimpses of some buildings on the low shores of Long Island. New Jersey and then Staten Island came next into view.

We stopped at quarantine and a number of government officials came aboard to learn whether we were all clean and fit to be put ashore. This took about half an hour.

A harbor pilot also came aboard. I heard that this was the custom or the rule of the transportation companies. They never trust the ship's own pilot to

bring the vessel into port, but hire an expert who is familiar with every yard of the harbor.

It was here also that we got mail from home, brought out to the ship before she docked. What a delight! I went to where they were sorting the mail for the A, B, and C names. There were seven letters and two telegrams for us—almost a third of all the mail he had, and were we happy.

BOATS GREET WALKER.

A boat came out to meet the ship, bearing streamers in honor of the home-coming of "Jimmy" Walker. They tooted their whistle, waved and yelled. Other boats came out later and an airplane flew overhead. There was quite a screeching of whistles, yells, songs by loud speaker apparatus and playing of bands. They followed us all the way to the dock and helped in the general reception.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY—NEW YORK.

Then we came to the Goddess of Liberty. It was a thrilling sight to see her standing there in all her regal majesty, holding her torch of freedom on high. We had seen so many wonderful statues—but this Goddess was larger and grander than I remembered. The body and arm and torch were of a beautiful green and stood out in striking grandeur against the background of harbor, ships and buildings. I wondered whether any of that liberty had been lost while we were gone.

Then there arose before us through the haze, that marvelous skyline of New York. I rushed to the upper deck to get a clearer view. The sight was overpowering. We had seen nothing like this abroad—nothing to compare with it. It was more marvelous than anything the old world has to show.

There were those mighty buildings rising so far toward the heavens, clean and bright, beautiful in their simplicity, startling in their astonishing height, grand beyond expression in their ensemble of display.

Shivers ran up and down my back; my heart beat fast with pride and love for my country which had produced such wonders. My whole being thrilled and trembled with emotion, for I felt that behind this marvelous expression were powers of energy, of brain, of ingenuity, of wealth, of freedom and of spirit greater than any other on earth.

As I stood there looking at that wonderful city and realized that we were home again, the tears ran down my cheeks as I recalled those inspiring lines of Henry Van Dyke:

"So it's home again, and home again, America for me.

My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,

In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,

Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."

GOING ASHORE.

As our ship came near to the dock all passengers crowded toward the place where the gangplank would be laid down. Luggage of all kinds was piled high on deck ready to be unloaded. Hundreds of people were on the dock looking anxiously for relatives or friends; everybody on ship was as anxiously searching the crowd ashore to catch a glimpse of loved ones. Occasionally a yell or scream would arise when relatives ashore or aboard caught sight of each other.

We searched the crowd on the dock, hoping to see some loved ones from Plymouth or our brother-in-law Hector T. Madison of Long Island, but none appeared. We had tipped our steward generously and he appreciated it by holding back our baggage until the last so it was placed on top of the pile on deck, thus being among the first to be taken ashore by the line of deck hands.

It was a "grand and glorious feeling" to step ashore and bid goodbye to ship and sea. We went at once to the spot underneath the letter B in the line of letters hung high above our heads. Soon our baggage came to us. I went and secured a customs inspector to go over our baggage. Aboard ship we were required to make out an itemized list of all we had bought abroad and were bringing in.

The inspector was kind and asked us to open only two of our bags, giving neither much attention. "It's too crowded today for an inspection, but we must make some sort of a showing," he said. A great crowd was milling about on dock and outside, waiting to see "Jimmy" Walker and his wife get off the boat.

Unexpectedly our children Alfred and Eleanor rushed up to us and there was a joyous meeting. Only two persons were allowed to come on the dock to meet us, and they had secured passes the day before, but were prevented from getting in promptly by the cordon of police who kept the crowd back. It was a narrow escape from missing them altogether. Outside Alfred's wife and Mr. Madison awaited us.

We did not stay to see "Jimmy" come ashore but pushed our way out through the crowd and soon were in the streets of the mighty city of New York.

SOME COMPARISONS.

New York looked so clean and bright compared with those foreign cities with their old and blackened buildings. Autos and trucks jammed the streets and crowds of people filled the sidewalks. We had not seen in any city abroad so much traffic, rush and business.

We took the subway for the Madison home on Long Island. On the subway train I said to the conductor:

"Your subways are not as clean nor as quiet as those in London."

"I know it," he replied. "I was over there and

tried their undergrounds and they are better than ours."

Driving to Washington, D. C., I noted, as I had not been accustomed to notice before, the character of the roads, the countryside, the buildings. We saw no road in Europe which could begin to compare with this magnificent highway from New York to Washington—four lanes for traffic, great overhead bridges for streets and railways, plain directions for travelers.

The countryside was well kept, parklike, beautiful in its green grass, shrubs and trees, and the homes were far and away better than those we saw through the countries of Europe. One can appreciate what we have here only by seeing what they have "over there."

MOST BEAUTIFUL CAPITAL.

Arriving in Washington we looked over the city again, carefully comparing our capital with those famed European capitals—London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Stockholm, Geneva, Brussels.

On the train from Munich to Strasbourg I said to a German lady:

"We have seen nearly all of your great European capitals but Washington is more beautiful than any of them."

"You say that just because you are an American," she replied.

"No," said I, "it is true, and I hope some day you may see Washington and learn for yourself."

Washington, in our opinion, is much the most beautiful capital among all those we saw. None of these others can compare with it, although they are different and have their own abundant beauty, history and fame.

Washington is a city of government and residence only. No manufacturing or other similar business is carried on there. Washington keeps itself clean and bright. Many of its buildings are new, having been built within the past fifteen years. Washington is becoming more beautiful and magnificent from year to year as George Washington's original plans are being carried out by new structures bearing the finest architectural lines, glistening in white marble and stone.

And then the flag flying at the top of the Capitol dome is more beautiful than any we saw in Europe.

Europe seems developed; America a country in the making. A city here 100 years old is becoming aged. Plymouth, 100 years old as we rolled into it, seemed new, bright and beautiful, filled with comfortable homes, its streets broad, clean, straight and peaceful, its trees stately. We were very happy that Plymouth is our home.

And there was the new post office nearly completed!

Do you want to go to Europe?

Many people have longed to make a journey to Europe, but due to the ocean voyage, difference in language and other unknown conditions they think it beyond the possible for them.

Such a trip is a grand and thrilling adventure for those who like to travel. But before you go to Europe, travel as much as you can in our own country. This is not merely the "See America first" campaign but a needed preparation for travel abroad. If you have traveled over a good portion of the United States and learned how to travel, how to meet strangers and how to get the most out of your journeys, you will get far more out of a trip to Europe.

In addition to travel here, the more you are prepared by reading history, travel books and stories, literature; the more you have studied art and architecture, geography and governments, the more you will enjoy a journey abroad.

The cost is not so great as people imagine. Judging from our experience on a trip of five months, two people could make a three-months trip to Europe comfortably for from \$1600 to \$1800. Of course, they could spend more or less, as their circumstances dictated.

That cost is no more impossible than buying a good car or two medium-priced cars, and it is

something which never wears out, something which can never be taken from you, which you can not lose by falling prices or stock crashes. One can see much of many countries in three months with a trip rightly planned, either by themselves or by some good travel bureau.

A journey in Europe gives one a broader outlook upon life, and especially upon international affairs. It gives greater pleasure in reading the news about many foreign places. It gives a keener interest in history, in literature, in art, in architecture, in religion, in government, in peoples and their customs and ideals.

A trip to Europe is worth more than it will cost. But plan it at least a year ahead if you can. And if you realize that such a journey is impossible for you and still you long to go, I will tell you how you can do it.

Take the trip in books and maps and pictures. Buy a Guide book and follow it wherever your fancy dictates. You can get a flood of maps and pictures and suggestions for the asking both from steamship companies and travel bureaus. You will enjoy such a trip at home immensely, and will be astonished at how nearly you can imagine yourself there and seeing the things about which you read.

Then, if you ever should be able to go, you will be splendidly prepared to get the most enjoyment and profit out of the journey.

THE END

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